

A MANUAL OF
FRENCH COMPOSITION

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A MANUAL OF FRENCH COMPOSITION

FOR UNIVERSITIES AND THE HIGHER
CLASSES OF SCHOOLS

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PREFACE

TO the multifarious books on French Composition we should not assuredly have added yet another, had we found among them one which met our needs as teachers of French. Nor should we have offered this work to the public, did we not believe it to reflect ideas which, if novel, seem none the less essential to the proper teaching of French.

Thus, in the INTRODUCTION we have endeavoured to point out the educative value and the extreme difficulty of French Composition. As in the highest Examinations of this country candidates are still required—in the space of three hours—to render into “English” two long and difficult passages of French and, in the remaining moments, to translate into “French” a long and difficult piece of English prose, it is high time that attention were drawn to what French Composition really is. Then we have offered practical hints and guidance on what experience has shown us to be typical difficulties and common errors, both in style and in those parts of Grammar which more immediately concern Composition. The distinctions drawn in the usage of SYNONYMS are founded upon copious examples collected for the purpose.

Example being better than precept, we have in the MODEL LESSONS translated four passages, showing step by step the process followed in the choice or rejection of variants. And, in default of a high ideal of accuracy in translation into French, at present lacking in our country, we have printed MODEL TRANSLATIONS kindly written for us by some of the most distinguished Professors of English in the French

Universities. These Model Translations will provide the private student with the best material now available and show incidentally the high standard to which Modern Language study is carried in France by scholars of French nationality.

The two hundred PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION which, not without some trouble, we have selected as being the most suitable for the object in view, are the siftings of many hundreds which we have used in the course of our teaching. Each has been chosen as specially exemplifying at least one important point in translation. These passages, taken from the works of modern, and often contemporary, English writers, are short, complete in themselves, varied in style and interesting in matter. It may be well to state the reasons which have guided our choice.

It appears to us that French Composition means 'rendering *modern* English into *modern* French,' and we should gladly have increased the already large proportion of extracts from contemporary writers, had we been able to find in their writings more detachable specimens of careful English which does not break down utterly under the stern test of translation. Teachers and taught alike will find it more profitable to tackle a short extract which may be treated as a whole than to translate hurriedly random passages of portentous length and of dubious English. Until such time as French Composition has because of the difficulty of the subject been limited to certain recognized types, suitable for English-speaking learners, variety of style has at least the merit of lending fresh interest to each piece. And we have borne in mind that in the days when amid the manifold occupations of life many of our pupils will have long forgotten their French grammatical rules and modern instances, they will not have wasted their time if the passages laboriously rendered into French have left upon the mind some phrase of beautiful English, some picturesque image, some fresh and weighty thought.

It is for a like reason that in our NOTES to alternate passages we have appealed to the understanding, rather than

to the memory, and have made such liberal use of points of interrogation. Too often grammatical inaccuracy is caused by mere thoughtlessness.

To the initiated it is perhaps unnecessary to point out that all this constitutes a new departure in French Composition.

In conclusion, we would express our gratitude to the eminent French scholars whose names adorn these pages, to M. Augustin Guiran, *Agrégé d'anglais, Professeur au Lycée d'Avignon*, who has allowed us to consult him on doubtful points, to Mr John Slight, M.A., French Master in Boroughmuir Higher Grade School, Edinburgh, who has kindly revised the proofs, and to the authors and publishers who have permitted the publication of extracts from copyright works.

R. L. G. R.

J. M. M.

EDINBURGH,

October 1914

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	
CHAP.	
I. The Difficulty of French	1
II. The Educative Value of French Composition	5
III. The Standard of Attainment in Translation	9
IV. Practical Hints	10
V. Synonyms and Homonyms	18
VI. Typical Difficulties and Common Mistakes	27
VII. Model Lessons (detailed translations of four passages):	
1. Historical. 2. Narrative. 3. Descriptive. 4. Phi-	
losophic	36
PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION	
I. DESCRIPTIVE, I-LXIII	83
II. PORTRAITS, LXIV-LXXV	130
III. NARRATIVE, LXXVI-CIV	140
IV. HISTORICAL, CV-CXIX	162
V. CHARACTERS, CXX-CXXXIII.	172
VI. CONVERSATIONAL, CXXXIV-CXLIX	182
VII. LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, CL-CLXVII	195
VIII. PHILOSOPHICAL AND REFLECTIVE, CLXVIII-CXCIV	209
INDEX OF MODEL TRANSLATIONS	233
MODEL TRANSLATIONS	234
INDEX OF AUTHORS	270
INDEX OF FIRST WORDS	272

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INTRODUCTION

I. THE DIFFICULTY OF FRENCH.

IT is only within the present generation that French has been recognized as a subject fit for serious study in our schools and universities. It is therefore not unnatural that the general public should continue to regard the knowledge of French as an *accomplishment*—useful enough, indeed, and ornamental enough, but incapable of providing that sound mental discipline which we have so long associated with a Classical education.

The absurdity of the popular view that French is easy must be clear to all who make an honest effort to master that language. As a practical proof, we need only draw attention to the very large percentage of failures in French in our public examinations and to the lowness of the average mark in French credited to candidates in the lists published by such bodies as the Civil Service Commissioners. From all parts of the country comes the same tale; the number of failures is often greater in French than in any other subject.

Now, if French be, as many people think, an easy subject, how can this untoward state of matters be explained? Either the papers set are unfair tests and the pass-standard is too highly pitched. Or the subject is badly taught. Or candidates do not devote to French the requisite study and mental effort.

The first alternative may be easily disposed of. As teachers and examiners, we meet comparatively few candidates who have a really sound and scholarly knowledge

of the language and whose work, however excellent it may be in parts, is not marred by elementary blunders. Too often, illiterate guess-work masquerades as examination French. Despite occasional eccentricities, the papers now set in most examinations appear to be reasonable tests which ought to be well within the powers of the candidates concerned. Nor can the present pass-limit be lowered if it is to represent linguistic attainments of any real value.

The teaching of French has indeed made encouraging progress in recent years, but it cannot yet be said to have reached an adequate standard. Like all new subjects, French suffers from an inevitable lack of traditions, of definite ideals and of recognized aims and methods. Where the teacher of Classics may follow a well-beaten track, the teacher of French must grope his way. Yet in France the teaching of English is equally new, and it has none the less attained a standard of scholarship to which in this country we can unfortunately offer no parallel. Organization has already provided France with an admirable corps of native teachers and professors of English, whose academic qualifications are equal to those of their colleagues in other subjects, who follow scholarly ideals of accuracy and thoroughness and are fast laying down for the treatment of their subject common-sense lines of national tradition, method and uniformity of teaching.

With us, the heterogeneous character of the teaching staff, due to our unfortunate tendency to delegate to foreign teachers and professors what must obviously be a national task, is a source of weakness and confusion. And in the clash of rival aims and methods, the dubiety as to what 'French' is, or ought to be, cannot but affect adversely the teaching of the subject.

The dilettante attitude which so many students adopt towards their French studies is due partly to this lack of homogeneity in personnel and in method (and to the consequent discredit attaching to the subject) and partly to the erroneous idea that French does not require the industry and application which are so generally devoted to the study of Latin and Greek. In the first place, it is not surprising that

men preparing for a teaching career should at present see little inducement to specialize in French. In the second place, our scholastic traditions are such that serious blunders, which in Latin carry with them almost a moral stigma, seem in French mere peccadilloes, to be rectified with a smile. Any vague approximation to the sense is often considered sufficient in a French 'Unseen.' Such inaccurate and unscholarly attainment is of course educationally valueless and, even from the practical standpoint, quite useless. It should be realized that sound knowledge of a modern tongue can be acquired only by long and patient study and that errors in grammar, style and idiom are just as serious in French as in any ancient language.

The unsatisfactory results seen in our public examinations are thus partially accounted for by the present lack of direction in the teaching of the subject and by the very general reluctance of students to take the study of Modern Languages seriously.

The full explanation—and with it comes the proper view of French—is this, that in spite of its *apparent* and deceptive ease, French is for us an unusually difficult language. No doubt the initial stages are easy. The elements of the grammar and a limited stock of words suffice to enable us to travel in France or to *spell* our way through easy French. But such vague knowledge can never be the object of school or university teaching. If we endeavour to understand fully and precisely what we read, and if our aim be accuracy and intellectual honesty, we are at once met by difficulties which only earnest study can overcome.

Of the many stumbling-blocks in French the gravest and the least suspected is the VOCABULARY. French and English possess so many words in common, so many *apparent* synonyms, that the student of French is peculiarly prone to deceive himself and to imagine that he has fully understood when, in reality, he has missed half of the meaning, or has even completely misunderstood what he has read.

To appreciate at its true value the seriousness of this difficulty we have only to bear in mind the historical

development of the two languages. French has clung jealously to its Latin inheritance, resisting the intrusion of new words. The genius of the language has elaborated and refined a somewhat limited vocabulary, and given to each word a clear and definite meaning. English, which from the beginning is a composite language, has borrowed freely from other tongues, has coined new words in extraordinary profusion and has developed naturally along the lines of wide vocabulary and of copious synonym. French is the type of Classical restraint, English of Romantic exuberance. The many vicissitudes in the history of these two peoples, their racial tendencies, their national peculiarities and prejudices, their differences in religion, in government and in the general conception of life, have all left their mark upon the language spoken by each. A French word bears the impress of the nation which fashioned it. However closely it may resemble some English word, it yet carries with it meanings, associations and suggestions often entirely different.

It follows that for English-speaking students the very similarity of the vocabulary is a danger, not a help. It is seldom, for example, that *prétendre* means to 'pretend,' *honnête* 'honest,' or *brave* 'brave.' Nay more, even the simplest French words have rarely one permanent and exact equivalent in English.

To endeavour to reach the precise meaning of all the French words we come across in our reading would be a laborious, and perhaps a Quixotic, task. Just as one must have been born and bred in our country to feel what we mean by such words as 'home' or 'gentleman,' so it is doubtful if we ever *feel* what '*famille*' or '*esprit*' means to the Frenchman. Yet the effort to appreciate fine shades of meaning not only provides an incomparable mental discipline, but by the observation of fugitive and subtle distinctions brings us nearer to the full and sympathetic knowledge of French. Those whose whole life has been spent in the study of French are continually observing differences where hitherto they had seen resemblances. It is better in this respect to incur the reproach of pedantry

and hair-splitting than that of slovenly inaccuracy. For if no effort is made to penetrate beyond the surface and if vague surmise takes the place of honest endeavour, the subject of French merits the reputation of 'easiness' and even the contempt which it commonly enjoys.

The difficulties of French SYNTAX and IDIOM are very generally recognized, and need not therefore be discussed here. French syntax differs fundamentally from ours. Thus, the proper use of the Tenses, the theory of the Subjunctive and the usage of Prepositions require long years of close and patient observation. If these, and countless other difficulties, are not mastered, we are liable at any moment to fall into gross errors of interpretation and to commit solecisms in the use of the language.

The idiomatic character of French is proverbial. It would indeed be strange if two nations, so curiously unlike, expressed their thoughts quite in the same way and if the idioms crystallized by centuries of usage were identical in both languages. And besides, both in Syntax and in Idiom, we have again the difficulty of apparent similarity and real, if elusive, difference.

If we bear in mind that in addition to knowledge of the written language some proficiency in speaking French and in understanding the spoken language is rightly exacted of students, it will readily be admitted that the study of French makes peculiarly heavy demands on the organs of speech, the ear and the brain. To maintain that French is 'easy,' and can be mastered without thorough efficiency on the part of the teacher and long and strenuous effort by the student, would show either regrettable ignorance or mere prejudice.

II. THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF FRENCH COMPOSITION.

In French, as in Latin and Greek, translation from English is very properly considered the ultimate test of knowledge of the language. No other linguistic exercise is so searching as Composition, none other affords so accurate a criterium

of a student's real attainments. It tests at one and the same time his knowledge of Vocabulary, Grammar and Syntax—both of the foreign language and of his own—his literary taste, and feeling for the beauty of language.

There are two very different ways of 'knowing' a foreign word. Either we know it well enough to recognize it, when we see it; with or without the help of the context we know its meaning and, if we meet it in Unseen Translation, we can give it more or less accurately its English equivalent; yet the word does not belong to our own intimate vocabulary, and will not therefore readily occur to us if we happen to require it in writing or in speaking the foreign language. Or, we know a word so well that it has become part of our own vocabulary, at hand for instant use. Thus, in any language we may learn, we come to possess two distinct and separate vocabularies—one including a large number of words known vaguely, and sometimes, as it were, sub-consciously; the other, much more restricted, comprising words which are ours in a more intimate sense and are more fully in our mind's possession.

Now, the wider this second and more intensive vocabulary is, the better do we know the foreign language studied. To increase the stock of such words the surest way is to practise Prose Composition. When we use the words ourselves, our knowledge becomes more precise. Just as we understand best the rules of a game which we have actually played, so by exercise in French Composition we acquire more skill both in expressing our own thoughts in French and in understanding aright the French which we read.

To write French Prose correctly presupposes a thorough knowledge of Grammar, Syntax and Idiom. We may know a grammatical rule and yet forget to apply it. Composition is thus the concrete application of formal grammar; it is at once the object and the means of grammatical study. In other words, we learn grammatical rules that we may read and write correctly; we practise Composition that we may remember and assimilate these rules.

In French style also, Composition affords an instructive

exercise. While in Latin Prose we are often recommended to imitate the style of Cicero or of Tacitus, it is unlikely that English-speaking students will ever be asked to write French that shall be reminiscent of Voltaire or of Anatole France. Yet, if our rendering of an English passage into French is to rise above mediocrity, we must none the less examine minutely the style of some masters of French Prose and endeavour to imitate them, though with discretion and from afar. The collection and comparison of parallel passages in French and in English, the imitation of good French authors and the careful study of their style cannot but lead to fuller appreciation of the elegance and beauty of French Prose. The selection of the best from several possible renderings into French fosters the artistic spirit and the nice sense of language.

There is another lesson that French Composition teaches. In this age of newspapers and magazines and cheap reprints, reading is in danger of becoming a lost art. We 'read' much and digest little. We are too apt to content ourselves with a vague idea of what the author means, and too often the author, trusting to the reader's indolence, has not taken the trouble to think out, or adequately to express, what he wishes to say. The ignorance of plain English displayed even by good candidates is a constant feature of British examinations, and points to a serious gap in our school curriculum. Many students have obviously failed to acquire the habit of careful reading. Quite a large percentage of marks is lost through misunderstanding of the meaning of the English passage for translation.

To correct this too common tendency there is no better discipline than French Prose, for none lays bare more pitilessly such ignorance of our mother-tongue. If after reading a piece of English we have the curiosity to assure ourselves that we have fully grasped the author's meaning, we may apply two simple tests. We may either paraphrase the passage or translate it. In an English paraphrase the difficulties may be turned—skilfully or unconsciously; inaccuracy may be cloaked in vague language. Translation into Latin

or Greek does not always admit of absolute fidelity to the English because these languages are so remote from ours. In rendering English into French no loose paraphrase can be accepted, for great precision is usually possible in a modern language and particularly in French. Since good French is always clear and precise, no obscurity will pass unnoticed. Our French will therefore leave no doubt as to how we have interpreted the English. That interpretation may be right, or it may be wrong; but in the French rendering it will be clearly shown.

In translating English prose into French we shall often find that the meaning of the text is not clear and definite—a fact which is at once the condemnation and the merit of English style. Looseness of reasoning and lack of logical sequence are our common faults, and yet this English vagueness may be a source of beauty—of that charm which lingers round so many English words and phrases. They are sometimes vague where vagueness is appropriate and often they suggest more than they actually say. The French genius is clear and precise; ours still bears the trace of Teutonic mystery. Hence, many of our most beautiful words, like ‘wistful,’ ‘dainty,’ ‘homely,’ to ‘loom,’ have no exact equivalent in French. They carry in their train delicate and fugitive associations which vanish in the process of translation into French. Something of the charm of the English must therefore, occasionally, be sacrificed; the merit of a good translation is to sacrifice as little of it as is possible.

In translating into French we thus learn the lesson of clarity and precision. Ellipses must be filled up, grammatical relationships explicitly shown, conjunctions and pronouns repeated, the very suspicion of ambiguity avoided. Long and cumbrous sentences should be shortened; involved constructions simplified. The vague, the long-winded, the obscure must be banned. French Composition is a salutary discipline for clarifying the mind and for improving English style. Authors who, like Macaulay in English or Heine in German, have been influenced by French style are seldom obscure. *‘What is not clear is not French.’*

III. THE STANDARD OF ATTAINMENT.

The first and greatest merit of a translation is fidelity to the original. The ideal version is an exact rendering of the text without omission, without amplification and without commentary. It is not our part to summarize or to expand, to explain or to improve what the author has said. What we have to do is to deliver his message faithfully in French, preserving, so far as is possible, the order and arrangement of his words, his diction and his style. If we are translating a book, we are not at liberty to interpose ourselves between the writer and his foreign reader. The exercise is therefore above all a discipline in minute accuracy. We must render in French the *matter* and suggest the *form*.

In the second place, we have to write French which an educated Frenchman will accept as correct, idiomatic and not altogether devoid of elegance. A concrete example will more clearly explain our meaning. Suppose that we have succeeded in writing a faithful translation of a characteristic page of Ruskin and that we submit it for criticism to two well-educated French friends, one of whom has but little acquaintance with English, while the other has an intimate knowledge of our language. If the first were to say, 'A fine description! Who is the author?' and the second, 'Surely that is Ruskin, though I do not remember the passage,' then we might be confident that, in respect of style, our translation did not fall too far short of our ideal. We should have written French that was French, while it still kept the flavour of the original.

While many simple passages may be rendered into French which is almost an exact equivalent of the English, we need only try to translate good English prose to realize how widely different is the genius of the two languages. Our greatest writers are those who know and use the hidden riches of our language—that wealth of association and suggestion which makes English so magnificent an instrument in the hands of a Shelley or a Keats. It is exactly this

intangible quality that is lost in translation. And what of the subtle harmony between sense and sound that marks the best prose and all true poetry? It cannot be conveyed from one language to another. A simple experiment will show how grievously limited are the resources of translation. There exist in French several excellent translations of Shakespeare. A careful comparison of any of the more famous passages with the different French versions will prove that translation sadly lessens the indefinable charm of the original; the finer the text the greater the loss.

What then may we hope in practice to attain? We may at least convey the precise and entire sense of the English in a French form which the genius of that language will, indeed, make *different* from the original but which will not be altogether unworthy of it¹.

IV. PRACTICAL HINTS.

A. *Class Work.*

I. The first step, obviously, is to make yourself familiar with the English text and to arrive at some decision as to what precisely the author means. If the original conveys little meaning to you, to others your translation will convey still less. When studied in the light of the general sense of the passage, most difficulties will be found to disappear. You should never be ashamed to consult the English dictionary for the meaning of unfamiliar words. No one ever knows his own language perfectly.

¹ M. Maurice Maeterlinck, in his Introduction to his translation of Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, has well said:

"Presque autant qu'un paysage, une traduction est un état d'âme. Au-dessus, au-dessous, tout autour du sens littéral et littéraire de la phrase primitive flotte une vie secrète, presque insaisissable et pourtant plus puissante que la vie extérieure des mots et des images. C'est elle qu'il importe de comprendre et de reproduire de son mieux. Il y faut une extrême prudence, car la moindre fausse note, la plus légère erreur peut détruire l'illusion et briser la beauté de la plus belle page. Voilà l'idéal où aspire une traduction consciencieuse."

2. The next thing to do is to draft a rough copy of your translation into French. You will then see where the difficulties lie, and your attention may thenceforth be confined to solving them. If several variants occur to you, jot them 'all down,' so that you may afterwards choose among them that which appears to be the best rendering; otherwise, they may not be present to your mind at the proper moment.

3. Try to recollect if you have read any French passages dealing with a similar subject or written in similar style. Read these aloud and study their language and rhythm. Reminiscences of the Bible and of Shakespeare are frequent in English. Look up these Biblical references in a Concordance and then see how they are rendered in the French versions of the Bible, by Osterwald or L. Segond. For Shakespearean allusions consult the translations by Guizot or François Hugo. In some cases the sense, though not the words, may be elegantly rendered by a quotation from a French poet, particularly La Fontaine, who is constantly quoted in France.

4. Use the dictionary, not only well but wisely. For the advanced student a French-French dictionary is required because the English-French dictionary does not give either sufficient information as to the proper usage of words or adequate illustration of their meanings. An English-French dictionary cannot be dispensed with, but it is a dangerous guide unless supplemented by reference to a French-French dictionary. Time spent in the study of a good French dictionary is never time wasted. [A list of the more useful dictionaries is given on p. 16.]

5. From your rough draft write out a fresh version, without variants, and make sure that it contains no grammatical errors. For such there can be no excuse, since there is ample time and opportunity to consult grammars and dictionaries, etc., for correction and verification of doubtful points.

6. Read your version *aloud* and try to improve the rhythm and the style. Both may no doubt be made more *characteristically* French, often by transposing the words.

Repetition of the same word at too close intervals should be noted, and, unless it is intentional, corrected. French is much more sensitive than English in this respect, and your examiner will assuredly notice undue repetition; it suggests poverty of vocabulary and often makes an unpleasant jingle. Read your version as if it were a piece of original French, and see that it really means something and is intelligible without its English counterpart. It may mean something and yet be wrong; if it means nothing it *must* be wrong.

7. Revise your version to ascertain if you have made any slips in copying. Nothing is more annoying than to lose credit for good work by such carelessness as looks like ignorance. Re-read it looking only at the verb-forms, and make sure that every verb is in its proper mood, tense, and person. Read it once again confining your attention to the gender of nouns and pronouns and to the agreement of adjectives, articles, and pronouns.

8. When your exercise is returned, read it carefully and note not only what is wrong, but *why* it is wrong. Do not rest satisfied till you have clearly understood why a word or phrase has been underlined. Inquire about any difficulty which has not been explained in class. See to it that this error at least will not occur again.

9. Write out the 'fair copy' given by the teacher and note carefully the points in which it differs from your own version. It will not be an 'ideal' rendering because, as we have shown, the 'ideal' in translation is unattainable. Many French translations of the same English sentence are often possible; no two scholars would translate a difficult passage in quite the same way. The 'fair copy,' therefore, is merely an example of what a rendering may be. It will at least show one way of surmounting the difficulties which occur and will provide phrases and renderings which may prove useful another day.

CONCLUSION: Such work, if it is to be profitable, demands time. Since a whole week is usually allowed between the day when the exercise is prescribed and the day when it must be handed in, do not attempt to dispose of it at one sitting. Rather leave an interval of two or three days between the

rough draft and the final version. The average passage of about two hundred words will require some five or six hours' work if the result is really to represent your knowledge of the language.

We recommend the use of the following signs which we have found clearer than those commonly employed.

1. ~~~ means that the word used is not the correct one and ~~~~ that it is quite wrongly used. (*Meaning of word.*)
2. // denotes a mistake, /// a very serious mistake, in Grammar or Syntax.
3. \neq shows that the *Tense* is wrong.
4. γ denotes a mistake in Gender.
5. Σ shows that the Verb ought to have been in the *Subjunctive*.
6. \angle means that the word or words following the sign are to be preferred to the rendering given by the student.
7. \bigcirc round a word shows that word should be omitted, \emptyset that it is an actual mistake to have the word in.
8. $\square \nearrow$ shows that the word or phrase enclosed should be transferred to the place indicated by the arrow head.
9. A dotted line shows that the phrase underlined is not quite French, although there is no actual mistake in it.
10. X indicates a mistake in spelling.

B. In the Examination Room.

The principle is the same, with two important differences. No dictionary or other book of reference can be consulted, and time is strictly limited. The points to be more particularly kept in view relate to these differences.

1. Do not use a word unless you are quite sure of its exact meaning and usage, and especially, as regards nouns, of its gender. It is better, from the practical point of view, to use a term which is less appropriate than to risk making grievous errors. If you do not know the proper word, do not be afraid of confessing the fact. No examiner will mark severely ignorance of the more unusual words. If you apply accurately what you do know, you will not at least throw away marks. If you can hit upon a method of filling up a blank, by all means use it, but do not fall back upon a cumbrous paraphrase.

2. When time is short, as it too often is, do not hurry over the passage and so miss the meaning of the English. Not only the words but the logical sequence must be understood before translation is possible. There are other and less dangerous ways of economizing time.

3. Jot down at once the possible renderings which occur to you. They may not be present to the mind when you require them afterwards.

4. Do not write a rough copy of the whole passage unless time permits. Confine the rough copy to the most difficult parts.

5. Leave ample time for writing out your translation very carefully and for revising it as indicated above (p. 11, § 6, p. 12, § 7).

6. Be very chary of making alterations at the last moment. These are frequent sources of disaster. For example, if a masculine noun be substituted for a feminine, the changes involved may be numerous and are only too apt to be overlooked.

C. *Private Practice in Composition.*

The time that can be devoted to French Prose Composition in school, and especially in university classes, is so limited that students must be prepared to supplement their class work by private practice. This presupposes some standard by which they may judge their own translation:—

1. The Model Versions (pp. 234—269) give a selection of translations by eminent French scholars. These are worthy of diligent and minute study, offering as they do the nearest approach to an 'ideal' translation which it is possible to procure.

2. An exercise which students of French may with advantage borrow from their Classical comrades is that of Re-translation. It is an excellent practice to translate into idiomatic English a really fine passage of French prose and, a few days later, to re-translate it and then compare one's French carefully with the original. When conscientiously practised, Re-translation is doubly useful, as it increases proficiency both in translation and in composition.

3. There are many French translations of English books

—histories, novels, plays, and poems; in a few cases these are really good, more usually they are loose and incorrect paraphrases. Yet private students will find that even the less accurate translations may be of real service. For example, the translations of standard English novels published by Hachette (at one franc per volume) are quite useful for this purpose.

4. If you go abroad do not neglect to practise composition, especially if you have a French friend who will revise your work. Distinguish very carefully between the French you hear every day and the much more careful *literary* French which is required for composition. Even the teacher's or lecturer's style is not what you have to copy, because it is often partly colloquial and partly literary.

D. Reading as an Aid to French Composition.

In reading French, whether for class purposes or not, it is a good plan to underline words and phrases which appear to you likely to be useful in your French Composition. Do not be afraid to use a pencil freely. Books are cheap and, if you underline intelligently, you will even make the book more valuable to yourself. It is well worth while to keep a note-book in which to write down such words and phrases, so that they may be revised later on. Make it a rule to learn the derivation of new words. This will help you to remember their meaning and usually, in the case of nouns, their gender. Translate appropriate phrases into good, idiomatic English, and arrange your work so that you can at any time test your knowledge of it—*e.g.* write the original and the translation on opposite pages.

Of course you can buy useful French phrase-books, but a book which you have compiled for yourself from your own reading will be worth far more to you than any book you may buy. Beware, however, when writing a Prose, of dragging in inappropriate phrases (especially proverbial expressions) simply because you happen to know them. The effect is often ludicrous, sometimes disastrous.

Make it a rule to commit to memory once a week a short

passage of good French prose. Read and repeat it *aloud* to yourself. In this way you will gradually accustom your ear to the rhythm and harmony of the language.

It is also wise to enter in a note-book classified references to passages likely to serve as models of certain types of prose (see p. 58).

Dictionaries.

French-French.

E. Littré, *Dictionnaire*, 4 vols. and Supplement, bound, 136 fr.

Useful for reference; contains a vast number of well-chosen examples from classical authors, with references. The material, however, is not very well arranged, and as a rule time is required to find exactly the information sought. There is an *Abrégé* by A. Beaujean (Hachette), 17 fr.

Dictionnaire de l'Académie française, 7^{me} édition, 1871.

Contains an excellent selection of well-chosen phrases, exemplifying judiciously the correct use of French words.

Hatzfeld, Darmesteter and Thomas, *Dictionnaire général de la Langue française* (Delagrave).

The examples given are few, but carefully selected; the etymologies suggested represent the results of modern scholarship.

Le Larousse pour tous, 2 vols. (Larousse), bound, 45 fr.

Le Nouveau Larousse illustré, 8 vols., bound, 275 fr.

Excellent *encyclopaedic* dictionaries.

Le Petit Larousse illustré, bound, 5 fr.; limp leather, 7 fr. 50.

On the whole the best all-round small French dictionary, containing a considerable amount of really useful and up-to-date information.

Bescherelle, *Dictionnaire national de la langue française* (Garnier), 120 fr.

Contains many words too recent for inclusion in Littré or Hatzfeld.

Synonyms.

Lafaye, *Dictionnaire des Synonymes*. For consultation.

Sommer, *Petit Dictionnaire des synonymes français* (Hachette), 1 fr. 80.

For every-day use.

English-French.

There is no really adequate English-French Dictionary. The least unsatisfactory are:

Bellows, *Dictionary of French and English, English and French* (Longmans), 1911, in 1 vol., 5s.

Elwall, I. *Dictionnaire français-anglais*; II. *Dictionnaire anglais-français* (Delagrave), 2 vols., 10s. 6d.

Gasc, *Dictionary of the French and English Languages* (Bell), 1897, 12s. 6d.

Gasc, *A Concise Dictionary, etc.* (Bell), 3s. 6d.

Grammars.

We have no adequate French grammar. The ordinary school grammar is full of errors and is often silent where help is wanted.

The only grammars we can recommend are not written for English-speaking learners, but they are sound as far as they go. They are:

Brunot et Bony, *Méthode de langue française* (Colin), 3^e livre, 1.60, which is elementary, and:

Ayer, *Grammaire comparée de la langue française* (Georg, Bâle), 10 fr., which is full and scholarly, but somewhat old-fashioned.

Collections of Idioms.

There is no lack of books on Idiom; e.g.:

Meadmore, *Les Idiotismes de la conversation anglaise* (Hachette), which is useful also for French, and:

Payen-Payne, *French Idioms and Proverbs* (Nutt), 3s. 6d.

For conversational phrases and every-day words,

Kron, *Le petit Parisien* (Bielefelds, Freiburg, Baden), 1913, 2.50, is useful despite several slips.

V. SYNONYMS AND HOMONYMS.

N.B. *The following lists must not be taken as exhaustive. They deal exclusively with words occurring in the Exercises, and aim at giving the fundamental distinctions.*

A. Synonyms.

ADVANCE, *intr.* **Avancer** denotes simply the action of advancing; *s'avancer* adds to that some *further idea*, as of dignity, difficulty.

APPEAR. **Paraître, gen.**; **apparaître** usually of unexpected or noteworthy appearance: more *recherché* in tone.

AVARICE. **Avarice** (*f.*)=the desire to *hoard* money; **cupidité** (*f.*)=the love of *gain*; see Exercise CLXXIII.

BALL. **Balle** (*f.*)=a *bullet*, or *e.g.* a tennis ball; **ballon** (*m.*)=an *inflated* ball, *e.g.* a foot-ball; **boule** (*f.*) larger than *balle* and usually *solid*, *e.g.* a bowl (for a bowling-green); **boulet** (*m.*)=a *cannon-ball*.

BANK. See SHORE.

BELL. **Cloche** (*f.*)=a *big* bell; **clochette** (*f.*)=a *small* bell, *e.g.* a cow-bell or the 'bell' of a flower; **grelot** (*m.*)=a small, metallic, spherical bell, containing a metal 'pea'; **sonnette** (*f.*)=a bell *in a house*.

BOAT. **Bateau** (*m.*) is the ordinary word; **barque** (*f.*)=a *fishing-boat*; **canot** (*m.*)=a *rowing-boat*; **navire** (*m.*)=a 'ship'; **paquebot** (*m.*)=a *liner*, or a Channel packet.

BOY. **Garçon** (*qualified*)='boy,' *e.g.* *petit garçon*; (*unqualified*) is used only in direct opposition to **filles**, 'girl'; **gamin**= 'urchin,' 'youngster'; **élève**= 'boy' (*in school*); **jeune homme**= 'lad'; **enfant**= 'child'; in military use, '*Mes enfants!*'= 'Boys!' *Les enfants perdus*= 'the forlorn hope.'

TO BREAK. **Briser** is the general word used, even in poetic diction (*e.g.* *le cœur brisé*); **casser** is used particularly of a sharp fracture, to 'snap,' and never in elevated style (*e.g.* *casser un verre*); **rompre**=breaking *through*, not a 'clean' break (*e.g.* *rompre une canne*); **fendre**=to split, cleave.

TO BRING. **Apporter**=to *carry* to; **amener**=to *lead* to.

TO BURY. **Enterrer, lit.**=to commit to the earth; **ensevelir, fig.** and *gen.*=to 'bury' (under anything).

CAN, v. **Pouvoir**, of *physical* ability; **savoir**, of *knowledge*, skill; thus: '*Il ne peut pas nager*')('*Il ne sait pas nager*.'

CANDLE. **Bougie** (*f.*)=the ordinary *composition* candle; **chandelle** (*f.*)=*tallow*-candle (the old word); **cierge** (*m.*)=*wax*-candle, 'taper' (*ecclesiastical*).

CHINK. **Crêvasse** (*f.*)=a break in a flat surface; **fente** (*f.*), *gen.*,='slit'; **lézarde** (*f.*)=an irregular 'crack' in masonry.

CHURCH. **Église** (*f.*), the ordinary term; **mosquée** (*f.*), Mahomedan. A French *Protestant* church is called **temple** (*m.*).

CITY. **Ville** (*f.*), the usual word; **cité** (*f.*), specifically=the oldest part of the town; cp. *L'Île de la Cité*; also, in elevated style,='town.'

CLERGYMAN. See **PRIEST**.

CLIFF. **Falaise** (*f.*), by the sea only; **rocher** (*m.*), *gen.*, often inland. **Précipice** (*m.*)=not a 'precipice,' but a *void*, a *chasm*, 'abyss'; cp. *tomber dans un précipice*)(Eng. 'to fall over...'

TO CLIMB. **Monter**, the regular word; **escalader**, properly, of a *wall*; **grimper** contains an idea of *effort* (on hands and knees), and is therefore not used in elevated style.

CLOUD. **Nuage** (*m.*), the ordinary word; **nue** (*f.*), usually *fig.*,=the cloud considered in regard to *height* above the earth; **nuée** (*f.*)=the cloud in regard to *contents*, 'ready to break.'

COAT. **Habit** (*m.*)=*dress*-coat, usually; **pardessus** (*m.*)=*overcoat*; **redingote** (*f.*)=*frock*coat; **veste** (*f.*)=jacket; **veston** (*m.*)=*lounge*-jacket.

CONFIDENCE. **Confiance** (*f.*)=trust; **confidence** (*f.*) used when one confides private matters to another.

CONTENT, adj. **Satisfait**='content'; **content**='pleased.' **Se contenter**+*de* is often, however, the proper translation.

COUNTRY. **Campagne** (*f.*), like Lat. *rus*,='country' as opposed to 'town'; **contrée** (*f.*)=a stretch of country (*geogr.*); **patrie** (*f.*)='native land'; **pays** (*m.*), *gen.*,='district' or 'nation.'

DAWN. **Aube** (*f.*) (Lat. *alba*), originally the *whitening* of the sky, *early* dawn; **aurora** (*f.*) (Lat. *aurora* [*aurum*])=the dawn in *full splendour*; **le point du jour**=the 'break' of day.

DAY. **Jour** (*m.*), the usual word=the day considered as a point in time; **journée** (*f.*)=the day considered in regard to *duration*, *contents*. Similarly *année*, *matinée*, *soirée*.

DAYS, pl.=**époque** (*f.*), **temps** (*m.*); e.g. 'In the days of Louis XIV' =*Du temps de Louis Quatorze*.

DESTINY. See **FATE**.

TO ENJOY. **Jouir** (*de*), *gen.*; (oneself)=**s'amuser**; when='to appreciate' (e.g. 'enjoy' a play)=**trouver**; cp. "*Comment avez-vous trouvé la pièce?*" **Se plaire**=to take delight in, (*à+inf.*).

EVENING. **Soir** (*m.*), **soirée** (*f.*); see DAY.

EXPENSE. **Frais** (*m., pl.*), *lit.*; e.g. *Aux frais de l'expéditeur*=at the sender's expense, 'carriage paid'; **Dépens** (*m. pl.*), *fig.*; e.g. *Tout flatteur vit aux dépens de celui qui l'écoute*.

FACE. **Figure** (*f.*), usually; **visage** (*m.*), esp. with reference to the expression, and in literary use; **face** (*f.*) *religious*, poetical (sometimes ironical); e.g. *la face de la terre*.

FAMOUS. **Célèbre**, usually; **fameux**='notorious,' 'too famous' (often ironical).

FATAL. **Fatal**='destined,' 'inevitable' (sometimes=Eng. 'fatal'); **funeste**='bringing destruction'; **mortel**='bringing death.'

FATE. **Destin** (*m.*)=the unseen power which decrees our 'fate'; **destinée** (*f.*)=the 'fate' meted out by that power; **sort** (*m.*)='lot' has both senses.

FLAG. **Drapeau** (*m.*), *gen.*,=the national emblem; **pavillon** (*m.*) (*maritime*).

GENTLEMAN. **Gentilhomme**='of noble birth'; **monsieur**=a man of a certain social standing, indicated by his dress; often translated by *un homme bien élevé, un galant homme*.

GHOST. **Fantôme** (*m.*)=an unsubstantial apparition; **ombre** (*f.*)='a shade'; **revenant** (*m.*)=a spirit that comes back from the tomb; **spectre** (*m.*), *gen.*=an awe-inspiring vision.

GIRL. **Fille** only when used in direct opposition to *garçon*, or when qualified; in all other cases=**jeune fille**.

GRAVE. **Fosse** (*f.*), the usual word in common use; **tombe** (*f.*)=originally a 'stone slab,' more general and poetical than either *fosse* or *tombeau*; **tombeau** (*m.*) properly = the funeral monument; **sépulcre** (*m.*) [Note spelling.] Properly *religious* and of the ancients.

GREED. See AVARICE.

HEART. **Âme** (*f.*), esp. of religious or sentimental feeling; **cœur** (*m.*), esp. of affection or courage; cp. *un homme de cœur*='a man of courage'; **esprit** (*m.*), of the intellect.

HOLIDAY. **Congé** (*m.*)=leave of absence, an occasional holiday; **fête** (*f.*)='festivities,' public holiday; **permission** (*f.*) (*military*); **vacances** (*f., pl.*)=the regular (and longer) 'holidays.'

JEWEL. **Bijou** (*m.*), the commonplace word; **joyau** (*m.*), esp. of hereditary or Crown jewels.

LANGUAGE. **Langage** (*m.*) = 'diction, choice of words'; **langue** (*f.*) = the *tongue* (of a nation).

LAP. Usually = *sur les genoux de...*; **giron** (*m.*), *ecclesiastical*; cp. *le giron de l'Église*.

TO LEAVE. **Abandonner** = 'to desert'; **laisser** = to leave *behind one*; **quitter** = to take leave of.

LIGHT. **Lumière** (*f.*), *gen.*, often abstract; **lueur** (*f.*) = 'gleam, glimmer,' or a subdued, distant glare; **jour** (*m.*), opposed to *nuit*, = *daylight*; **feu** (*m.*), of a lighthouse; **les feux**, of a ship, town.

LINE. **Ligne** (*f.*), of *prose*; **vers** (*m.*), of *poetry*.

TO LOOK. **Avoir l'air**, of *external appearance*; **sembler**, of appearance to the mind's eye.

MARRIAGE. **Mariage** (*m.*) = the *state* of matrimony, the *ceremony*; **noce** (*f.*) = the marriage *festivities*.

TO MARRY. **Épouser**, of the bride or bridegroom; **marier**, of the officiating clergyman, or the parents = 'to perform the ceremony' or 'to give in marriage.'

MERCHANT. **Commerçant**, *gen.* = *anyone* in business, *e.g.* 'shop-keeper'; **marchand** = a *small* dealer, *e.g.* 'coster'; **négociant** = merchant on a *large* scale, *e.g.* 'wholesale dealer.'

MIND. See HEART.

MIST. **Brouillard** (*m.*) = 'fog'; **brume** (*f.*) = 'mist' (*esp.* sea-fog). These words, however, are apparently sometimes interchangeable.

MORNING. **Matin** (*m.*), **matinée** (*f.*); see DAY.

NEW. **Neuf** = 'bran-new' (absolute); **nouveau** = 'fresh' (relative).

NEXT. **Prochain**, of the immediate *future*; **suivant**, often in the *past*. 'The *next* week he was dead'; *la semaine suivante il était mort*.

NIGHT. **Nuit** (*f.*) = the time when men sleep; **soir** (*m.*) = any hour between mid-day and bed-time.

NUMBER. **Chiffre** (*m.*) = a figure (*e.g.* *le chiffre 7*); **nombre** (*m.*) = quantity (*cardinal*); **numéro** (*m.*) (*ordinal*).

OLD. **Ancien**, either = 'going back for generations,' or = 'former,' 'ex-'; **antique** = 'old-fashioned,' 'old-world'; **âgé**, of the 'time of life'; in use, relative and personal; **vieux**, the stock word.

PAVEMENT. **Dalle** (*f.*) = a stone slab; **pavé** (*m.*) = a causeway, or a place paved with stone; **trottoir** (*m.*) = the paved footway by the side of a street.

TO PERCEIVE. **Apercevoir**, with the eye; **s'apercevoir**, with the *mind's* eye.

PLACE. **Endroit** (*m.*), the common term = 'spot'; **emplacement** (*m.*) = 'site'; **lieu** (*m.*), to be used charily: see Dict.; **place** (*f.*) = 'position,' 'seat' (in a theatre).

POINT. **Point** (*m.*) (*mathematical*), freq. = 'dot,' 'speck'; **pointe** (*f.*) = the sharp end of something.

PRIEST, CLERGYMAN. **Abbé** = *anyone* in Holy Orders (R.C.), a *cleric* of any status, as opposed to a layman; **curé** = the incumbent of a parish (R.C.); **pasteur** = a *Protestant* clergyman, esp. in France; **prêtre** = a 'priest,' with reference to his function; **vicaire** = a priest (R.C.) assisting the *curé* of a parish.

PROUD. **Altier**, of hard aloofness; **fier**, of legitimate pride; **hautain** = 'haughty'; **orgueilleux** = 'puffed up'; **superbe**, of pomp and grandeur—only in literary use; **vaniteux** = 'vain.' Note that *F. vain* = 'empty' usually; cp. *des paroles vaines*.

TO REFLECT. **Réfléchir**, to give back the *colour* or *light*; **réfléter**, to send back the *image*.

TO REMEMBER. **Se rappeler** (*qch.*), of *active* remembrance; **se souvenir** (*de qch.*), of *passive* remembrance.

REST, *sù.* **Les autres**, usually; **le reste** = the remnant, what is left over.

TO RETURN. **Rentrer** = to go or come *home*; **retourner** = to go *back*; **s'en retourner** = to go *back* to one's own *country*; **revenir** = to come back; cp. "*Il va au fond de l'eau, il revient, il retourne, il revient encore,*" Mme de Sévigné, *Lettres*.

TO RISE. **Se lever** = to rise *from a lying or sitting* position, usually *lit.*; **s'élever** = to rise *clear*, to rise into the air, often *fig.*; **se soulever** (*contre quelqu'un*) = to rise in *insurrection*; **surgir** = to rise up (suddenly) before one.

RIVER. **Fleuve** (*m.*) = a river which you *sail* across; **rivière** (*f.*) = one which you *ford*; **ruisseau** (*m.*) = one which you *jump* across. The distinction is one of *size*.

ROCK. **Écueil** (*m.*), specifically, a '*reef*' in the sea; **roc** (*m.*), in reference to the *material* or to *stability*; **roche** (*f.*) = a block of stone, often under water; **rocher** (*m.*), esp. in reference to *height*, = '*CLIFF*,' which see.

ROMANTIC. **Romanesque** = removed from prosaic reality (usually of personal temperament and often slightly ironical); **romantique** = instinct with romance; specifically, of the Romantic school in literature.

SAILOR. **Marin**, (1) a sailor, in respect of *seamanship*, (2) a man-of-war's man; **matelot** = an A.B. seaman.

SCENE. **Paysage** (*m.*), used of the natural features of the *landscape*; **scène** (*f.*)=what the spectator sees (including *persons*); **les lieux** (*m.*)=the 'scene,' *e.g.* of a murder; **perspective** (*f.*)='vista'; **site** (*m.*)=a fine locality, a 'view.'

TO SHINE. * **Briller**, *gen.*, of *steady brilliancy*; **étinceler**=to '*sparkle*'; **luire**, of a dull *gleam* or a glossy *sheen*; **réluire**, of an object *reflecting* the light; **miroiter**=to reflect the light from a *moving* surface, *e.g.* '*rippling*' waters.

SHORE, BANK. **Bord** (*m.*), *gen.*,='edge, margin'; **côte** (*f.*)=the *coast* seen from the *sea*; **plage** (*f.*)=a sandy beach; **rivage** (*m.*), of *sea* or *river*, seen from the shore or bank; **rive** (*f.*)=the bank of a *river*.

STAR. **Étoile** (*f.*), *gen.*; **astre** (*m.*), a heavenly body, often the *sun* or *moon*; freq. *fig.*

STORM. **Orage** (*m.*), a *thunder-storm*, rain-storm; **tempête** (*f.*), a *wind-storm*.

TO SUPPORT. **Maintenir**=to keep a thing in its present position; **soutenir**=to keep in position something which *otherwise would fall*; **supporter** (*moral*)=to '*endure*,' to '*bear up under*.'

TO SWELL. **Enfler**, of an *unequal*, temporary, or accidental swelling; **gonfler**, of symmetrical and regular distending.

THIN. **Maigre**= '*lean*,' often ironical)(*gras*; **amaigri**= '*emaciated*,' '*having become thin*'; **mince**= '*slim*')(*gros*; **grêle** (*rare*)= '*fragile*,' of the voice, = '*thin-sounding*'; **svelte**= '*willowy*,' '*slender*.'

TO THROW. **Jeter**, *gen.*; **lancer**, with the notion of *force* or *aim*=to '*hurl*.'

TIME. **Époque** (*f.*)=a *period* of time, in much more common use than the English '*epoch*'; **heure** (*f.*), properly with reference to the *clock*; **moment** (*m.*), specifically, a *point* of time, and more precise than *heure*; **temps** (*m.*), *gen.*

TINT. **Teint** (*m.*)=*natural tint*; **teinte** (*f.*)=*died tint*.

VINEYARD. **Vigne** (*f.*)=a *field* of vines; **vignoble** (*m.*)=a stretch of country planted with vines.

WAVE, *sb.* **Vague** (*f.*), *gen.*; **flots** (*m., pl.*), more poetic: esp. in the *open sea*; **brisant** (*m.*)='breaker'; **houle** (*f.*)='swell,' '*ground-swell*'; **lame** (*f.*)=a long *ridge* of wave, a heavy '*sea*'; **onde** (*f.*), *poet.*, = properly the *curving* wave, often='water' of fountains and streams.

WAY. **Chemin** (*m.*), *gen.*; **route** (*f.*)=the made highway; **sentier** (*m.*)=a '*pathway*.'

WILD. **Sauvage**, the usual and general word='uncivilized,' 'uncultivated'; **farouche**='shunning the haunts of men,' of hostile shyness; **fauve**='resembling the *bêtes fauves*' (= 'wild beasts'); **hagard**='wild-eyed.' Sometimes 'wild' will be turned by *e.g.* *violent, tourmenté*.

WINDOW. **Fenêtre** (*f.*), *gen.*; **croisée** (*f.*)=an *old-fashioned* type of window; often, however, interchangeable.

WINDOW-PANE. **Carreau** (*m.*), originally *diamond-shaped*, now *gen.*; **vitre** (*f.*), larger and less precisely described; **vitrail** (*m.*) [*pl. vitraux*]=a stained-glass window in a *church*; **vitrine** (*f.*)=the 'glass,' *e.g.* of a glass-case.

TO WONDER. **S'étonner**=to be *surprised*; **se demander**=to *ask* oneself.

WORD. **Mot** (*m.*), the word considered as an *objective* thing; **parole** (*f.*), *subjective*, the word considered with regard to its *import*, properly the *spoken* word; *e.g.* *ses dernières paroles étaient...*

B. Homonyms.

[The Homonym is given in *italics*, the **usual translation** in black type.]

ADVICE. **Avis** (*m.*)='opinion,' also a 'notice'; **conseil** (*m.*).

ANCIENT. **Ancien**, see OLD, p. 21.

APPEARANCE. **Apparence** (*f.*)=*external* appearance; **apparition** (*f.*)=the *action* of appearing.

CHANCE. **Chance** (*f.*)='luck'; **hasard** (*m.*), **occasion** (*f.*).

CHANGE, sb. **Change** (*m.*)='exchange' (of money); **monnaie** (*f.*)='small change'; **changement** (*m.*).

CLOCK. **Cloche** (*f.*)=a bell; **horloge** (*f.*), **pendule** (*f.*), see p. 38.

COMFORTABLE. **Confortable**, said of furniture and houses; 'to be comfortable'=**être bien**.

TO COMMAND. **Commander**=to 'order,' *e.g.* of a customer in a shop; **ordonner**.

COMPLAINT. **Complainte** (*f.*)=a 'lament,' see p. 45; **plainte** (*f.*), **réclamation** (*f.*).

TO CONQUER. **Conquérir**=to *acquire* by conquest; now usually **vaincre**.

DILIGENCE. **Diligence** (*f.*)='speed' (also 'coach'); **application** (*f.*).

TO EDUCATE. **Éduquer**, of *moral* upbringing; **instruire**, **élever**.

EDUCATION. *Éducation* (f.)=moral upbringing; **instruction** (f.); **pédagogie** (f.)=the science of teaching.

EVIDENCE. *Évidence* (f.)=*ce qui est évident* (=‘obvious’); **témoignage** (m.).

EXALTED. *Exalté*=‘excited’; **élevé**.

FIGURE. *Figure* (f.)=the face; *taille* (f.)=‘shape, waist’; **forme** (f.); **chiffre** (m.), see NUMBER, p. 21.

HABIT. *Habit* (m.)=a coat, see p. 19; **habitude** (f.).

HARDY. *Hardi*=‘bold’; **robuste, vigoureux**.

HONEST. *Honnête*=‘honourable’; **droit, intègre, loyal**.

LABOUR. *Labour* (m.)=‘tilling’; *labeur* (m.) (*poet.*)=‘toil’; **travail** (m.).

LAMP. *Lampe* (f.), used in a house; *lanterne* (f.), used outside; **fanal** (m.), e.g. of a locomotive; **phare** (m.), of a motor-car; **un bec de gaz**, ‘gas-lamp.’

LIBRARY. *Librairie* (f.)=(now) ‘a bookseller’s shop’; **bibliothèque** (f.).

LUXURY. *Luxure* (f.)=‘lust’; **luxe** (m.).

MONEY. *Monnaie* (f.)=‘change,’ ‘coinage’; **argent** (m.).

NATIVE, *adj.* *Natif*=(1) ‘born in,’ e.g. *natif de Rouen*; (2) *argent natif* =silver found in a pure state; **natal**. *Sb.*, **Indigène**, only of coloured people; **habitant**.

OPPORTUNITY. *Opportunité* (f.)=‘opportuneness’; **occasion** (f.).

PAIN. *Peine* (f.)=‘effort, trouble’; **douleur** (f.).

PARTICULAR, *adj.* *Particulier*=‘private’; **certain**. *Sb.*, **détail** (m.).

PENCIL. *Pinceau* (m.)=*painter’s* ‘pencil’; **crayon** (m.).

PHYSICIAN. *Physicien*=‘a scientist’ (Natural Philosophy); **médecin**.

PLEASING. *Plaisant*=‘amusing, joking’; **agréable**.

PREPARATION. *Préparation* (f.)=the *action* of preparing; **préparatif** (m.).

PRESENT, *adj.* *Présent*=‘here and now present’; **actuel**.

TO PRETEND. *Prétendre*=to lay claim to; **faire semblant (de)**.

RAY. *Raie* (f.)=a ‘stripe’; **rayon** (m.)=a ray of *light*.

TO REALIZE. *Réaliser*=to convert into reality, to turn into money; **se rendre compte (de qch.)**.

REFLECTION. *Réflexion* (f.) [Note spelling] corresponds to vb. *réfléchir*; **reflet** (m.) to vb. *réfléter*. See p. 22.

TO REFRESH. *Rafrâchir*=to cool down (*trans.*); **se reposer, se récréer**.

TO REMARK. *Remarquer*='to notice'; (=to 'say') **faire remarquer, dire, faire la remarque.**

RESPECTABLE. *Respectable*=worthy of respect; **convenable.**

ROMANCE. *Romance* (*f.*)=a drawing-room song (sentimental); **roman** (*m.*).

SCENE. *Scène* (*f.*), see p. 23; **paysage** (*m.*).

SCHOLAR. *Écolier*='school-boy'; **savant.**

SENSIBLE. *Sensible*='sensitive'; **sensé, de bon sens.**

SITE. Often *site* (*m.*), see SCENE, p. 23; **emplacement** (*m.*).

SOUND. *Son* (*m.*), more limited in meaning than 'sound,' of musical tone; **bruit** (*m.*).

TO SUCCEED. *Succéder* (+*à*)=to come after; **réussir.**

TEMPLE. Often *temple* (*m.*)='church,' see p. 19; **tempe** (*f.*), of the brow.

TO TRAIN. *Traîner*=to drag; *élever*, of persons: **dresser**, of animals.

VAPOUR. *Vapeur* (*f.*)='steam'; **miasme** (*m.*), **exhalaison** (*f.*).

VI. TYPICAL DIFFICULTIES AND COMMON MISTAKES.

A. *On the Translation of certain English Words.*

ABOUT. 'About two o'clock' = *Vers les deux heures* ('About two o'clock in the afternoon' = *Vers deux heures de l'après-midi*).

AGAIN. Often neatly rendered by prefixing **re-** to the simple verb, e.g. 'He sat down again' = *Il se rassit*; 'He started again' = *Il repartit*.

ALL. (1) 'All of us know' = *Nous savons tous*; (2) 'He told us all he knew' = *Il nous dit tout ce qu'il savait*; (3) 'All who...' = *Tous ceux qui...*

ALONG. 'Along the path' = *Le long du chemin*. 'All along the route' = *Tout le long du chemin*; often the meaning is rendered in the **verb**, e.g. 'Stretching his arms along his body' = *Allongeant les bras sur le corps*.

ALTHOUGH. *Bien que* and *quoique* **always** take the **subjunctive**: 'He appears stupid, although he is in point of fact very clever' = *Il a l'air bête, quoiqu'en réalité il soit très intelligent*.

AS. (1) 'As late as yesterday' = *Pas plus tard qu'hier*; (2) 'Two is to four as four is to eight' = *2 est à 4 ce que 4 est à 8*.

TO ASCEND. = **Monter**, *grimper*; 'ascendre' does not exist, though *une gradation ascendante* (= 'climax') does.

TO ASK. 'To ask a question' = **Faire** (or **poser**) *une question*.

ATHEIST. = **Athée**; 'athéiste' is not French now.

AT. 'At the same time' = **En même temps**.

BEFORE. (1) **Avant**, of time, **devant**, of place; (2) Remember **auparavant**; 'He speaks French better than before' = *Il parle le français mieux qu'auparavant*.

BOTH, *pron.* = **Tous deux, tous les deux, l'un et l'autre**; use whichever of these forms makes the meaning clearest. *Conj.*, **Et...et** or, when simultaneity is implied, **à la fois...et**.

COULD. May be in French either the *Past Continuous* or the *Future in the past*, e.g. *pouvait* or *pourrait* according to the sense of the English.

TO DOUBT. The construction is usually with **que**; 'to doubt if...' = *douter que...*

EVER. *Toujours* = 'Always'; 'If ever...' = *Si jamais*; sometimes 'ever' = **un jour, sans cesse, sans trêve**.

EXERTIONS. = **Efforts** (*m.*), **fatigues** (*f.*).

FAR. 'So far from...' = **Loin de, bien loin de**; e.g. 'So far from helping them, their tactics do them harm' = **Bien loin de les avancer, leur tactique leur fait du tort.**

FROM. (1) 'From 1870 to the present day' = **Depuis 1870 jusqu'à nos jours**; (2) 'From his childhood (onwards)' = **Dès son enfance**; (3) 'From the Pyramids' = **Du haut des Pyramides.**

TO GET. 'To get caught' = **Se faire pincer**; cp. *se faire pendre.*

HOWEVER + *adj.* 'However great he is' = **Si grand** (or **Quelque grand**) *qu'il soit.*

IF. (1) *Si* is **never** used with the *future* or the *future in the past*, unless *si* introduces an indirect question: 'If Monday *will* suit you, we shall come then' = **Si lundi vous convient, nous viendrons ce jour-là.** The English 'will' may = 'wish'; in which case, use **vouloir**; (2) 'It seems as if...' = **Il semble que... + subjunctive**, usually. 'If so...' = **Dans (en) ce cas, s'il en est ainsi...**

IMPRESSIVE. = **Impressionnant.**

IN. (1) 'In this way' = **de cette façon**; (2) 'In the middle of' = **au milieu de**; (3) 'Paris is the most beautiful city in the world' = **Paris est la plus belle ville du monde**; 'About two o'clock in the afternoon' = **vers deux heures de l'après-midi**; (4) 'In the castle' = **au château** (**dans le château** = 'inside' (cp. 'in Paris' = **à Paris**) (**dans Paris** = 'within the fortifications of Paris'); 'In the sun' = **au soleil**; (5) of time, **dans** = at the end of, e.g. *J'irai à Londres dans huit jours* (**en** = within the space of, e.g. *Les maçons ont construit ce mur en huit jours.*

IT. (1) 'It is' + *adj.* 'It is difficult to learn French' = **Il est difficile d'apprendre le français** ['*C'est difficile de...*' is conversational in tone.] ('It' (referring to 'French') 'is difficult to learn' = **C'est difficile à apprendre.** N.B. In this use, *de* goes along with **il**, à with **ce**; (2) The vague 'it' in e.g. 'Was it the sea?' is **ce**: *Était-ce la mer?* In e.g. 'Strange as it may seem,' 'it' is **cela**: *Si étrange que cela puisse sembler*; (3) Beware of using *ce* indiscriminately with *être*; e.g. 'The first circumstance was...' *La première circonstance était...* [not '*c'était*'].

TO LACK. See WANT.

TO MAKE + Infinitive. *Je l'ai fait boire* (*Je lui ai fait boire du vin*; so *voir, entendre, laisser.*

MEANTIME. *En attendant* = 'in the interval'; *sur ces entrefaites* = 'while this was going on.'

MOST. 'In a most violent way' = either (1) *D'une façon très violente*, or

(2) *D'une façon des plus violentes*, or (3) *De la façon la plus violente*. [Never 'd'"une" façon "la" plus violente,' which is not logical enough to be French.]

MUCH. *Beaucoup* is **never** qualified by *si* or *très*; 'so much' = **tant**, 'very much' = **beaucoup**, simply. The same rule applies to **bientôt**; say *si tôt*, *très tôt*, etc.

NECESSARY. = *Il faut*, usually. The construction after *nécessaire* is as follows: (1) *La respiration est nécessaire à la vie*; (2) **Il est nécessaire de travailler**; (3) *Le travail est nécessaire pour réussir*.

NEITHER, NOR. (1) **Ni** can be used only in conjunction with another *ni*, expressed or implied; in all other cases use **Et...ne...pas**. (2) The *inversion* of the English after *neither* is not found in French after *ni*.

NOR. See NEITHER.

NOT. Used parenthetically, = **non pas**; *Car c'était—non pas son frère —mais lui-même*; in this use, 'and not' = **et non**, or **et non pas**. [Never 'et pas:']

NOTHING+adj. See SOMETHING.

NOW. See TO-MORROW.

ON. 'They marched on' = *Ils marchaient toujours*; 'It went on snowing' = *Il neigeait toujours*.

ONLY. = **Ne...que, seulement, uniquement, si ce n'est**; when 'only' qualifies a verb, use *ne...que + faire*; 'She only smiled' = *Elle ne fit que sourire*.

OR. = **Ou**; 'or else' = **ou bien**; *Ou* is regularly *alternative*; 'His income is six or seven hundred a year' = *Il gagne de six à sept cents livres par an*, unless it is meant that the income is either exactly £600 or else exactly £700; cp. *Un enfant âgé de sept à huit ans* [not, usually, '7 ou 8 ans'].

OUT OF. 'Nine persons out of ten' = *neuf personnes sur dix*.

OVER. **Au-dessus de** = 'above'; **sur** = 'upon.'

OWN. 'His own, her own,' etc. = **Propre**, which, however, emphasizes strongly the meaning of 'own,' and is often to be omitted in translation, e.g. 'My own opinion' = **mon avis**; 'in his name and in my own' = *en son nom et au mien*.

IT SEEMS. = (1) **Il paraît que...** = 'I am told that, It is said that...'; (2) **Il semble que...** = 'The appearances are that...'; (3) *Il me semble que...* = 'My opinion is that...' (1) and (3) take the *indicative*, (2) usually the *subjunctive*. (4) Beware of making *sembler* personal; 'I seem to know you' is: **Il me semble que je vous connais**; (5) 'It would seem' usually = **Il semble**, simply.

SOME. Often translated by **un** or by **je ne sais quel**....

SOMETHING + *adj.* *Quelquechose* must be followed by **de**; 'Something new' = *Quelquechose de nouveau*; so, **rien**; 'There is nothing more easy' = *Rien de plus facile*.

SOON. See MUCH.

THERE ARE, HAVE BEEN, WERE, etc. The verb is always singular: *il y avait*; *il est*; N.B. *il y a eu* [not 'été'].

THUS. = **Ainsi, de sorte que**; elegantly, at the beginning of a sentence, *En sorte que*....

TILL. 'I did not know till later' = *Je ne l'ai su que plus tard*. 'Till (*conj.*) is often to be rendered by **avant que**.

TO-MORROW, YESTERDAY, NOW, NEXT. Speaking from the standpoint of **to-day**, use *demain*: *hier*: *maintenant*, *jusqu'ici*: *prochain*. Speaking from the standpoint of some day **in the past**, use *le lendemain*: *la veille*: *alors*, *jusqu'alors*: *suivant*.

UN-. The prefix '*un-*' may often be rendered by **peu**, when there is no single French equivalent of the adjective; '*uninteresting*' = *peu intéressant*; '*unintelligent*' = *peu intelligent*. When a French equivalent exists, it must be used, e.g. '*unintelligible*' = **inintelligible**.

VIVID. **Vif** or **saisissant**, not '*vivide*,' which does not exist.

TO WANT, TO BE IN WANT OF. E.g. 'He was in want of money' may be expressed in three ways: (1) *Il avait besoin d'argent*; (2) *Il lui manquait de l'argent*; (3) *L'argent lui manquait*.

TO WELCOME. = *Souhaiter la bienvenue à qq'un*; to be welcome = *être le bienvenu*.

WHEN. The verb of the clause introduced by the French equivalent of 'when' must be in the same tense as the verb of the principal sentence (or in the corresponding compound tense), e.g. 'When it rains, we shall use our umbrellas' = *Quand il pleuvra, nous nous servirons de nos parapluies*; 'When you have finished talking I shall begin to speak' = *Quand vous aurez fini de causer, je prendrai la parole*.

WHERE. *Où* (except interrogatively) should be used only when it refers to an antecedent already expressed, e.g. *l'endroit où*; otherwise, use *là où*: 'Where you see my white plume' = *Là où vous verrez mon panache blanc*. [Tense as for WHEN.]

WHILE. *Pendant que*, of **simultaneous** actions; *tandis que*, of two **contrasted** actions.

WILL, *vb.* See IF.

WITH. (1) Often omitted in translation, e.g. 'He listened with folded arms' = *Il écoutait, les bras croisés*; (2) **de** is often the proper

equivalent, *e.g.* 'With all his heart' = *De toute son âme*; (3) 'with, expressing *comparison*' = *au prix de*, see p. 76.

WOULD. (1) As auxiliary; past tense of 'will' = *future in the past*;
 (2) Verb = resolved; 'He would not go' = *Il ne voulut pas aller*;
 (3) Imperfect of Repetition; 'He would often say' = *Il disait souvent*.

YESTERDAY. See TO-MORROW.

B. Grammar and Style.

§ 1. Accents.

The misuse or the omission of accents is slovenly and is punished by loss of marks. It is no excuse to plead that French people themselves often omit them in hasty writing. The accentuation of a word forms part of its spelling and must, in case of doubt, be verified in the Dictionary. The accents indicate the pronunciation, *e.g.* *château* (*bateau*; *pêcher*) (*pêcher*); they often suggest the etymology of a word since they may denote the loss of letters, *e.g.* *traître* [*traditorem*], *école*, O.F. *escole* [*schola*], Eng. 'school'; they make necessary distinctions, *e.g.* *ou, où*. Accents require constant care; *cp.* *religieux* (*irréligieux*; *avènement*) (*événement*) (though *è* is now permissible). It is unnecessary, but more scholarly, to accentuate Capital Letters.

§ 2. The Article.

1. The definite article is often used in French where in English none is required, *e.g.* 'to go into action' = *aller au feu*; 'to go to balls' = *aller au bal*.

2. As regards the omission of the article after *pas*, two cases must be distinguished: (a) *Je n'ai pas de pain*; (b) *Ce n'est pas du pain*. In (a) *pas* negatives only *pain* and *de* is prepositional; in (b) *pas* negatives the verb and *du* is partitive. Positive form: *c'est du pain*, negative form of the same sentence: *ce n'est pas du pain*; so, *l'enfant craint les vaches, ne craint pas les vaches, a peur des vaches, n'a pas peur des vaches*. Remember that *ne...pas de* = 'not any.'

§ 3. Dates.

The form *mil* is not very commonly used in dates; thus, 1789 is *dix-sept cent quatre-vingt-neuf*. It is unnecessary, however, to write out a date in full, unless you are specially asked to do so.

§ 4. Explicit Statement in French.

As a general principle French tends to express explicitly what English often leaves to be understood. **Ellipses must be filled up before translating.** The following points especially should be constantly borne in mind:

1. When there are two co-ordinate dependent clauses the first of which is introduced by a conjunction, *que* must be used to introduce the second clause; e.g. *Il dit que...et que.... Parce que...et que.... Quand...et que....* N.B. When *que* is substituted for *si* in a second (conditional) clause, the verb must be in the Subjunctive.

2. **Pronouns** (especially **en** and **y**) are used where in English no pronoun is required; e.g. 'Yes, he said' = 'Oui,' lui dit-il; 'To read French is one thing, to write it is another' = *Lire le français est une chose, l'écrire en est une autre*; 'I have been in Paris and seen the Louvre'; ... *j'y ai vu le Louvre*. Cp. "*Il est huit heures; la haute horloge vient de les sonner.*" Fromentin, *Les Maîtres d'autrefois*.

3. **Compound Verbs.** French often prefers a **compound** where English is content with the simple form, e.g. 'I have found my ring' = *J'ai retrouvé ma bague*.

§ 5. *Inversion.*

Inversion is obligatory in French in such short parentheses as 'It is said' = **dit-on**, 'Yes, he said' = 'Oui,' **dit-il**.

In the Relative Clause inversion of the subject is usually an elegance, e.g. 'The speech which M. Poincaré made recently' = *Le discours qu'a fait dernièrement M. Poincaré*.

Inversion is usual in sentences introduced by *peut-être, aussi, à peine, en vain, toujours* [= 'nevertheless'].

In other cases inversion is extremely rare. Beware therefore of carrying into French purely English (or German) customs of inversion, e.g. 'Nor could he,' 'Fain would I climb,' 'Not only...'

Such inversion as in 'Great though he was, Chatham yet...' is rendered by **si** (or **quelque**) + Subjunctive; e.g. *Si grand* (or *Quelque grand*) *qu'il fût, Chatham...pourtant....* Cp. HOWEVER, p. 28.

§ 6. *Participles.*

The Present Participle.

1. It is often translated by the **infinitive**: 'I saw him coming' = *Je l'ai vu venir*, or by a **relative**: *Je l'ai vu qui venait*: 'There is someone knocking' = *Il y a quelqu'un qui frappe*.

2. The Present Participle *never agrees* in French.

The Past Participle:

is often elegantly turned by a *relative*, e.g. 'Influenced by such speeches, Cromwell...'; *Cromwell, qu'influençaient de tels discours....*

§ 7. *The English Passive:*

is often translated (1) by **on**, e.g. 'It was said that...' = *On disait que...*; (2) by the Reflexive, e.g. 'to be drowned' = *se noyer*; 'The ridge

of the mountains was silhouetted on the grey sky' = *La crête des montagnes se découpait sur le ciel gris*; 'And far beyond the days of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable' = *Et bien au delà des temps de Pépin l'auguste dynastie s'étend, jusqu'à ce qu'elle se perde dans la nuit des temps*.

The English *passive infinitive*, when it is governed by another verb is in French **active**; 'I have seen this play acted' = *J'ai vu jouer cette pièce*. N.B. This use of **voir** may sometimes translate a passive and avoid a cumbrous form, e.g. 'I desire his life should be prolonged' = *Je désire voir prolonger sa vie*.

§ 8. *Preposition + Verb, or Adverb + Verb.*

The free use of prepositions or adverbs to modify or supplement the sense of a verb, which is one of the most striking characteristics of English, is uncommon in French. Similar uses do exist in French, e.g. in verbal phrases like *s'en aller* = 'to go away,' where *en* (Lat. *inde*) corresponds exactly to 'away'; in verbs like *emporter* = 'to carry away,' *éconduire* = 'to bow out'; and in certain phrases like *jeter en bas* = 'to cast down.' But in the great majority of cases the sense of the English preposition must be rendered by choosing a verb which contains in itself the full meaning of the English verb + preposition. Thus, 'to go down' = *descendre*; 'to go up' = *monter*; 'to go in' = *pénétrer*; 'The citadel looks down upon the city' = *La citadelle domine la ville*.

The best translation is often given by transposing; thus, 'He glided in' = *Il entra en glissant*; cp. "*Des chambellans montent et descendent en courant les escaliers de marbre*," Daudet, *La Mort du Dauphin* = 'are running up and down.'

§ 9. *Proper Names, Place-Names, Names of Things peculiarly British.*

1. When the English name has a direct equivalent in French, e.g. Emily, *Émilie*, the French form should be given, unless there are special reasons for retaining the actual form of the name, e.g. to preserve the local colour or to ensure historical accuracy. No definite rule can be formulated; the matter is one for literary tact.

2. Historical personages, famous writers, and other well-known people are commonly referred to in French by their *full* name, e.g. **Jules-César**, **Tjite-Live**, **Christophe-Colomb**, **Victor-Hugo**. It will be noted that a hyphen is frequently used.

3. When there is a special French form of a place-name, it should be used; e.g. Edinburgh, *Édimbourg*; Lucca, *Lucques*; the Spice Islands, *les Moluques*.

4. Such names as 'High Street' may be translated (*la Grand'rue*), or left as they stand, according to circumstances. In the latter case, the gender attributed will be that of the usual French equivalent, *e.g.* *la* 'High Street,' because 'Street' naturally suggests *la rue* to the educated Frenchman. English counties are treated as masculine and require the article; *e.g.* 'in Surrey,' *dans le Surrey*.

5. Names of peculiarly British institutions or objects may, or may not, require to be translated, according to the translator's sense of the fitness of things. Thus, '5 miles' will be rendered by *8 kilomètres* or by *5 milles*, 'half-a-crown' by *trois francs* or by '*une demi-couronne*,' 'Member of Parliament' by *député* or by *Membre du Parlement*, according as local colour is, or is not, desirable.

§ 10. Punctuation.

The French make a much more liberal use of commas than has in recent years become customary in this country. As a practical rule, it is well to use a comma wherever one can. The French frequently use *points de suspension* (...), where we use a mark of exclamation (!) or a dash (—), to express surprise or to denote that what follows the *points de suspension* is unexpected (see p. 81).

§ 11. Relative Clause.

1. The relative is never omitted in French. 'The man I saw' = *L'homme que j'ai vu*.

2. The relative pronoun must always be placed immediately after its antecedent, wherever the relative may happen to stand in the laxer order of English; *e.g.* 'Suppose *kings* should ever arise *who* had heard and believed this word...' = *Supposez qu'il surgisse un jour des rois qui entendent et croient cette parole*.

3. The English order is often inverted in French in the interior of the relative clause (see p. 32, § 5).

4. 'Had' in a relative clause is often to be translated by *aurait*, or by the subjunctive, to show explicitly the exact relationship between the tenses, *e.g.* 'Anyone who had seen him then would have thought him mad' = *Celui qui l'aurait vu l'aurait pris pour un fou*. Cp. Ex. CLXX, note 5.

§ 12. Repetition of the same Word at Close Intervals.

Great care must be taken not to repeat the same word at too close intervals, unless such repetition is intentional, *e.g.* when some special rhetorical effect is aimed at. The French ear is peculiarly sensitive to the unpleasant jingle made by the repetition of the same word. A concatenation of *dé's* and *qu'é's* is especially to be avoided.

§ 13. *Tenses.*

1. A **Primary** tense in the Main clause must be followed by a **Primary** in the Subordinate clause; a **Secondary** must be followed by a **Secondary**. Thus, *Je veux (voudrai) que vous fassiez (ayez fait) cela. Je voulais (voulus, ai voulu, voudrais, aurais voulu) que vous fissiez, eussiez fait cela.*

The rule should be observed, except in the conversational or familiar tone; it is sometimes, however, relaxed, particularly where the forms *-assions, -assiez* would make an undesirable sound. English use is more lax: 'If it rains, I should not think of going out' = *S'il pleuvait, je ne songerais pas à sortir.*

2. When the fact stated in the Subordinate clause is represented as being true of all times, the **Present** is common in French: 'Even these savages well knew that man was mortal' = *Même ces sauvages savaient bien que l'homme est mortel.*

3. The Past Historic *relates*, the Past Continuous (or 'Imperfect') *describes*. When the action takes a new step forward, use the Past Historic; when the tone is that of description, use the 'Imperfect,' e.g. *Quand j'entrai, elle chantait.* In the familiar tone the Past Historic is never used; e.g. 'Yesterday we saw' = *Hier nous avons vu.*

4. When the subject of the Subordinate clause and the subject of the Main clause are identical, it is customary to use an **infinitive**; e.g. 'He told me that he had noticed nothing' = *Il m'a dit n'avoir rien remarqué*; 'Before he went away he said good-bye' = *Avant de partir, il m'a fait ses adieux.*

VII. MODEL LESSONS IN TRANSLATION.

I. Historical. (Easy.)

N.B. We discuss here renderings actually submitted by pupils; the idea is to show wherein these are sometimes wrong and how they may be improved. An exercise in Vocabulary.

The Last Hours of Charles II

1. The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day.
 2. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. 3. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. 4. He apologized to those who had stood around him all night for the trouble which he had caused.
 5. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it. 6. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation.

MACAULAY, *History of England*.

1. The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day.

"The morning light": '*le jour, l'aube, la lumière du matin, la lueur du matin.*' *Le jour* = 'daylight' is somewhat weak here; also we require this word further on in the sentence. *L'aube* is possible, though rather bald. *La lueur* is better than *la lumière*, the general word for 'light.' But in the singular it means 'the glare': e.g. *la*

lueur d'un incendie. The plural of *lueur* will suit the passage, and we may strengthen by adding 'first' and saying *les premières lueurs du matin.*

"began": '*commença, commençait, se mit à.*' While either tense would be correct, the Imperfect is distinctly more suitable, as being less abrupt. *Commencer* is better than *se mettre à*, which is more personal and not unlike the English 'to proceed.'

"to peep through the windows": '*percer les fenêtres, poindre par les fenêtres, filtrer par les fenêtres.*' 'Peep' is one of those expressive English words for which there exist no adequate French equivalents. *Percer* is too strong, suggesting a powerful light 'piercing' a fog. *Poindre*, which is quite suitable in speaking of the dawn, could not be used with *par les fenêtres*; the dawn does not 'break' through the windows. *Filtrer* is often used of light 'stealing through,' e.g. a crevice, and will stand here. If we had not the preposition *à* before the Infinitive, we might have used *à travers*, rather than *par*, for 'through.' Of course it would be possible to say *commençait de filtrer à travers les fenêtres*, but *commencer à* is more common and, here, more correct.

"and Charles desired": '*et Charles demanda, ordonna, voulut.*' *Ordonna* is too imperious, too harsh; *voulut* = 'willed, insisted that' is not very suitable. It would mean that someone tried to prevent the curtains being drawn aside but that Charles insisted on this being done. The simple verb *demande* is the most suitable. Even *pria* would not be out of place.

"the attendants": '*domestiques, serviteurs.*' [There is no noun '*attendant*' in French.] Either word will stand, preferably *serviteurs*, as being more dignified.

"to pull asid ": '*de retirer, de tirer, de tirer de côté.*' *Tirer* is used = *ouvrir* or *fermer* (*des rideaux*). There is no need for *de côté*. *Retirer* would mean 'to take down, away.' *Écarter* is perhaps clearest.

“that he might have one more look at the day”: ‘*afin qu’il regardât, pour qu’il vît, pour lui permettre de regarder, encore une fois, une fois de plus, le jour.*’

The idea that the French Subjunctive contains the notion of ‘can, could, may, would, etc.,’ is deeply rooted in many minds. Most beginners fail to realize the necessity for using the verb *pouvoir* in such a sentence as this. The third of the translations given above expresses ‘might’ in another way. *Une fois de plus* is preferable to *encore une fois*, as being more literal.

Les premières lueurs du matin commençaient à filtrer par les fenêtres de Whitehall, et Charles demanda aux serviteurs de tirer les rideaux, afin qu’il pût voir le jour une fois de plus.

2. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed.

“He remarked”: ‘*Il remarqua, dit, fit remarquer.*’ As a rule *il remarqua* = ‘he noticed, observed.’ *Il dit* is not so accurate as *Il fit remarquer*. *Il fit la remarque* is also possible.

“it was time”: ‘*il était temps, il était le temps, c’était temps.*’ If we use *temps* for ‘time’ we should say either *il était temps* or *c’était le temps*. Perhaps *il était l’heure* would be more suitable here.

“a clock”: ‘*une pendule, horloge.*’ *Une pendule* is a small clock, standing on the mantelpiece or on some piece of furniture. *Une horloge* is a clock in a tall case standing on the floor (and usually a clock in a tower, etc.). Here either word is possible.

“stood”: ‘*se trouvait, se tenait.*’ The latter is too personal to be possible here.

Il fit remarquer qu’il était l’heure de remonter une pendule qui se trouvait près de son lit.

3. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties.

"circumstances": '*circonstances, choses, détails.*' Make it a rule to avoid the indiscriminate use of *chose*. *Détails* suits the passage better than *circonstances*.

"were long remembered": '*furent longtemps rappelés, on se rappela, on se souvint de...*' The Impersonal construction with *on* is distinctly better than the Passive. With the word *longtemps*, *se souvenir* is the correct word to use. If the English had run 'Long afterwards people remembered,' *se rappeler* = 'to recall' would have been the proper word.

"they proved": '*ils prouvaient, prouvèrent, montrèrent.*' The 'Imperfect' is the proper tense; the tone is descriptive. *Prouver* is better than *montrer*, the meaning being closer to that of 'prove.'

"beyond dispute": '*outré débat, sans contredit, sans aucun doute, hors de contestation.*' *Outré débat* is not French and the phrase is the result of looking up the two words separately in the dictionary and using them together without further investigation. *Sans contredit* does not quite translate the English, being rather = 'certainly.' *Sans aucun doute* is open to the same objection. It would be better to translate by *sans contestation possible* or *incontestablement* = 'without any dispute being possible.'

"when he declared himself a Roman Catholic": '*quand il se déclara, déclarait un catholique romain, en se déclarant, etc.*' The tense must be carefully noted. French requires the Past Perfect, for the act referred to is already Past with reference to the time of 'was,' etc. The word *romain* is unnecessary, the usual antithesis being: *catholiques*)(*protestants*. French does not require the indefinite

article here. *En se déclarant* would mean 'by declaring himself.'

"he was in full possession of his faculties": '*il possédait toutes ses facultés, il était en pleine possession de*, etc., *il était possédé de*, etc.' The third translation is quite wrong, meaning as it does, 'possessed by his faculties.' The second is better than the first, being closer to the English.

On se souvint longtemps de ces petits détails, parce qu'ils prouvaient incontestablement que, lorsqu'il s'était déclaré catholique, il était en pleine possession de ses facultés.

4. He apologized to those who had stood around him all night for the trouble which he had caused.

"He apologized to those": '*Il s'excusa auprès de ceux, à ceux, etc., Il faisait ses excuses à, Il demanda pardon à ceux...*' The Past Historic must be used to indicate that this is a new fact in the sequence of the story. The 'Imperfect' could only mean 'was apologizing' or 'kept apologizing.' If *s'excuser* is used, *auprès de*, not *à*, is the proper preposition. *Il fit ses excuses* will suit the passage quite well; it is not quite so strong as *demande pardon*.

"who had stood around him": '*qui s'étaient tenus, qui étaient restés près de lui*.' Either translation will do. We might say *restés debout* if, as is quite possible, the standing position is to be emphasized. For 'around him' a good expression would be *à son chevet*, = 'at his pillow, side.'

"for the trouble": '*de la peine, de l'importunité, du trouble*.' *Peine* usually means 'grief, sorrow.' *Importunité* is the trouble given by a person who persists. *Trouble* is rather of mental distress, anguish, excitement. None of these three words is very suitable in this passage. The word *ennui* gives the idea of the weary wait round the dying king, but unfortunately rhymes with *nuit*.

Il fit ses excuses à ceux qui étaient restés debout à son chevet toute la nuit, de l'embarras qu'il leur avait causé.

5. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it.

"He had been": '*Il avait été, pris.*' It is impossible to say *être un temps*. 'Been' here = 'taken.' But the French for 'taken' in this sense is *mis*, not *pris*.

"unconscionable": *déraisonnable* will do quite well, though the long word might have been turned by some simple phrase, such as *beaucoup trop de temps*.

"dying": '*en mourant, de mourir, à mourir.*' *En mourant* = 'while' or 'by dying' will not do. The use of *de mourir* is due to the use of the Infinitive with *de* to explain a Noun, e.g. *la peur de mourir*. With *mettre* the construction is *mettre du temps à faire quelque chose*.

"he hoped": '*il espéra, espérait.*' The Past Historic would make this a new fact independent of 'he said.' The 'Imperfect' shows that this is the Reported Present.

"they would excuse it": '*qu'ils le lui pardonneraient, qu'ils l'excuseraient.*' French uses more naturally the two objects, therefore the first construction is the better. Perhaps we should take 'would' to be the Past form of 'will, be good enough to,' *vouloir bien*, and this is in keeping with the courtesy of the excuse.

Il avait mis, dit-il, un temps déraisonnable à mourir; mais il espérait qu'ils voudraient bien le lui pardonner.

6. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation.

"This was": '*Ce fut, C'était.*' *Ce fut* is the correct tense. It is difficult to lay down precise rules for the use of *C'est, C'était, Ce fut* to express the English 'It was.' Often the difficulty will be solved by the substitution of another verb for *être*. Here, for example, we might condense and say 'He said this; he spoke no more.'

"the last glimpse": '*le dernier éclat, le dernier rayon, trait.*' The word *éclat* is much too strong for 'glimpse.' It is used of something which strikes the senses vividly. *Rayon* is a good word if it can be used of *urbanité*, but this is doubtful. *Trait* is quite safe: cp. *un trait d'esprit*.

"potent to": '*capable de, assez puissante pour.*' *Capable* is too personal to suit the context. The other translation will stand.

"to charm away": '*charmer, désarmer, dissiper.*' This use of a Preposition with a Verb is one of the great resources of the English language. *Charmer* = 'to charm,' and also 'to charm away,' e.g. B. de Saint-Pierre, *Paul et Virginie* (Nelson), p. 12: quelques plantes de tabac, pour *charmer* ses soucis et ceux de ses bonnes maîtresses; G. Sand, *La petite Fadette*, p. 279: vous savez *charmer* la maladie; A. France, *Livre de mon Ami*, p. 19: La cuisinière...me donna des confitures qui *charmèrent* les peines de mon cœur. The other two words are quite suitable, with a little expansion, e.g. *dissiper comme par enchantement*, or *dont le charme s'était trouvé assez puissant pour dissiper, conjurer*, etc.

"justly incensed": '*justement exaspéré, irrité à juste titre, provoqué avec justesse.*' [*Eucensé* is of course a dictionary word. A little further search would have shown those who used it that it means 'to offer incense to, to worship, flatter.'] *La justesse* = 'exactness,' not 'justice,' which is *la justice*.

The adverb *justement* means *avec justice*, as well as *avec justesse*, and is possible here. Of the three participles—*exaspéré, irrité* and *provoqué*—*exaspéré* is nearest in meaning to the English 'incensed.'

Ce fut le dernier trait de cette exquise urbanité qui s'était si souvent trouvée assez puissante pour charmer le ressentiment d'un peuple justement exaspéré.

REVISED VERSION.

Les premières lueurs du matin commençaient à filtrer par les fenêtres de Whitehall, et Charles demanda aux serveurs

de tirer les rideaux, afin qu'il pût voir le jour une fois de plus. Il fit remarquer qu'il était l'heure de remonter une pendule qui se trouvait près de son lit. On se souvint longtemps de ces petits détails, parce qu'ils prouvaient incontestablement que, lorsqu'il s'était déclaré catholique, il était en pleine possession de ses facultés. Il fit ses excuses à ceux qui étaient restés debout à son chevet toute la nuit, de l'embarras qu'il leur avait causé. Il avait mis, dit-il, un temps déraisonnable à mourir; mais il espérait qu'ils voudraient bien le lui pardonner. Ce fut le dernier trait de cette exquise urbanité qui s'était si souvent trouvée assez puissante pour charmer le ressentiment d'un peuple justement exaspéré.

II. Narrative. (Moderately difficult.)

N.B. The renderings discussed here have been offered by Examination candidates. An exercise in Expression.

'Lord Lovat's Lament.'

1. It was an old custom that each night a pibroch should be played in Castle Dare in remembrance of Lady Macleod's five slain sons; and yet on this one night her niece would fain have seen that custom abandoned. 2. For was not the pibroch the famous and pathetic 'Lament for the Children,' that Patrick Mòr, one of the pipers of Macleod of Skye, had composed to the memory of his seven sons, who had all died within one year? 3. And now the doors were opened, and the piper-boy once more entered. 4. The wild, sad wail arose; and slow and solemn was the step with which he walked up the hall. 5. Lady Macleod sat calm and erect, her lips proud and firm, but her lean hands were working nervously together; 6. and at last, when the doors were closed on the slow and stately and mournful 'Lament for the Children,' she bent down the silvery head on those wrinkled hands, and wept aloud. 7. Patrick Mòr's seven brave sons could have been no more to him than her six tall lads had been to her; and now the last of them was going away from her.

8. "Do you know," said Janet quickly to her cousin

across the table, "that it is said no piper in the west Highlands can play 'Lord Lovat's Lament' like our Donald?"

9. "Oh, yes, he plays it very well," Macleod said. "But you will tell him to play no more laments to-night. 10. Let him take to strathspeys if any of the lads come up after bringing back the boat."

WM. BLACK, *Macleod of Dare*.

1. It was an old custom that each night a pibroch should be played in Castle Dare in remembrance of Lady Macleod's five slain sons; and yet on this one night her niece would fain have seen that custom abandoned.

In our experience the first draft made by the beginner is, when elementary errors have been expurged, something like this :

"C'était une vieille coutume que chaque nuit un 'pibroch' devait être joué dans le château de Dare en mémoire des cinq fils tués de Lady Macleod; et cependant, pour ce soir seulement, sa nièce aurait bien voulu qu'on abandonnât cette coutume."

Let us see whether this rendering might not be improved :

'**Old.**' The word 'old' in 'an *old* custom' is very properly rendered by '*vieille*,' for *ancienne*, which many will use, means either 'former' or else 'ancient' (in the sense of 'going back for several generations'), whereas the context shows that the custom in question dated only from the death of Lady Macleod's sons.

'**Custom.**' '*Coutume*' is correctly spelled; but we have noticed that beginners often give the word a circumflex accent (perhaps on the false analogy of *coûter* 'to cost,' or on the rash assumption that an *s* in English *always* corresponds to a circumflex in French).

'**Night.**' '*Nuit*,' however, is clearly a mistake, for *nuit* means 'the time when people sleep'; see p. 20. . Say, therefore, *soir*.

'**Pibroch**' has—justifiably enough—been left untranslated, since the word is peculiarly Scottish. But to the average French reader it would convey no meaning. It means a

series of variations on the bag-pipe, bearing upon one theme, martial or mournful, and might roughly be expressed by *un air (une mélodie) de cornemuse* (f.), which is somewhat vague; or by *une mélopée*, which is more precise, but evokes Greek associations which are here inappropriate; or by *complainte* (f.), which means a 'lament,' like the *ballata* in Mérimée's *Colomba*.

'**Should.**' '*Devait*' is wrongly used. It means 'was to be,' and would have been correct if the sentence had begun thus: "*Selon une vieille coutume un pibroch devait être joué.*" Many will use '*devrait*,' which is quite wrong, meaning 'ought to be'!

'**In Castle Dare.**' '*Dans le château*' is not the usual French expression, for the French say, not '*dans le*,' but *au château* = 'in the castle,' just as they say *au salon*, *au jardin*, = 'in the drawing-room (garden)'; *au* is neater and more elegant; see p. 28.

'**In remembrance of.**' '*En mémoire de*' is right. But, as we require *à la mémoire de* in the next sentence, and as the repetition of the same word at close intervals is a fault in style, we shall prefer to say *en souvenir de* or the somewhat archaic *en souvenance de*.

'**Yet**' is '*cependant*,' or, more shortly, *pourtant*.

'**On this one night.**' '*Pour ce soir seulement*' may be, more idiomatically, replaced by *ce soir entre tous* (where *entre* = 'more than'), or, more simply, by *ce soir-là*.

'**Would fain have seen.**' The translation offered above fails to translate 'seen'; we could say *aurait bien voulu voir abandonner cette coutume*. Note that French uses the active infinitive in such cases, e.g. 'I have seen that play performed' = *J'ai vu jouer cette pièce*. A closer equivalent of the literary word 'fain' is *bien aise*.

With these modifications, our sentence would now run:

"*Selon une vieille coutume, un air de cornemuse devait être joué chaque soir au château de Dare, en souvenance des cinq fils tués de Lady Macleod; et pourtant, ce soir-là, sa nièce aurait été bien aise de voir abandonner cette coutume.*"

The sentence is grammatically correct, is French, and renders adequately the sense of the English. But could it not be improved upon and made more characteristically French? Is the order of the words perfectly rhythmical? Are the expressions used the most idiomatic available? A more *characteristically French* translation of the first part of the sentence will suggest itself if we remember the delightful use of *vouloir* in connection with 'laws' and 'customs': *la loi veut que...*, e.g.: "*Une loi de la nation des Nains veut qu'une étrangère reçue dans nos demeures soit libre au bout de sept ans révolus*" (Anatole France, *Abeille*). Here, *une vieille coutume* voulait que.... And, as French prefers to avoid the passive form when the *active* may be used, it is more idiomatic to say (instead of '*qu'un pibroch fût joué*') *qu'on* (or *l'on*—either may be used) *jouât un pibroch*, which form would have the additional advantage of balancing '*qu'on abandonnât*,' further on.

As regards *rhythm*, it will be noted that the first half of the sentence ends somewhat abruptly on '*des cinq fils tués de Lady Macleod*,' where '*tués*' is awkwardly placed. The possible alternative '*des cinq fils de Lady Macleod qui avaient été tués*' is no better; it is weak and too cumbrous for French ideals of concision; *qui* should be avoided when possible. Therefore, to make a well-balanced sentence, we may strain a little the word 'slain' and say e.g. '*des cinq fils de Lady Macleod, tués à l'ennemi*' [= 'killed in action,' 'who had met a soldier's death'].

The rendering is now more *idiomatic*, more *rhythmical*, more *characteristically French*:

Une vieille coutume voulait que, chaque soir, au château de Dare, l'on jouât un air de cornemuse en souvenir des cinq fils de Lady Macleod, tués à l'ennemi; et pourtant, ce soir-là, sa nièce aurait été bien aise de voir abandonner cette coutume.

2. For was not the pibroch the famous and pathetic 'Lament for the Children,' that Patrick Mòr, one of the pipers

of Macleod of Skye, had composed to the memory of his seven sons, who had all died within one year?

The average rendering which we have seen of this passage is as follows:

• “*Car le pibroch (l'air), n'était-ce pas la fameuse et pathétique 'Complainte des enfants' que Patrick Mòr, un des joueurs de cornemuse de Macleod de Skye, avait composée à la mémoire de ses sept fils, qui étaient tous morts dans une seule année?*”

Students are sadly prone to begin such a type of sentence by ‘*N'est-ce pas que...?*’ (which is conversational) and to omit the pronoun; e.g. ‘*N'était pas le pibroch*’ (which is not French). In the above rendering, however, these faults have been avoided, though there remain several points admitting of improvement:

‘*The pibroch.*’ ‘*Le pibroch*’ or ‘*l'air*’ is not quite right. As the word has been already mentioned in the preceding sentence, French would say *ce pibroch, cet air*.

‘*Famous.*’ The normal equivalent in French is not ‘*fameux*,’ but *célèbre*; see p. 20.

‘*One of the pipers.*’ *Un* or *l'un* may be used indifferently, according to the writer's conception of euphony.

‘*To the memory of.*’ ‘*À la mémoire de*’ is the formula on tombstones; here, *en mémoire de* is more appropriate.

‘*Qui étaient tous morts*’ may profitably be shortened into ‘*tous morts*’ by the familiar device of omitting the relative; the pronunciation of *tous* and the plural ending of *morts* leave no doubt to whom the expression refers.

‘*Within one year.*’ ‘*Dans une année*’ is a mistake, as that phrase always refers to the future (= ‘within a year *from now*’). Therefore we must here say *en moins d'une année*.

Applying these remarks, we may thus improve upon the first draft:

Car cet air de cornemuse, n'était-ce pas la célèbre et pathétique ‘Complainte des Enfants,’ que Patrick Mòr,

l'un des joueurs de cornemuse de Macleod de Skye, avait composée en mémoire de ses sept fils, tous morts en moins d'une année ?

3. And now the doors were opened, and the piper-boy once more entered.

Beginner's rendering :

"Et maintenant on ouvre les portes, et le petit joueur de cornemuse entra encore une fois."

'Were opened.' The use of on in 'on ouvre' lays stress, however lightly, on the human agency employed, whereas the author purposely withholds all information as to 'who,' or 'what,' opened the doors. The doors *swung open*, as it were, allowing the piper-boy to pass. The accurate translation, therefore, is *s'ouvrèrent*. But is the past historic the proper tense? The action indeed takes a step forward, and the tone of the passage is historic ; hence this tense is not only justifiable, but perfectly natural. Yet, when some sudden and dramatic incident is related, the vivacious French mind often expresses the facts in the vivid present ; and here, not improbably, a French author would have preferred to say *les portes s'ouvrent*. This present tense will in turn suggest a better translation for 'and now' than the somewhat wooden 'Et maintenant' : namely *Et voici que...*

'Doors.' The sense demands, not 'portes,' which suggests *several* doors, but *battants* (m.) = 'folding-doors,' which swing open.

'Piper-boy.' 'Le petit joueur de cornemuse' means either that the piper was of less than average height or that he was a mere boy. Now, neither of these meanings is necessarily contained in the English ; 'boy' may be used here, as in 'stable-boy,' without any very precise indication of age ; the domestic piper, indeed, is usually a functionary of considerable dignity and of riper years. In other words, 'piper-boy' is not always synonymous with 'boy-piper.' If on the other hand, to avoid this difficulty, we use (instead of *le petit*) *le*

jeune joueur de cornemuse, the two successive *j*-sounds are harsh, and both this phrase and the last are unnecessarily cumbrous, since from what precedes we already know the instrument that the piper-boy played. *Le (jeune) musicien* is quite sufficient.

'*Once more entered.*' Is '*encore une fois*' the right expression for this? The answer will depend upon the meaning which is to be attributed to the English words. Does the author mean (1) that the piper now entered for the *second time in the course of the evening*? In that case '*encore une fois*' is right. Or does he mean (2) that the piper-boy entered this evening *just as he had done every evening for years*? If this is what is meant (and the opening sentence shows it is) the translation is *une fois de plus* or *de nouveau*.

The sentence, now clear and concise, will run :

Et voici que les battants s'ouvrent ; une fois de plus le musicien entre (or, more dramatically, *une fois de plus entre le musicien*).

4. The wild, sad wail arose; and slow and solemn was the step with which he walked up the hall.

Beginner's rendering :

"*La plainte sauvage et triste s'élève ; et c'est d'un pas lent et solennel qu'il monte dans la salle.*"

Here there are no actual mistakes, yet the expression could be much improved.

The first sentence is spoiled by its harsh and abrupt ending, following close upon two heavy adjectives, sauvage and triste. The balance will be improved if we transpose the words; thus *La plainte s'élève triste et sauvage*, or *Triste, sauvage, la plainte s'élève*. Instead of sauvage, farouche (see p. 24) might well be used.

In the second part there is one difficulty, which has been successfully avoided. The inversion whereby the epithets 'slow' and 'solemn' are in English placed before

step' and separated from it by 'was,' is unusual in French. To bring these epithets into due prominence it is sufficient to employ the useful device *c'est...que* (not '*c'était*'; see p. 41).

'Walked up.' To the severely logical French mind, '*monter*' conveys the idea either that the piper-boy came up from below, 'upstairs,' or that the hall formed an inclined plane. Neither of these notions is suggested by the author. The use of 'up' is merely an English idiom, accounted for by the frequency of such expressions as 'the *head* of the table'; in the Middle Ages the feudal lord sat at the raised dais, while his social inferiors supped at tables on the level of the floor. The use of a preposition along with a verb is foreign to French idiom; in such cases as the present we must therefore convey the meaning of the English by choosing a verb which contains in itself the sense of the English preposition, or adopt the nearest equivalent. Here *s'avancer* (see p. 18) will suit.

Triste, farouche, la plainte s'élève; et c'est d'un pas lent et solennel qu'il s'avance dans la salle.

5. Lady Macleod sat calm and erect, her lips proud and firm, but her lean hands were working nervously together;

Beginner's rendering:

"Lady Macleod était assise, calme et droite, les lèvres fières et fermes, mais ses mains maigres se crispaient nerveusement";

The tone of the passage is now descriptive and the incidents related are now less sudden and *dramatic*; it is therefore proper to leave the vivid Present and to revert to the descriptive 'Imperfect.'

'Sat.' The English 'sat' and 'stood' are usually sufficiently rendered by a much vaguer term, such as *se tenait* (cp. p. 40), but here it appears necessary to specify exactly the sitting attitude. Many will confuse *être assis*, 'to be sitting,' and *s'être assis*, 'to have sat down.'

'Calm and erect.' If we say '*calme et droite*,' we are

linking together as if they were alike, (1) an epithet referring to *mental* state—'calme'—and (2) another epithet describing *physical* attitude—'droite.' In such juxtaposition French is more fastidious than English, and it would be wise to turn the phrase differently or—what is simpler—to invert the order of the words, saying *droite et calme*. The distinction appears a minute one, but on second thoughts it will be seen that the juxtaposition of two such epithets is less bold when the order of the words is made strictly logical. Here the first epithet, *droite*, gives the general physical impression which the spectator would first receive, and the second, *calme*, the result of further and closer inspection and psychological analysis.

'*Her lips proud and firm.*' 'Les lèvres fières et fermes' is open to three objections. (1) French says *la lèvre*, rather than 'les' *lèvres*, in describing the features. (2) The alliteration *fières, fermes* is unpleasant; French prefers to avoid alliteration. (3) The epithets linked here are of different character; this, as we have just seen, is avoided in French. The possible alternative—*la lèvre immobile et hautaine*—is less strange, but *immobile* describes merely the physical appearance and does not suggest will-power, while *hautaine* has a depreciatory sense, which 'proud' has not. *Fière et volontaire* meets all three objections

'*Her lean hands.*' 'Maigre' is, to say the least, unfortunate; *amaigri* is the word used in such a context, and has no ludicrous associations

'*Were working nervously together.*' 'Se crispaient' no doubt conveys the meaning in a rough way, and it seems impossible in French to render with *complete* accuracy the notion intended. The action denoted by *se crispier* is that of holding the fingers rigidly bent and tense, as if in 'clutching.' A French author would conceivably have said *s'agitaient convulsivement* and have qualified the expression by *d'un tremblement (mouvement) nerveux (fébrile)*, or something similar. Alternatives are likely to be inappropriate; *e.g. se tordait les mains* is much too violent and demonstrative

a motion to suit here: ses mains se frottaient conveys the idea of 'jubilation,' not mental anxiety, and is therefore absurd. In default of an exact equivalent in French let us adopt *s'agitaient nerveusement* and omit *d'un tremblement nerveux* as being somewhat tautological; 'together' has thus unfortunately to be left untranslated. *Se tourmenter* is possible.

Lady Macleod était assise, droite et calme, la lèvre fière et volontaire, mais ses mains amaigries s'agitaient convulsivement;

6. and at last, when the doors were closed on the slow and stately and mournful 'Lament for the Children,' she bent down the silvery head on those wrinkled hands, and wept aloud.

Beginner's rendering:

"et enfin quand les battants se furent fermés sur la lente et majestueuse et triste 'Complainte des Enfants,' elle baissa sa tête argentée sur ces mains ridées et pleura amèrement."

'**Were closed.**' The exact relationship between the tenses, particularly after conjunctions of *time*, is always precisely indicated in French syntax. Here, the English 'were closed' fails to show, explicitly at least, that this action was *necessarily anterior* to 'bent down.' The proper tense is certainly *se furent fermés*. *Refermer* is better than the simple '*fermer*,' as it gives a fuller picture of the movement described; the doors had been already 'fermés' while the piper-boy was in the hall. The use of a compound often adds colour in French as in Latin Composition.

'**Mournful.**' For '*triste*' say rather *lugubre* (which is, however, somewhat strong) or *morne* (more appropriate); both are less vague than '*triste*.'

'**Bent down.**' '*Baisser la tête*' is somewhat odd when followed by '*sur ces mains*'; *incliner* or *pencher* is better; *courber* is best, as indicating to 'bend down over.'

'**The silvery head.**' '*Sa tête argentée*' is better than *aux*

cheveux blancs, which is common-place. [N.B. *Argenté* must be carefully distinguished from *argenté*; the former refers to colour, the latter to sound, e.g. *la cloche au son argenté*.]

'**Wept aloud.**' '*Pleura amèrement*' does not render 'aloud'; *pleurer à haute voix*, which we have seen in translations of this passage, is merely ridiculous; *sanglota* is correct, but makes a somewhat abrupt ending; say *éclata en sanglots*.

The points which remain in the above rendering are chiefly questions of style:

'*Et enfin*' is an inelegant beginning; reserve *enfin* for a less prominent place. To translate the double 'and' by '*et...et*' is heavy; omit one *et*. '*Argentée*' followed closely by '*ridées*' makes an unfortunate jingle; substitute for '*ridées*'—not *vieillies*, which is inaccurate, since hands may be 'aged' without being 'withered,' and vice-versa—but, more accurately, *flétries*.

et lorsque les battants se furent enfin refermés sur la lente, majestueuse et morne 'Complainte des Enfants,' elle courba sa tête argentée sur ces mains flétries et éclata en sanglots.

7. Patrick Mòr's seven brave sons could have been no more to him than her six tall lads had been to her; and now the last of them was going away from her.

Beginner's rendering:

"*Les sept braves fils de Patrick Mòr n'auraient pu lui être plus chers que ne le lui avaient été ses six grands garçons; et maintenant le dernier d'entre eux la quittait.*"

'**Brave.**' '*Brave.*' The French *brave* does not always have the sense of 'worthy,' and may often, as here, translate the English 'brave.' As an alternative, *vaillant* is possible, but *courageux* is too explicit.

'**And now.**' '*Et maintenant*' is clumsy; say *voici que*, as in 3, p. 48.

'*The last of them.*' French idiom requires *d'entre* for 'of'; cp. 'any one of you' = *quelqu'un d'entre vous*. But 'of them' need not be translated, as the sense is obvious if we say *le dernier*.

'*Was going away from her.*' '*La quittait*,' will stand, though somewhat brief; *allait s'éloigner d'elle* is closer to the English.

It will be noted that the literal translation of this sentence is of necessity somewhat cumbrous in French: *que ne le lui avaient été....* A slight improvement is made if we say *n'avaient pu*, more logical than '*n'auraient pu*,' and expand 'to her' into *à cette mère*, which makes for clearness.

Les sept braves fils de Patrick Mòr n'avaient pu lui être plus chers que ne l'avaient été à cette mère ses six grands garçons; et voici que le dernier allait s'éloigner d'elle.

8. "Do you know," said Janet quickly to her cousin across the table, "that it is said no piper in the west Highlands can play 'Lord Lovat's Lament' like our Donald?"

Beginner's rendering:

"*'Savez-vous,' dit Janet, brusquement, à son cousin de l'autre côté de la table, 'qu'on dit qu'aucun joueur de cornemuse des Highlands de l'Ouest ne sait jouer la "Complainte de lord Lovat" comme notre Donald?'*"

'*Janet.*' It would be an error in taste to say '*Jeannette*,' as that name would suggest French nationality or French surroundings.

'*Quickly.*' The proper word here is rather *vivement* than '*brusquement*.'

'*Across the table.*' It is necessary to say '*à son cousin assis de l'autre côté de la table.*'

'*That it is said.*' The repetition of *que* should be avoided when possible. Here we can say *dit-on* if we place that phrase at a point further on in the sentence: *qu'aucun*, or, more elegantly, *nul joueur de cornemuse...ne sait, dit-on....*

'In' is of course *de*, not *dans*.

Can play. Note that here skill is implied; hence *sait* (not *peut*; see p. 19).

Play. To avoid the repetition *joueur...jouer*, say for 'play' *rendre*.

"Savez-vous," dit Janet, vivement, à son cousin, assis de l'autre côté de la table, "que nul joueur de cornemuse des Highlands de l'Ouest ne sait, dit-on, rendre la 'Complainte de lord Lovat' comme notre Donald?"

9. "Oh, yes, he plays it very well," Macleod said. "But you will tell him to play no more laments to-night."

Beginner's rendering:

"Oui, il la joue fort bien," dit Macleod, "mais vous lui direz de ne plus jouer de complaints ce soir."

The difficulties have been successfully met in the above rendering. The inversion, obligatory in parentheses, such as 'Macleod said,' is duly observed, and *plus* is properly placed before the infinitive. But, in French usage, the simple 'oui' is brusque; 'Yes' and 'No' are '*Oui, Monsieur; Non, Mademoiselle*,' etc. In talking to a relative, as here, *Mademoiselle* is out of place, however. The abrupt monosyllable *oui* would in French be tempered by some additional exclamation, e.g. *Oui, c'est vrai*, or replaced by *En effet*.

"En effet, il la joue fort bien," dit Macleod. "Mais vous lui direz de ne plus jouer de complaints ce soir."

10. "Let him take to strathspeys if any of the lads come up after bringing back the boat."

Beginner's rendering:

"Qu'il joue des strathspeys si quelques-uns des gars montent au château après avoir ramené le bateau."

Let him take to. 'Qu'il joue' does not quite express 'take to'; we could say *qu'il se mette à jouer*, if we had not used the word *jouer* too often already; therefore, better, *qu'il attaque*, or, best, *qu'il passe à*.

'*Strathspey*.' Any French word meaning a lively, boisterous dance will do, e.g. *bourrée* (f.) (Auvergne); *des airs de danse* will perhaps suffice.

'*Lads*.' '*Gars*' is good, suggesting Celtic environment.

'*Bringing back*.' *Ramener* is right; beware of confusing *ramener* and *rapporter*; see BRING, p. 18. *Rentrer* also could be used, especially if it is suggested that the boat was 'housed'; *après avoir rentré le bateau*.

As regards style, *château* followed by *bateau* is an intolerable jingle; substitute, for *au château*, *ici*, or, for *bateau*, *barque* (f.). *S'il y a des gars qui* is a common turn of phrase, which may be adopted here, though it does not render 'the.'

"Qu'il passe à des airs de danse, s'il y a des gars qui montent ici après avoir ramené le bateau."

REVISED RENDERING.

Une vieille coutume voulait que, chaque soir, au château de Dare, l'on jouât un air de cornemuse en souvenance des cinq fils de Lady Macleod, tués à l'ennemi; et pourtant, ce soir-là, sa nièce aurait été bien aise de voir abandonner cette coutume. Car cet air, n'était-ce pas la célèbre et pathétique 'Complainte des Enfants,' que Patrick Mòr, l'un des joueurs de cornemuse de Macleod, de Skye, avait composée en mémoire de ses sept fils, tous morts en moins d'une année? Et voici que les battants s'ouvrent; une fois de plus entre le musicien. Triste, farouche, la plainte s'élève; et c'est d'un pas lent et solennel qu'il s'avance dans la salle. Lady Macleod était assise, droite et calme, la lèvre fière et volontaire, mais ses mains amaigries s'agitaient convulsivement; et lorsque les battants se furent enfin refermés sur la lente, majestueuse et morne 'Complainte des Enfants,' elle courba sa tête argentée sur ces mains flétries et éclata en sanglots. Les sept braves fils de Patrick Mòr n'avaient pu lui être plus chers que ne l'avaient été à cette mère ses six grands garçons; et voici que le dernier allait s'éloigner d'elle.

"Savez-vous," dit Janet, vivement, à son cousin, assis de l'autre côté de la table, "que nul joueur de cornemuse des

Highlands de l'Ouest ne sait, dit-on, rendre 'La Complainte de lord Lovat' comme notre Donald?"

"En effet, il la joue fort bien," dit Macleod. "Mais vous lui direz de ne plus jouer de complaintes ce soir. Qu'il passe à des airs de danse, s'il y a des gars qui montent ici après avoir ramené le bateau."

III. Descriptive. (Difficult.)

N.B. This is a discussion of method, parallel passages, etc., irrespective of students' versions. An exercise in Style.

Sunset.

1. Golden lie the meadows; golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine-stems. 2. The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and the waters.

3. The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. 4. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold; 5. leaving brightest footprints upon thickly-weeded banks, where the foxglove's last upper-bells incline, and bramble-shoots wander amid moist, rich herbage. 6. The plumes of the woodland are alight; and beyond them, over the open, 'tis a race with the long-thrown shadows; 7. a race across the heaths and up the hills, till, at the farthest bourne of mounted eastern cloud, the heralds of the sun lay rosy fingers and rest.

8. Sweet are the shy recesses of the woodland. The ray treads softly there. 9. A film athwart the pathway quivers many-hued against purple shade fragrant with warm pines, deep moss-beds, feathery ferns. 10. The little brown squirrel drops tail, and leaps; the inmost bird is startled to a chance tuneless note: From silence into silence things move.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

This is a fine specimen of *descriptive* writing by one of the masters of modern English prose style. The principal

difficulty in rendering it into French comes from the fact that in language it is more akin to poetry than to prose.

Before beginning to translate such a passage it is advisable to read some pieces of French relating to the same subject. Hence the advantage of having a note-book in which to enter classified references to striking passages read. It is annoying to remember vaguely having read a similar passage in French and yet to be unable to find it when required. Such a note-book, properly arranged, would naturally have among its divisions Descriptions of Nature, Autumn, etc., and some of the passages referred to there would afford useful help.

Of the French passages which we have noted as describing Autumn in the woods, that bearing the closest resemblance to our text occurs in an historical novel by Claude Ferval, dealing with the early life of Louis XIV and entitled *Un double Amour*. The paragraph which concerns us most directly is:

"En aucun lieu le riche automne n'a des splendeurs comparables. La forêt immense s'embrase. On dirait qu'un mystérieux incendie la brûle sans la consumer. Sur un azur sombre et profond les peupliers dressent leurs torches; les chênes, les hêtres, les ormeaux chantent des gammes infinies; les marronniers qui, les premiers, ont bravé les soleils d'avril, exhalent leur âme consumée et les tilleuls laissent tomber, comme un manteau d'or et de pourpre, le tapis odorant de leurs feuilles."

1. Golden lie the meadows; golden run the streams; red gold is on the pine-stems.

The repetition of 'golden' is of course intentional and must be carefully preserved. It reminds us of a line in Delavigne, *Christophe Colomb*:

L'or brille sur ses fruits, ses eaux roulent de l'or.

In spite of the fact that the literal translation gives somewhat unusual and poetical French, it seems impossible to change it without sinking to paraphrase.

Dorées s'étendent les prairies; dorées coulent les rivières; de l'or rouge est sur le tronc des pins.

2. The sun is coming down to earth, and walks the fields and the waters.

'Coming down' is naturally translated by *descendre*. For 'to' either *vers* or *sur* suits the phrase better than *à*, which is too prosaic and literal. With 'walks' cp. e.g.

L'aube aux flancs noirs des monts marchait d'un pied vermeil.

Leconte de Lisle, *La Fontaine aux Lianes*.

Le soleil descend sur la terre, et marche sur les champs et les eaux.

3. The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts.

The first clause is a literal repetition of the preceding phrase, and we must keep this intentional repetition in our translation. It is not easy to find a good rendering for 'shout to him golden shouts,' i.e. to find words that may be used both of colour and sound. In the passage quoted from Claude Ferval the word *gamme* is quite appropriate. We might use *note*, or say boldly *chanter une chanson dorée*. 'To him' would be *vers lui* or *devant lui*, rather than the simple dative.

Le soleil descend vers la terre, et les champs et les eaux chantent vers lui une chanson dorée.

4. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold;

For *toucher* used in the sense of 'touch (with colour),' cp. *Aux heures où le soleil vient toucher une à une les feuilles jaunies et, comme un pieux enlumineur, en fait des feuilles d'or.* Robert de la Sizeranne, *Automne à Versailles*.

Here, however, *toucher* would suggest a general distribution of colour. The meaning is rather to 'touch here and there.' This would be better given by *mettre des touches*.

'Lucid' in this passage = 'shining,' not as usual, 'transparent.' In French *lucide* is almost always employed figuratively, and therefore a word like *lumineux* would translate more accurately.

Il arrive, et ses hérauts courent devant lui et mettent des touches d'un vert lumineux sur les feuilles des chênes, des platanes et des hêtres, et d'un or plus rouge sur le tronc des pins ;

5. leaving brightest footprints upon thickly-weeded banks, where the foxglove's last upper-bells incline, and bramble-shoots wander amid moist, rich herbage.

The word 'weeded' = covered, carpeted with weeds or herbs: we may translate by *tapisé d'herbes*. To bring out the idea of 'thickly' we may use *touffues*.

For 'the foxglove's last upper-bells' we may say 'the last bells on the top of the foxglove.'

The ordinary words for 'shoots' (of a plant) are *rejeton* (m.) or *pousse* (f.), but the name of 'the bramble,' *la ronce*, suggests the idea of long branches. We may strengthen this idea by translating 'wander' by *poussent à l'aventure*, instead of the simple *errent*.

There is another reason for preferring this rendering. It will generally be found that in such descriptive passages there is a tendency to use too many *de*-phrases. It is therefore prudent to avoid one of these whenever we can.

laissant les plus brillantes empreintes sur des rives tapissées d'herbes touffues, où, au sommet de la digitale, s'inclinent ses dernières clochettes, et où les ronces poussent à l'aventure parmi l'herbage humide et luxuriant.

6. The plumes of the woodland are alight; and beyond them, over the open, 'tis a race with the long-thrown shadows;

Although we find *allumer* used in a somewhat similar description, viz. *Des lueurs fauves s'allumaient dans les bois* (Romain Rolland, *Jean Christophe*), it is doubtful if *sont allumés* could stand here. The Perfect gives a more concrete idea than the Present or Imperfect. Either *s'embrasent* or *flamboient* is suitable.

In deciding whether we should use *au delà* or *par delà* for 'beyond,' we get little help from the dictionaries. Of those

which we have consulted, Littré alone gives a possible distinction. He says:

au delà = *plus loin, par rapport à un point déterminé par là.*
par delà = *beaucoup plus loin que.*

If we accept this, *au delà* suits better here. At the same time it is possible that *au delà* is more objective, giving the actual place, *par delà* more subjective, denoting the position of the place with reference to the observer. The regular word = 'to throw,' in speaking of 'shadows,' is *projeter*.

Les panaches de la forêt flamboient; et au delà, sur la rase campagne, c'est une course avec les ombres projetées au loin;

7. a race across the heaths and up the hills, till, at the farthest bourne of mounted eastern cloud, the heralds of the sun lay rosy fingers and rest.

For 'bourne,' the French homonym *borne* (f.) is unsuitable here, for it suggests a 'milestone.' Use rather a more general word like *bord* (m.). 'Mounted' = 'heaped up,' and the French *amonceler*, often said of clouds, keeps the metaphor.

It is clear that it would be absurd—because of the cacophony—to translate 'lay rosy fingers and rest' by *posent leurs doigts de rose et se reposent*. While each of the three words, *posent*, *rose* and *se reposent*, is suitable in itself, the combination of them here is unpleasing. For 'rest' *s'arrêtent* will do. We have to decide which of the other two words we must keep. The Homeric 'rosy-fingered dawn' is in French *l'Aurore aux doigts de rose*. We have the choice of *mettent leurs doigts de rose* or *posent leurs doigts vermeils*.

une course à travers les bruyères et sur les collines, jusqu'à ce que, au bord extrême des nuages amoncelés à l'est, les hérauts du soleil posent leurs doigts vermeils et s'arrêtent.

8. Sweet are the shy recesses of the woodland. The ray treads softly there.

The two most suitable words for 'recesses' are *recoins* and

retraites. For 'shy' we may use *discret* or *farouche*. If we use *discret* we naturally choose *recoins* to avoid the jingle of *retraites discrètes*. For 'softly' we might say *doucement* if we did not use *doux* at the beginning of the previous sentence.

Doux sont les recoins discrets de la forêt. Là le rayon s'avance à pas légers.

9. A film athwart the pathway quivers many-hued against purple shade fragrant with warm pines, deep moss-beds, feathery ferns.

What is the exact meaning of 'film'? We have come to the conclusion that it means a spider's web, and this opinion is strengthened by the discovery of the same picture in a French author:

Une toile d'araignée, jetée comme un pont fragile d'un tronc à l'autre, traversée par un de ces rayons, semblait tissée de fils d'or. Henry Bordeaux, *La petite Mademoiselle*.

Although one might be tempted to use the more poetical *fil*s (pl.) *de la Vierge* instead of the more prosaic *toile d'araignée*, it would not translate 'film.'

We may supply 'against a background of shade,' etc.

In order to avoid *embaumé de*, it is preferable to work in a relative clause.

It is to be feared that *pins chauds* would to a French ear infallibly suggest *pains chauds*. Let us say therefore *pins tièdes*.

We cannot find any French word to express adequately the word 'feathery.' Some such term as *empenné* seems to come nearest it.

Une toile d'araignée, tendue à travers le sentier, vibre de mille couleurs sur un fond d'ombre empourprée, qu'embaument les pins tièdes, les profonds lits de mousse, les fougères empennées.

10. The little brown squirrel drops tail, and leaps; the inmost bird is startled to a chance tuneless note. From silence into silence things move.

For 'drops' *rabaisse* is rather better than the simple *baisser*. The word 'inmost' must be expanded; it means 'hidden in the depths of the forest.'

It is quite evident that 'is startled *to*' cannot be rendered literally in French. We must turn by some construction like 'lets escape in its surprise.' The word 'tuneless' does not mean so much 'harsh' as 'unmusical,' 'disconnected,' and may be rendered by *vague*.

The meaning of the last sentence clearly is that the forest was asleep and still, was awakened to life and movement for a moment by the sun's rays, and then fell asleep again. To express this in French, *entre deux silences* is preferable to *de silence en silence*.

Le petit écureuil brun rabaisse sa queue et saute; l'oiseau caché au plus profond du taillis laisse échapper, dans sa surprise, une note vague. Entre deux silences les choses s'agitent.

SUGGESTED RENDERING.

Dorées s'étendent les prairies; dorées coulent les rivières; de l'or rouge est sur le tronc des pins. Le soleil descend sur la terre, et marche sur les champs et les eaux.

Le soleil descend sur la terre, et les champs et les eaux chantent vers lui une chanson dorée. Il arrive, et ses hérauts courent devant lui et mettent des touches d'un vert lumineux sur les feuilles des chênes, des platanes et des hêtres, et d'un or plus rouge sur le tronc des pins; laissant les plus brillantes empreintes sur des rives tapissées d'herbes touffues, où, au sommet de la digitale, s'inclinent ses dernières clochettes, et où les ronces poussent à l'aventure parmi l'herbage humide et luxuriant. Les panaches de la forêt flamboient; et au delà, sur la rase campagne, c'est une course avec les ombres projetées au loin; une course à travers les bruyères et sur les collines, jusqu'à ce que, au bord extrême des nuages amoncelés à l'est, les hérauts du soleil posent leurs doigts vermillés et s'arrêtent.

Doux sont les recoins discrets de la forêt. Là, le rayon

s'avance à pas légers. Une toile d'araignée, tendue à travers le sentier, vibre de mille couleurs sur un fond d'ombre empourprée, qu'embaument les pins tièdes, les profonds lits de mousse, les fougères empennées. Le petit écureuil brun rabaisse sa queue et saute; l'oiseau caché au plus profond du taillis laisse échapper, dans sa surprise, une note vague. Entre deux silences les choses s'agitent.

IV. Philosophical. (Very difficult.)

N.B. The object here is to show wherein the difficulties of the passage consist and how they may be met. An exercise in Logic.

True Riches.

1. Measure!—nay, you cannot measure. 2. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who 'do and teach' 3. and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven— 4. and the power of those who undo and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? 5. Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; 6. and the Rust-kings, who are to their people's strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; 7. and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; 8. but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! 9. Broidered robe, only to be rent; 10. helm and sword, only to be dimmed; 11. jewel and gold, only to be scattered— 12. there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. 13. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read in some obscure writing of long ago, 14. that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, 15. neither should it be valued with pure gold. 16. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; 17. an armour, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force; 18. a gold to be mined in the very sun's red heart, 19. where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;— 20. deep-pictured tissue;— impenetrable armour;—potable gold;— 21. the three great

Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, 22. to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen! 23. Suppose kings should ever arise, who had heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people?

JOHN RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*.

I. Analysis.

The sense of the English must be clearly understood before we can hope to translate accurately into French. Writers like Ruskin do not yield their full meaning to the cursory reader. Our first step therefore is to analyse the passage and decide what it means.

This passage is taken from Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, which the reader may or may not know to be a book which pleads with us to acquire the habit of careful and thoughtful reading and to select in literature, not the ephemeral productions of the hour, but the permanently beautiful. Ruskin's object is to show how the pursuit of intellectual pleasures and the cultivation of the mind are nobler—and more truly profitable—than material enjoyment or worldly advancement.

Previous knowledge of *Sesame and Lilies* is, however, unnecessary, for the sense of the passage is complete in itself. Its theme is that the works of the mind, being eternal, are superior to wealth, pomp and power, which of necessity are but transitory. The works of the mind—of 'Conduct,' 'Toil' and 'Thought'—are created by 'those who do and teach,' by that 'Fourth order of kings' whose treasures are 'Wisdom.' Wealth, pomp and power belong merely to 'those who undo and consume,' and whom Ruskin pictorially subdivides into (1) 'Moth-kings,' (2) 'Rust-kings,' and (3) 'Robber-kings.'

(1) The 'Moth-kings' are those who seek out assurance in purple and fine linen. Their 'brodered robe' will be food for the moth; their pomp and vanity have but a short time to

live—in comparison with that immortality which is the reward of Virtue or ‘Conduct.’ For the robe of Virtue is incorruptible—a ‘web made fair in the weaving by Athena’s shuttle,’ *i.e.* a web which by reason of its divine nature can suffer no decay: ‘deep-pictured tissue,’ where the design is part and parcel of the stuff and thus can never fade away: the immortality of ‘Conduct.’

(2) The ‘*Rust-kings*’ are those who eat into their people’s strength ‘as rust into armour.’ Their works will perish with them; their ‘helm and sword’ will grow dim—unlike the god-given armour which time cannot tarnish nor rust corrupt: the ‘impenetrable armour’ of ‘Toil.’

(3) The ‘*Robber-kings*’ are those who despoil their neighbours of ‘jewel and gold.’ Their ill-gotten gold is but dross and will soon be scattered—unlike the gold which cannot be stolen, which ‘needs no guarding’ since it is freely given for the public weal, ‘potable gold’: the treasures of the mind, the gold of ‘Thought.’

The whole passage, it will have been observed, is in essence a paraphrase of St Matthew vi. 19:

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

The text is thus translated in the Osterwald version:

“Ne vous amassez pas des trésors sur la terre, où les vers et la rouille gâtent tout, et où les larrons percent et dérobent; mais amassez-vous des trésors dans le ciel, où les vers ni la rouille ne gâtent rien, et où les larrons ne percent ni ne dérobent point: car où est votre trésor, là sera aussi votre cœur.”

II. Style of the Translation.

In translating such a passage of lofty and sustained eloquence we must be very careful to avoid any French word or expression whose associations may lower the tone of our rendering. The familiar and the common-place are here as serious blemishes as errors in grammar or syntax.

The Biblical language employed may well be rendered by the corresponding French Biblical terms. We shall therefore derive considerable profit by studying in the French translations of the Bible the passages quoted or recalled by Ruskin. Both the French and the English translators of the Bible have done their best to find exact equivalents of the Hebrew, Greek or Latin words which they translate, and these words have become consecrated by usage and tradition. Since the French vernacular Bible is less widely known and used than ours, we may require, in default of a strictly Biblical French term, to use occasionally an archaic or a poetic word, to give the requisite tone.

The nervous, condensed effect of the English, due in great part to abrupt ellipsis uncommon in French, must be rendered by other means—particularly by the use of *le mot juste* in preference to periphrasis and by the substitution of a participle for the relative pronoun.

The sense of the English being now clearly grasped and the requisite style selected, we may proceed to translate, section by section, and by a careful sifting of variants endeavour to arrive at *le mot juste*:—

1. Measure! nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure...

'*Measure.*' The first problem which stops us is how to obviate the awkward effect which will be caused by the use of the verb *mesurer* three times in rapid succession. We may avoid it once by turning the sentence thus: '*Mesurer! non, on ne le peut pas.*'

'*Nay.*' Students who have been in France are inclined to use in season and out of season '*Mais non,*' which is purely conversational and therefore inappropriate here.

The translation will run:

Mesurer! non, on ne le peut pas.

2. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who 'do and teach,'

'Who shall measure...?' If we translate 'shall' by '*Qui mesurera...*?' how must we translate 'Who *will* measure'? *Shall* and *will* cannot be identical in meaning. The simple future does not adequately render *shall*, as commonly used in the 'grand style,' e.g. 'Who *shall* say...' It means here something like: 'Who *is to* measure,' 'who *is authorized (qualified)* to measure.'

Doit (or, better, *devra*) is a good translation and is etymologically equivalent to 'shall' (= 'owe'). *Peut* (better, *pourra*) is also possible, but is open to the objection that it means 'can,' which Ruskin would of course have used, if such had really been his meaning. Now, there is a French usage which often expresses this special nuance of *shall*, namely *saurait*—a limited and conditioned equivalent of *peut*. This verb we may use here either in this form, *saurait*, or—as being closer to the English—in the future: *saura*.

'Power.' *Pouvoir* and *puissance* may be used indifferently. A distinction is indeed sometimes drawn between them—*pouvoir* applies more particularly to authority *delegated to someone*, *puissance* to *inherent* authority—but it is apparently neglected by good writers.

'Those who.' *Ceux qui* or, for greater clearness, *les hommes qui*.

'Do and teach.' The quotation is from St Matthew v. 19:

"Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

Osterwald version: "...celui qui les aura observés et enseignés..."
Cp. also Acts i. 1, "All that Jesus began both to do and teach."
Osterwald version: "toutes les choses que Jésus a faites et enseignées."

We must find two French words whose form will bring out the opposition between 'do' and 'undo,' further on. *Faire* and *défaire* suggest themselves naturally.

Qui saura mesurer la différence entre le pouvoir des hommes qui 'font et enseignent,'

3. and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—

'Greatest.' The term 'greatest,' not '*the* greatest,' is employed as in Biblical English. The distinction, if a real one, it is impossible to bring out in French, because the French have in this sense only one superlative, *les plus grands*.

'In.' It will be remembered that when 'in' follows upon a superlative, it is rendered in French by *de*; cp. 'the greatest lords in the kingdom' = *les plus grands seigneurs du royaume*. But our phrase is not identical with the example quoted; here the notion is that of *place*, not comparison. In other words, 'in' is not directly dependent on the superlative 'greatest,' which could be replaced *e.g.* by 'supreme' without affecting the construction. Therefore say *dans*.

'As of heaven.' The ellipsis must of course be filled up in French; here the ellipsis is a particularly bold one, as we must supply '*that*,' not '*these*.' 'Heaven' is not *ciel* but *cieux* in the phrase *le royaume des cieux*.

et qui sont les plus grands dans les royaumes de la terre, comme dans celui des cieux,

4. and the power of those who undo and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust?

'Consume.' Not '*détruire*,' because what is meant is not mere idle destruction, but the deeds of parasite-kings who batten on their people. It so happens that *consumer* has precisely that meaning; cp. *consumé par le temps, par la rouille* (Fénelon, *Télémaque*).

'Whose power.' 'Whose' is either *de qui* or *dont*. Both are grammatically correct. But it is somewhat inelegant to say *le pouvoir de ceux qui et...de qui*; *dont*, on the other hand, is ambiguous, as it refers both to men and to things. It is therefore wise to turn the phrase differently; *e.g.*, as indicated below.

'*At the fullest.*' Several phrases suggest themselves. *Dans sa plénitude* has the advantage of being close to the English; *à son comble* is idiomatic; *à son apogée* is the most natural rendering; the neatest is obtained by a slight transposition: *pouvoir dont l'apogée n'est que...*

Note that '*tout au plus*' (= 'calculating their power at its fullest value') does not render the sense of the English, viz. 'when their power has reached its highest point.'

'*Moth.*' '*Papillon de nuit*,' which the dictionary offers, is wrong because those insects do not necessarily destroy *clothes*. *Phalène* (m.) (= 'moth') is open to the same objection; cp. *Le phalène doré, dans sa course légère, Traverse les prés embaumés* (Musset, *Pâle Étoile du soir*). The 'moth which corrupts'—really the larva of the moth—is *mite* (f.) or *teigne* (f.), both of which are in use in the French translations of the Bible and may therefore be adopted. In this particular instance the Osterwald version has, however, *vers*, which we shall therefore prefer, though the translation is less literal.

et le pouvoir des hommes qui défont et consomment—
pouvoir dont l'apogée n'est que le pouvoir des vers et de
la rouille.

5. Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up
treasures for the moth;

'*Strange.*' The exclamatory use of *Etrange!* is conversational and scarcely admits of a dependent *de*-infinitive. We could say either, '*Qu'il est étrange de penser que...*'—which is long and gives two *que*'s at a close interval—or, better, '*Chose étrange! penser que...*'

'*How.*' *Comment* and *comme* unduly emphasize the idea of manner: *que* is amply sufficient, and is less heavy, when repeated in the following clause, than is *comment* or *quand*.

'*Moth-kings.*' In French the qualifying noun ['*Moth*'] must be placed after. Cp. 'postage-stamp' = *timbre-poste*; 'letter-card' = *carte-lettre*. So, when we form a new compound to translate the nonce-word 'Moth-king,' we form it

on that principle. Just as we say '*Roi-Soleil*,' so we may say *Roi-Ver* or *Roi-Teigne*. Note that '*Roi des teignes*' means, not 'a king who resembles a moth,' but one who is 'king over the moths'—which is absurd. The plural form will be *Rois-Vers* and *Rois-Teignes* according to the grammatical rule.

Chose étrange ! penser que les Rois-Teignes amassent des trésors pour les teignes ;

6. and the Rust-kings, who are to their people's strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust ;

The grammatical relation between this clause and the preceding one must be shown by a repetition of *que*, to remind the reader that the clause depends upon *penser*.

'*Rust-kings*.' A new compound may be formed—*Roi-Rouille*—the plural of which will be *Rois-Rouille* (as opposed to *Rois-Teignes*), because *rouille*, from its meaning, admits of no plural. The translation '*Rois de la rouille*' would mean that they were 'Rust kings' in the sense in which we refer to Mr Carnegie as the 'Iron king' = *le roi de l'acier*.

'*As rust to armour*.' The comparison is vaguer than that which we are familiar with in arithmetic and which is expressed by *à* ; e.g. $2 : 4 :: 4 : 8$, *2 est à 4 ce que 4 est à 8*. Here say *ce que... pour*.

et que les Rois-Rouille, qui sont pour la force de leur peuple ce qu'est la rouille pour l'armure, amassent des trésors pour la rouille ;

7. and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber ;

This abrupt ellipsis—'Robber-kings [lay up] treasures'—is possible also in French.

'*Robber-kings*.' We have here to choose among several words for 'Robber.' *Brigand* is the stock word ; *voleur* (= 'thief') is inapplicable to kings whose robbery is open ; *larron* is preferable because of its Biblical associations. The second noun in the compound will take the *s* of the plural : *Rois-Larrons*.

les Rois-Larrons, des trésors pour le larron ;

8. but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better!

'*How few.*' 'Que peu,' which many will say, is scarcely French, though *que* sometimes *is* used in somewhat similar circumstances, e.g. *Que besoin a-t-il de faire cela? Combien peu* is the best translation. To heap up *que's* and *qui's* by using such terms as '*combien peu il y a eu de rois qui...!*' or '*qu'il y a eu peu de rois qui...!*' is unnecessarily cumbrous.

'*Needed.*' The *Subjunctive* is obligatory here (= 'of *such a sort that they needed no guarding*'). But '*qui n'eussent pas besoin d'être gardés*' is, though quite correct, somewhat inelegant: (a) because of the awkward subjunctive, and (b) because the passive infinitive is unusual in French, certainly less usual than in English. Both of these difficulties may be neatly avoided by substituting the Present Participle, which so often provides a convenient escape from verbosity.

'*The better!*' The expression is very condensed, though the meaning is plain. The ordinary translations—'*tant mieux,*' or '*mieux cela vaut*'—are ridiculous in the grand style. Hence we must turn by a paraphrase, which, unfortunately, will lack the concision of the English.

mais combien peu de rois ont jamais amassé des trésors n'exigeant nulle garde—trésors pour lesquels on ne saurait souhaiter assez de voleurs!

9. Broided robe, only to be rent;

'*Robe.*' The French equivalent—robe—might well be replaced by a more precise and pictorial word, of more elevated associations—*manteau*, which suggests a *kingly* 'robe.'

'*Only.*' In ordinary circumstances '*seulement*' or '*uniquement*' would be used, but it is impossible to work either of these words into the rendering of this phrase.

'*To be rent.*' If we say '*Manteau brodé... pour être déchiré,*'

we make the rest of the sentence depend grammatically on *brodé* (=‘embroidered merely in order to be rent’), which is not the meaning of the English, as is clearly shown by the fact that in neither of the two parallel phrases which follow is there a similar participle. Let us say then ‘*qui sera déchiré*.’

But is déchiré the right word?

Rent’ refers to the destructive work of the moth. Now *déchiré* means rather ‘violently torn into two parts.’ *Mis en lambeaux* will give the sense exactly, and the periphrasis will lend, as often, a certain nobility to the expression.

Manteau brodé qui sera mis en lambeaux ;

10. helm and sword, only to be dimmed ;

On the model of the preceding translation we could say here: *Heaume et épée qui se terniront*. Another excellent rendering is *faits pour se ternir*. In choosing between them a principle is involved. In these three parallel phrases—(1) ‘Broidered robe...,’ (2) ‘Helm and sword...,’ (3) ‘Jewel and gold...’—Ruskin has adopted one single formula, ‘only to be.’ Should this uniformity be preserved in French, *e.g.* by using *qui* in each phrase? Some will say that departure from uniformity is inaccurate, others that repetition is monotonous in French. The choice lies between slight inaccuracy and monotony; on the whole we should prefer the idiomatic and neat:

heaume et épée faits pour se ternir ;

11. jewel and gold, only to be scattered—

‘**Jewel.**’ *Bijou* is more common-place than *joyau*: see p. 20. *Joyau et or* makes, however, an unpleasant hiatus: therefore say *or et joyau*, or use the plural *joyaux*.

‘**Scattered.**’ We have the choice of *dissiper* or *disperser*: *dissiper* recalls the Prodigal Son, *disperser* suggests the lapse of time, scattering collected treasures.

It will be observed that there is a fundamental difference between ‘scattered’ and ‘dimmed’ as regards the value of the participle. In ‘scattered’ the action is accomplished by an

external agency, by someone or something from the outside; in 'dimmed' the action is, in some sort, *internal*. Thus we must say être *dissipés*, but se *ternir*. To vary the expression we may render 'only' by *destinés*.

or et joyaux destinés à être dissipés—

12. there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these.

'Kinds.' *Genres, sortes*. '*Espèce*' is to be avoided because of its frequent use in a disparaging sense, particularly in familiar objurgations.

'Who.' The relative, which should be avoided when possible, is here easily replaced by *pour*.

'These.' '*Ces choses*' is very lame. '*Pour "chose," dites toujours...autre chose!*'

il s'est trouvé trois sortes de rois pour assembler ces richesses.

13. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read in some obscure writing of long ago, that...

'Suppose.' This word is often rendered in French by *si*; cp. 'Suppose we went out?': *Si nous sortions?* Here *supposez* would do; but the choice of *si* will allow us to use an idiomatic turn: *s'il venait à*; cp. *S'il venait à surgir sous ses grands marronniers quelque austère beauté de l'école flamande* (Musset).

'Ever.' '*Jamais*,' or '*un jour*.'

'Who had read.' Care must be taken to keep the relative *qui* beside its antecedent *rois*, for French syntax is very strict regarding the order of words in such sentences. Thus '*si un quatrième ordre de rois apparaissait (s'élevait, venait à naître) qui*'—a common type of rendering—is faulty because *qui* is separated from *rois* by the intervening verb *apparaissait*. The fault is easily remedied by transposing.

'Had read' should be turned, not by '*avaient*,' which is wrong, but by *auraient* or by *eussent* because in French the

idea of supposition is carried on into the relative clause (= 'Suppose there should be kings...and *suppose they should have read*...'). A relative clause dependent on a suppositional Main Clause takes the verb in the 'Conditional,' simple or past. The familiar device of substituting a participle for the relative + verb resolves the difficulty: *ayant lu*.

'*Some*.' It is perhaps worth while reminding the unwary that *quelque* does **not** elide its final *e* before a noun beginning with a vowel = '*quelque écrit obscur*' [i.e. the Bible, of course].

'*Of long ago*.' '*De jadis*' or '*d'autrefois*' may both be used: *jadis* is more poetical as having a certain archaic flavour; *autrefois* is less *recherché*.

S'il venait jamais à surgir un quatrième ordre de rois, ayant lu dans quelque obscur écrit de jadis que...

14. that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal,

'*Was*.' In French the verb usually remains in the present when it denotes a fact that *was*, and still *is*, true. The verb 'to be' may often be represented by '*se trouver*' or by '*exister*.' Here we should say: '*qu'il existe*' (not '*qu'il existait*'). Cp. p. 35, § 13, 2.

'*Could*.' If we translate '*was*' by '*existe*,' we must logically change '*could*' to '*can*' before translating further.

The quotation here is from the Book of Job (xxviii. 17): "The gold and the crystal cannot equal it" [Wisdom]; translated thus: "*On ne la compare point avec l'or et avec le verre*" (Osterwald), "*Elle ne peut se comparer à l'or ni au verre*" (Segond).

The neatest translation which suggests itself—again by the device of suppressing the relative—is:

qu'il existe une quatrième sorte de trésor, supérieur à l'or et aux joyaux,

15. neither should it be valued with pure gold.

'*Neither*.' This word requires caution. (1) *Ni*, being by no means an exact equivalent of '*neither*,' is a common pitfall (see p. 29).

'Neither' is here used as merely an equivalent of 'and not'; it does not balance a preceding 'neither.' We must therefore render 'neither' by *et...ne...pas*.

(2) The inversion after 'neither' does not occur in French after *ni*. Avoiding both of these errors, we find that difficulties of translation still remain.

There is a reminiscence again of a Biblical text, the continuation of the preceding one, Job xxviii. 19 :

"Neither shall it be valued with pure gold." "*On ne la met pas en balance avec l'or le plus fin*" (Osterwald), "*Elle ne peut s'échanger pour un vase d'or fin*" (Segond).

'*With*' has evidently the sense of 'in comparison with,' and therefore *avec* is inadequate. A good translation of this 'with' is '*au prix de*.' '*Au poids de*' is also possible, but '*mesurer*' *au* '*poids*' *de* is a mixed metaphor. '*Qui ne se donne pas contre de l'or pur*' is somewhat free and is, besides, ambiguous. '*Mettre en balance avec*,' which the Osterwald version offers, is an unnecessary repetition of the idea already expressed. It is therefore advisable to make the sense absolutely clear and to say :

et dont l'or pur ne doit pas mesurer la valeur !

16. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle ;

'A *web*.' The Article is not translated when in apposition as here. *Tissu* (m.) is not necessarily the prosaic and everyday word used by drapers; it appears frequently enough in poetic diction. '*Tissure*' means 'texture'—cp. '*Une étoffe dans laquelle la tissure est serrée*'—and is therefore a dictionary word, quite inappropriate here. *Toile* is the right word, evoking e.g. '*la toile de Pénélope*' or the '*chansons de toile*' of the Middle Ages. It corresponds exactly to the English word: cp. 'spider's *web*' = *toile d'araignée*.

'*Made fair*.' The word *embellir*, which at once occurs, means strictly *rendre plus beau*. It therefore would land us in nonsense, for it is impossible to 'embellish' something

which is being created and is not yet in existence, or to make a thing fairer than itself. '*Embellir*' is therefore taboo, and some periphrasis must take its place; e.g. '*douer de beauté*.'

'*In the weaving*.' '*Tissage*' (m.) is a recent word, not admitted to Academic rights till 1835, and has associations too modern to be suitable in connection with the goddess Athene. The English may with elegance be rendered by '*en la tissant*.'

'*Athena*.' The Latinized form of the Greek '*Athene*' exists also in French—*Athéna*—alongside of *Athéné*.

'*Shuttle*.' The proper word is *navette*, etymologically the 'little ship' which plies to and fro on the loom: *fuseau* (m.) (= 'spindle') refers, not to weaving, but to spinning, and is therefore wrong.

Toile, qu'en la tissant, a douée de beauté la navette d'Athéné;

17. an armour, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force;

'*In divine fire*.' Not '*dans du feu divin*,' where the sound of *dans du* suggests that the French is faulty, but '*dans un feu divin*,' or, better, '*dans le feu divin*.'

'*Vulcanian*.' '*De Vulcain*' is simpler than '*vulcanien*.'

armure forgée dans le feu divin par la force de Vulcain;

18. a gold to be mined in the very sun's red heart,

'*To be mined*.' There are two possible errors here—one of vocabulary, the other of syntax. (1) '*Miner*' signifies to 'hollow out, excavate,' e.g. with a view to blasting, or to blowing up fortifications, and, thence, to 'undermine, to sap,' in a figurative sense. '*Exploiter*' is mercantile = to work a mine for commercial purposes. '*Creuser*' refers to something *solid*, whereas the reference to 'the sun's red heart' and further on to 'potable gold' shows that the substance is in a state of liquefaction by heat. Hence '*puiser*' (derivation: *puits*) is a good word—or, less definitely, '*extraire*,' which is perhaps closer to 'mined.' (2) '*To be mined*' must be

represented in French by the *active* infinitive: '*à extraire, à puiser*,' not '*à être extrait (puisé)*.'

'**Red heart.**' '*Rouge*' is absurd; '*ardent*' refers to the fires of passion; '*embrasé*' is at once picturesque and lofty.

or à extraire du cœur embrasé du soleil même,

19. where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—

'**Where.**' '*Où*' cannot be used because it does not refer to an antecedent already expressed; here we must say *là où*. It would be more vivid to say *là-bas-où...*; '*là-bas*' points the direction, as it were, and the explanatory *où...* adds further qualification.

'**Over.**' '*Sur*' means 'upon,' not 'over,' which is *au-dessus*. But the French think of the sun as setting, not 'over,' but 'behind' the hills'= *là-bas où il disparaît* (or *se couche*) *derrière les rochers de Delphes*.

'**Delphian**' = '*de Delphes*.' The Latin plural, *Delphi*, is preserved in the French form *Delphes*.

'**Cliffs.**' The word *falaises* is restricted to the cliffs of the sea-shore; the inland site of Delphi makes *rochers* the only possible rendering; see p. 19.

là-bas où il se couche derrière les rochers de Delphes—

20. deep-pictured tissue;—impenetrable armour;—potable gold;—

The meaning of this has been explained in the Analysis, p. 66.

'**Deep-pictured.**' '*Aux couleurs foncées*' = 'deep-coloured' does not render the sense; 'deep' means 'forming part of the stuff itself, as—to take a familiar example—in 'inlaid' linoleum. The idea may be rendered by *aux ineffaçables peintures*, or by *au (de) dessin ineffaçable*.

'**Potable gold.**' I.e. the '*elixir*' sought after by mediæval alchemists, *aurum potable*, or *potable*.

Cp. "Il lui mit, l'ayant vue, une petite goutte de je ne sais quoi dans la bouche; et, dans le même instant, elle se leva de son lit et

se mit aussitôt à se promener dans sa chambre comme si de rien n'eût été. Il falloit que ce fût quelque goutte d'or potable."

MOLIÈRE, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, I. v.

tissu de dessin ineffaçable, armure impénétrable, or potable.

21. the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors,

'*The three great Angels.*' '*Les trois grands anges*' makes an unfortunate jingle—*grands : anges*. The word *ange* it is difficult to bring in here, because the personification—'Conduct, Toil, and Thought' (*la Conduite, le Labeur, la Pensée*)—cannot well go along with *ange*, which is masculine. The difficulty may be overcome by periphrasis, e.g. '*ces trois grandes formes (figures) angéliques.*'

'*Conduct.*' '*La conduite*' is a colourless, copy-book virtue, which would require some qualifying epithet to make it suitable in the present context. *Vertu* is better.

'*Toil.*' '*Labeur*' is less common-place than '*travail*.'

'*Still.*' In the sense of 'ever' = *toujours*: or the phrase may be turned by: '*qui ne cessent de nous appeler.*'

'*The posts of our doors.*' At first sight one would be tempted to translate freely by '*au seuil de nos portes*' instead of using the technical word: *les montants de nos portes*, or—as the French Bible says—*les poteaux* (Exodus xii.). But it is possible to render the image of the angels waiting at each side of the door, thus: '*postés aux montants de notre porte.*'

Ces trois grandes figures angéliques, la Vertu, le Labeur et la Pensée, nous appellent toujours, postées aux montants de notre porte,

22. to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye has not seen!

'*To lead us.*' '*Conduire*' or '*mener.*'

'Winged power.' *'Leur puissance ailée,'* or *'pouvoir ailé,'* sounds odd. The device of transposing the noun and the adjective gives us *'leurs ailes puissantes,'* which is not, however, quite a satisfactory translation.

'By the path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye has not seen' is a reminiscence of the Book of Job, xxviii. 7:

"There is a path which...." *"L'oiseau de proie n'en connaît pas le chemin, et l'œil du milan ne le découvre pas"* (Osterwald), *"L'oiseau de proie n'en connaît pas le sentier, l'œil du vautour ne l'a point aperçu"* (Segond).

We may translate thus, more literally:

pour nous mener de leurs ailes puissantes et nous guider de leurs yeux infailibles, par le sentier que nul oiseau ne sait et que n'a pas vu l'œil du vautour.

23. Suppose kings should ever arise, who had heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people?

'Suppose kings should ever arise, who....' The relative *qui* must be placed next the antecedent *rois* (see p. 34, § 11, 2).

'Who had heard and believed.' The supposition being in French carried into the *qui*-clause, the verb must be *eussent entendu*—or, more elegantly, *entendent* (pres. subjunct.), which avoids the awkwardness of the auxiliary *eussent*, referring to several participles: *'qui eussent entendu et cru cette parole et qui eussent amassé....'*

'Believed.' We require, not *croire à*, but *croire*, since the meaning is 'to believe,' not to 'believe in.'

'Word.' *Parole*, not *'mot'*; see p. 24.

'Brought forth.' It is difficult to convey in French the force of the adverb 'forth'; *produire* in its etymological and literal sense is the exact equivalent, but this is no longer its common use. *'Apporter'* leaves 'forth' untranslated. Since

the 'bringing forth' relates to *moral* treasures, the best equivalent appears to be *révéler*.

'*Treasures of—Wisdom—for their people.*' The important word in the sentence, 'Wisdom,' would probably be reserved till the end of the sentence by a French author, and the unexpected character of the ending shown, not by a dash, but by three stops (...).

Supposez qu'il surgisse un jour des rois qui entendent et croient cette parole et qui enfin amassent et révèlent à leur peuple des trésors de...Sagesse?

SUGGESTED RENDERING.

Mesurer! non, on ne le peut pas. Qui saura mesurer la différence entre le pouvoir des hommes qui 'font et enseignent,' et qui sont les plus grands dans les royaumes de la terre, comme dans celui des cieux, et le pouvoir des hommes qui défont et consomment—pouvoir dont l'apogée n'est que le pouvoir des vers et de la rouille? Chose étrange! penser que les Rois-Teignes amassent des trésors pour les teignes; et que les Rois-Rouille, qui sont pour la force de leur peuple ce qu'est la rouille pour l'armure, amassent des trésors pour la rouille; les Rois-Larrons, des trésors pour le larron; mais combien peu de rois ont jamais amassé des trésors n'exigeant nulle garde—trésors pour lesquels on ne saurait souhaiter assez de voleurs! Manteau brodé qui sera mis en lambeaux; heaume et épée faits pour se ternir; or et bijoux destinés à être dissipés; il s'est trouvé trois sortes de rois pour assembler ces richesses. S'il venait jamais à surgir un quatrième ordre de rois, ayant lu dans quelque obscur écrit de jadis qu'il existe une quatrième sorte de trésor, supérieur à l'or et aux bijoux, et dont l'or pur ne doit pas mesurer la valeur! Toile, qu'en la tissant, a douée de beauté la navette d'Athéné; armure forgée dans le feu divin par la force de Vulcain; or à extraire du cœur embrasé du soleil même, là-bas où il se couche derrière les rochers de Delphes—tissu de dessin ineffaçable, armure impénétrable, or potable. Ces trois grandes

figures angéliques, la Vertu, le Labeur et la Pensée, nous appellent toujours, postées aux montants de notre porte, pour nous mener de leurs ailes puissantes et nous guider de leurs yeux infaillibles, par le sentier que nul oiseau ne sait et que n'a pas vu l'œil du vautour. Supposez qu'il surgisse un jour des rois qui entendent et croient cette parole et qui enfin amassent et révèlent à leur peuple des trésors de... Sagesse ?

PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION

Easy. ** Moderately difficult. *** Difficult.
 **** Very difficult.

I. DESCRIPTIVE

I.* SPRING.

You know my way of life so well that I need not describe it to you, as it has undergone no change since I saw you. I read of mornings; the same old books over and over again, having no command of new ones: walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows, up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the black-birds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighbourhood to herself. We have had such a spring (bating the last ten days) as would have satisfied even you with warmth. And such verdure! white clouds moving over the new-fledged tops of oak-trees, and acres of grass striving with buttercups. How old to tell of, how new to see!

EDWARD FITZGERALD, *To Frederick Tennyson.*

II.* BREAK-UP OF A GREAT DROUGHT.

One night¹ grey bars appeared² in the western sky, but they had too often deluded us, and we did not believe in them³. On⁴ this particular⁵ evening¹ they were a little heavier, and the window-cords were damp⁶. The air which came across the cliff was cool⁶, and if we had dared to hope we should have said it had a scent⁷ of the sea in it. At four o'clock in⁸ the morning there was⁹ a noise of something beating against the panes—they were streaming! It was impossible to lie still¹⁰, and I rose and went out of doors.

No creature was stirring, there was no sound save that¹¹ of the rain, but a busier time there had not been for¹² many a long month. Thousands¹³ of millions of blades of grass and corn were eagerly drinking. For¹⁴ sixteen hours the downpour continued⁹, and when it was⁹ dusk I again went out. The watercourses by the side of the roads had⁹ a little water in them, but not a drop had reached those at the edge of the fields, so thirsty was the earth. The drought, thank God, was at an end!

MARK RUTHERFORD, *Pages from a Journal.*

- 1 See p. 21. 2 See p. 18. 3 *leur* is used of *persons*. What pronoun usually stands for *à+thing*? 4 Is a preposition required?
 5 Do not use *particulier*. See p. 25 and p. 45. 6 *mouillé*='wet' is too strong for 'damp.' Distinguish similarly *frais* and *froid* for 'cool.'
 7 *sentir* can='to smell of' (trans.). 8 Preposition? 9 Tense?
 10 Turn by 'to remain lying.' 11 Gender? What noun does 'that' stand for? 12 *depuis*, *pendant* or *pour*? 13 '*milles*' means 'miles,' not 'thousands.'

III.** AUGUST.

...As the day advances, masses of huge, heavy clouds appear. They are well defined at the edges, and their intricate folds and depths are brilliantly illuminated. The infinitude of the sky is not so impressive when it is quite clear as when it contains and supports great clouds, and large blue spaces are seen between them.

On the hillsides the fields here and there are yellow and the corn is in sheaves. The birds are mostly dumb, the glory of the furze and broom has passed, but the heather is in flower. The trees are dark, and even sombre, and, where they are in masses, look as if they were in solemn consultation. A fore-feeling of the end of summer steals upon me. Why cannot I banish this anticipation? Why cannot I rest and take delight in what is before me? If some beneficent god would but teach me how to take no thought for the morrow, I would sacrifice to him all I possess.

MARK RUTHERFORD, *Pages from a Journal.*

IV.* A DEVONSHIRE LANDSCAPE.

On¹ a clear blue morning in the latter part² of this same month of September, a man and a cart were moving lazily along a country road in the northern portion of Devonshire. The road sloped and clambered over hill and dale³, and at its higher points gave lovely views of breezy⁴, azure seas. It had showered overnight, and the road was brown and damp, without being in⁵ puddles. The hedges glistened with drops, and the cobwebs⁶ were works of art in silver gauze. The air came cool and sweet from the west, and whitish clouds merged with the horizon in that region. Upon the broad sides of the uplands white dots⁷ of sheep grazed. A mile⁸ or two towards the northwest the rectangular contour of a large country seat rose above the encompassing shoulders⁹ of foliage. The mounting sun shone softly upon it, and a window here and there threw back a diamond glister.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE, *Fortune's Fool*.

1 As a rule *par* is used for 'on' when the weather is described.
 2 *quinzaine* (f.) is better than *partie*, as being more definite. 3 *par monts et par vaux*.
 4 You might use *moutonneux*, 'covered with white horses.'
 5 On no account '*sans être en*.' A clause is required to express the idea in French.
 6 *toiles* (f.) *d'araignées* or *fil* (m.) *de la Vierge*.
 7 The literal translation '*des points blancs de moutons*' is nonsense. Say 'grazing sheep were like white dots,' or 'sheep were grazing, one would say white dots.'
 8 As *une lieue* is 4 kilomètres (i.e. 2½ miles), you can translate here by 'About a league away.'
 9 We can say *les dos des arbres* but '*les épaules*' seems rather bold. Try to turn the expression neatly and idiomatically, even if you have to sacrifice the metaphor.

V.* THE VALLEY OF THE HUDSON.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport

of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene, evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *Rip Van Winkle*.

VI.* IN THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

After proceeding¹ a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire² rising over the vineyards³. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk⁴ beneath a swell⁴ of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow⁵ scenery around me. The peasantry⁶ were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell⁷, gave fresh romance⁸ to the scene. The reality of many

a day-dream⁹ of childhood, of many a poetic reverie of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Outre-Mer*.

1 Tense of Infinitive? 2 *clocher* (m.) or *flèche* (f.)? 3 See p. 23.
 4 Try to keep the metaphor: here *houle* (f.) will not do for 'swell'; use *ondulation* (f.). 5 There is no exact equivalent for 'mellow.' 6 Use the concrete word, *les paysans*. 7 *l'angélus* (m.). 8 Use e.g. *le charme*.
 9 *songe* (m.) will translate 'day-dream,' which would usually be *rêverie* (f.).

VII.* IN A FRENCH HAMLET.

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley's slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets from which the labourer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good-night, as each entered his own thatch-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil; the wine-press was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller's song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered hamlet; but at length, with reluctant step, I took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, *Outre-Mer*.

VIII.** A HIGHLAND LANDSCAPE.

I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother workmen¹. There had been a smart frost² during the night, and the grass was white and crisp³ as we passed onward through the fields; but the sun rose in a clear atmosphere, and the day mellowed⁴ as it advanced into one of those delightful days of early spring which give so pleasing an earnest⁵ of whatever is mild and genial in the better half of the year. We all rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighbouring wood, which commands through⁶ the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. From a wooded⁷ promontory that stretches half-way across the firth there ascended a thin column of smoke. It rose as straight as the line of a plummet⁸ for more than a thousand yards, and then, on reaching a thinner stratum of air, spread out equally on every side like the foliage of a stately tree.

HUGH MILLER, from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 1839.

1 *camarade* is sufficient. 2 *geler ferme*, 'to freeze hard.' 3 Cp. e.g. *Il y avait autour de mon moulin un grand tapis de gelée blanche. L'herbe luisait et craquait comme du verre* (Daudet). Or use *casser*. 4 'mellowed into' cannot be translated literally. You may turn by 'became more and more mild until....' 5 *avant-goût* (m.) or *promesse* (f.). 6 *à travers* or *au travers de*? 7 *boisé*. 8 *un fil à plomb*.

IX.** A HIGHLAND LANDSCAPE (*continued*).

Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. They reminded me of the pretty French story in which an old artist

is described as tasking the ingenuity of his future son-in-law by giving him, as a subject for his pencil, a flower piece composed of only white flowers, the one half of them in their proper colour, the other half of a deep purple, and yet all perfectly natural; and how the young man resolved the riddle and gained his mistress by introducing a transparent purple vase into the picture, and making the light pass through it on the flowers that were drooping over the edge. I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it.

HUGH MILLER, from *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, 1839.

X.* A COUNTRY PARSONAGE¹.

The rectory¹ of Murewell occupied² the highest point of a gentle swell of ground which sloped through cornfields and woods to³ a plain of boundless heather on⁴ the south, and climbed away on⁴ the north towards⁵ the long chalk ridge of the Hog's Back. It was a square white house, pretending neither to beauty nor state⁶, a little awkwardly and barely placed, with only a small stretch of grass⁷ and a low hedge between it⁸ and the road. A few tall firs climbing above the roof gave a little grace and clothing to its southern side, and behind it there was⁹ a garden sloping softly down towards the village at its foot—a garden chiefly noticeable for its grass⁷ walks, the luxuriance of the fruit trees clinging to its old red walls, and the masses¹⁰ of pink and white phloxes which now in August gave it the floweriness and the gaiety of an Elizabethan song.

Mrs HUMPHRY WARD, *Robert Elsmere*.

1 *la cure* could not be used of the house of a Protestant clergyman; *le presbytère* is a more general word. 2 *était situé sur...* 3 *à or jusqu'à?* 4 *vers*. 5 *vers* cannot be used again here; say e.g. *dans la direction de*. 6 Meaning? For 'pretending' use *sans prétention à*. 7 *gazon* (m.) or *herbe* (f.)? 8 = 'separated from the road by....' 9 'there was sloping' may be rendered by a single verb. 10 *touffe* (f.).

XI.** AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Presently the rector reached the edge of the ridge whence the rough track he was following sank sharply to the lower levels. Here was a marvellous point of view, and he stood a moment, beside a bare weather-blasted fir, a ghostly shadow thrown behind him. All around the gorse and heather seemed still radiating light, as though the air had been so drenched in sunshine that even long after the sun had vanished the invading darkness found itself still unable to win firm possession of earth and sky. Every little stone in the sandy road was still weirdly visible; the colour of the heather, now in lavish bloom, could be felt though hardly seen. Before him melted line after line of woodland, broken by hollow after hollow, filled with vaporous wreaths of mist. About him were the sounds of a wild nature. The air was resonant with the purring of the night-jars, and every now and then he caught the loud clap of their wings as they swayed unsteadily through the furze and bracken. Overhead a trio of wild ducks flew across, from pond to pond, their hoarse cry descending through the darkness. The partridges on the hill called to each other, and certain sharp sounds betrayed to the solitary listener the presence of a flock of swans on a neighbouring pool. The rector felt himself alone on a wide earth.

Mrs HUMPHRY WARD, *Robert Elsmere*.

XII.* JUNE.

The raised¹ way led us into a little field bounded by a backwater² of the river on one side; on the right hand we could see a cluster of small houses and barns, new and old, and before us a grey stone barn and a wall partly overgrown³ with ivy, over which a few grey gables showed. The village road ended in the shallow of the aforesaid⁴ backwater. We crossed the road, and again almost without my will⁵ my hand raised the latch of a door in the wall, and we stood presently⁶

on a stone path which led up to the old house to which fate in the shape of Dick had so strangely brought me in this new world of men. Ellen gave a sigh of pleased surprise and enjoyment; nor did I wonder, for the garden between the wall and the house was redolent of the June flowers, and the roses were rolling over one another with that delicious superabundance of small well-tended gardens which at first sight takes away all thought from the beholder save that of beauty. The blackbirds were singing their loudest⁷, the doves were cooing on the roof-ridge⁸, the rooks in the high elm-trees beyond were garrulous among the young leaves, and the swifts⁹ wheeled whining¹⁰ about the gables. And the house itself was a fit guardian for all the beauty of this heart of summer.

WILLIAM MORRIS, *News from Nowhere*.

- 1 *le chemin en remblai*. 2 *un remous, eau morte, or bras mort*.
 3 = 'clad with.' 4 It is neater to translate by 'of this.' 5 Use an
 adverb. 6 *aussitôt*. 7 Use a prepositional phrase. 8 *l'arête* (f.) is
 the technical word. 9 *martinet* (m.). 10 *gémir*, often said of a
 dog, may be used here.

XIII.** A STORM ON THE HEIGHTS.

About midnight, while we still sat up, the storm came rattling over the Heights in full fury. There was a violent wind, as well as thunder, and either one or the other split a tree off at the corner of the building; a huge bough fell across the roof, and knocked down a portion of the east chimney-stack, sending a clatter of stones and soot into the kitchen fire. We thought a bolt had fallen in the middle of us, and Joseph swung on to his knees, beseeching the Lord to remember the patriarchs Noah and Lot: and, as in former times, spare the righteous, though He smote the ungodly. I felt some sentiment that it must be a judgment on us also. The Jonah, in my mind, was Mr Earnshaw, and I shook the handle of his den that I might ascertain if he were yet living. He replied audibly enough, in a fashion which made my

companion vociferate more clamorously than before that a wide distinction might be drawn between saints like himself, and sinners like his master.

But the uproar passed in twenty minutes, leaving us all unharmed.

E. BRONTË, *Wuthering Heights*.

XIV.* NIGHT IN THE OPEN AIR.

There is one hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence¹ goes abroad over the sleeping³ hemisphere². It is then that the cock first⁴ crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows; sheep break their fast⁵ on dewy hill-sides, and change to a new lair among the ferns; and houseless⁶ men, who have lain down with the fowls⁷, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life?

Do the stars rain down⁸ an influence, or do we share some thrill⁹ of Mother Earth¹⁰ below our resting bodies? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana¹⁰, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection.

Towards two in the morning, they declare, the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*.

1 *un souffle d'éveil*. 2 *un hémisphère* (but *une sphère*). 3 Not 'dormant.' 4 *d'abord* will not do. Say 'for the first time' or 'utters his first crow.' 5 *déjeuner* is too prosaic. Use *rompre le jeûne*. 6 See note II to No. XVIII. 7 *se coucher comme les poules* is no doubt the expression which Stevenson was thinking of. 8 *verser*. 9 *frisson* (m.) or *tressaillement* (m.). 10 = 'who are most skilled in these mysteries.'

XV.* NIGHT IN THE OPEN AIR (*continued*).

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught; and feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated, and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*.

XVI.* RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Looking back into the blank of my infancy, the first objects¹ I can² remember as standing out³ by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see⁴.

There⁵ comes out of the cloud our house—not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is⁶ Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a backyard⁷; with a pigeon-house, on a pole in⁸ the centre, without any pigeons in it; a great dog-kennel⁹ in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about in¹⁰ a menacing and ferocious manner. There

is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen window, who¹¹ makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate, who¹¹ come waddling after me with¹² their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night; as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions.

CHARLES DICKENS, *David Copperfield*.

1 See p. 34, § 11, 1. 2 Mood? 3 *se détacher de*. 4 The idiomatic expression is *Voyons*. 5 In such sentences the equivalent of 'there' is *il*, e.g. 'There came someone who,' *Il vint quelqu'un qui*. 6 *est* or *se trouve*? 7 'backyard,' simply *cour* (f.). 8 *au* or *dans le*? 9 *chenil* (m.) or *niche* (f.). 10 Preposition? 11 See p. 34, § 11, 2. 12 Do you require a preposition in French? See WITH, p. 30.

XVII.** RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD (*continued*).

And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks' nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straightening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty.

CHARLES DICKENS, *David Copperfield*.

XVIII.** THANKFUL REST.

The room was a pleasant one, at the top of the house, overlooking¹, the sea, on which the moon was shining brilliantly². After I had said³ my prayers, and the candle had burnt out⁴, I remember how I still⁵ sat looking at the moonlight on the water, as if I could hope to read my fortune in it, as in a bright book⁶; or⁷ to see my mother with her child, coming from heaven, along that shining path, to look upon me as she had looked when I last saw her sweet face. I remember how the solemn feeling with which at length I turned my eyes away, yielded⁸ to the sensation of gratitude and rest which the sight of the white-curtained bed—and how much more the lying⁹ softly down upon it, nestling in the snow-white sheets!—inspired¹⁰. I remember how I thought of all the solitary places under the night-sky where I had slept, and how I prayed that I never might be houseless¹¹ any more, and never might forget the houseless. I remember how I seemed¹² to float, then, down the melancholy glory of that track upon the sea, away into the world of dreams.

CHARLES DICKENS, *David Copperfield*.

- 1 *ayant vue sur*. 2 *d'un vif éclat*. 3 French usually says *faire* (not '*dire*') *une prière*. 4 It seems necessary to expand to 'had gone out, burned to the socket' (*la bobèche*). 5 Use *rester*. 6 Turn by 'as if it were a bright book in which,' etc. For tense of 'could' see p. 27. 7 = 'or as if I expected.' 8 Turn by 'gave place to.' 9 In order to balance 'sight,' supply e.g. 'the joy of.' 10 Place the verb directly after the relative. 11 *sans asile, sans toit*. 12 Use the Impersonal construction. See IT SEEMS, p. 29.

XIX.** (i) THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

Silence as of death: for midnight, even in the arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving polar ocean, over which in the utmost north the great sun hangs

low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth of gold; yet doth his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent immensity, and palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch-lamp?

CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*.

(ii) A MIDSUMMER EVE.

In this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village-artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush, in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth.

CARLYLE, *The French Revolution* (Part II. Bk IV. Ch. 6).

XX*. CHILDISH FEARS.

I was afraid of¹ ships. Why, I could² never tell. The masts looked³ frightfully tall,—but they were not so tall as the steeple of our old yellow meeting-house⁴. At any rate I used to hide my eyes from⁵ the sloops⁶ and schooners that were wont to lie⁷ at the end of the bridge, and I confess that traces of this undefined terror lasted very long.—One other source of alarm had a still more⁸ fearful significance. There was a great wooden HAND,—a glove-maker's sign, which used to swing and creak⁹ in the blast, as it hung¹⁰ from a pillar

before a certain shop a¹¹ mile or two outside of the city. Oh! the dreadful hand! Always hanging there ready to catch up¹² a little boy, who would come home to supper no more, nor yet to bed,—whose porringer¹³ would be laid away¹⁴ empty thenceforth, and his half-worn shoes wait until his small brother grew to fit¹⁵ them.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

- 1 See p. 31, § 2, 2. 2 Tense? See p. 27. 3 See p. 21. 4 *chapelle* (f.), *temple* (m.). 5 Expand. 6 Same word. 7 Note the meaning. 8 The English is not quite strictly logical; 'significance' is in contradiction with 'I never could tell'; the word *portée* (f.) will meet the difficulty. 9 *crier*, *grincer*. 10 *suspendue qu'elle était*. 11 Supply 'at.' 12 *happer*. 13 *écuelle* (f.). 14 *mettre de côté*. 15 *chausser*.

XXI.**~ THE MISSING SHIP.

The firing of the great guns at the Navy-yard is easily heard at the place where I was born and lived. "There is a ship of war come in," they used to say, when they heard them. Of course, I supposed that such vessels came in unexpectedly, after indefinite years of absence,—suddenly as falling stones; and that the great guns roared in their astonishment and delight at the sight of the old war-ship splitting the bay with her cutwater. Now, the sloop-of-war the *Wasp*, Captain Blakely, after gloriously capturing the *Reindeer* and the *Avon*, had disappeared from the face of the ocean, and was supposed to be lost. But there was no proof of it, and, of course, for a time, hopes were entertained that she might be heard from. Long after the last real chance had utterly vanished, I pleased myself with the fond illusion that somewhere on the waste of waters she was still floating, and there were *years* during which I never heard the sound of the great guns booming inland from the Navy-yard without saying to myself "the *Wasp* has come!" and almost thinking I could see her, as she rolled in, crumpling the water before her, weather-beaten,

barnacled, with shattered spars and threadbare canvas, welcomed by the shouts and tears of thousands.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

XXII.** THE CLIMATE OF EDINBURGH.

The¹ ancient and famous metropolis of the North sits overlooking a windy estuary from the slope and summit of three hills. No situation could² be more commanding for the head city of a kingdom; none better chosen for noble prospects. From her tall precipice³ and terraced⁴ gardens she looks⁵ far and wide on the sea and broad champaigns. To the east you may catch at sunset the spark of the May lighthouse, where the Firth expands into the German Ocean⁶; and away to the west, over all the carse⁷ of Stirling, you can see the first snows upon Ben Ledi⁸.

But Edinburgh pays cruelly for her high seat in one of the vilest climates under heaven. She is liable to be beaten upon by all the winds that blow, to be drenched with rain, to be buried in cold sea fogs out of the east, and powdered⁹ with the snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills. The weather is raw¹⁰ and boisterous in winter, shift and ungenial in summer, and a downright¹¹ meteorological purgatory in the spring. The delicate die early, and I, as a survivor among bleak winds and plumping rain, have¹² been sometimes tempted to envy them their fate.... And yet the place establishes an interest in people's hearts; go where they will, they find no city of the same distinction.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Edinburgh.*

- 1 A neat beginning would be *Assise sur le sommet...* 2 Tense?
See p. 27. 3 *précipice* (m.) means 'an abyss,' 'a chasm.' 4 *en*
terrasse. 5 *dominer, regarder, promener, ses regards?* 6 'The
North Sea' = *La mer du nord.* 7 *la plaine.* 8 *le Ben Lédi*, cp.
le Mont Blanc. 9 *poudré, saupoudré.* 10 There is no single French
word describing this type of our weather: say e.g. *froid et humide.*
11 *véritable.* 12 The pronoun must be supplied.

XXIII.*** PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

And then, upon all sides, what a clashing of architecture ! In this one valley, where the life of the town goes most busily forward, there may be seen, shown one above and behind another by the accidents of the ground, buildings in almost every style upon the globe. Egyptian and Greek temples, Venetian palaces and Gothic spires, are huddled one over another in a most admired disorder : while, above all, the brute mass of the Castle and the summit of Arthur's Seat look down upon these imitations with a becoming dignity, as the works of Nature may look down on the monuments of Art.

But Nature is a more indiscriminate patroness than we imagine, and in no way frightened of a strong effect. The birds roost as willingly among the Corinthian capitals as in the crannies of the crag ; the same atmosphere and daylight clothe the eternal rock and yesterday's imitation portico, and as the soft Northern sunshine throws out everything into a glorified distinctness—or easterly mists, coming up with the blue evening, fuse all these incongruous features into one, and the lamps begin to glitter along the street, and faint lights to burn in the high windows across the valley—the feeling grows upon you that this also is a piece of nature in the most intimate sense ; that this profusion*of eccentricities, this dream in masonry and living rock, is not a drop-scene in a theatre, but a city in the world of everyday reality, connected by railway and telegraph-wire with all the capitals of Europe, and inhabited by citizens of the familiar type, who keep ledgers and attend church, and have sold their immortal portion to a daily paper.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Edinburgh.*

XXIV.*** KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, ABERDEEN.

Far in the pale North-East lies the chapel that I love. It is hidden away in the peculiar¹ city of a peculiar¹ people, where life sometimes is as keenly sweet as the softly coloured twilights of the late-coming springs, more often bitter² as the

wild³ North Sea that wars wearilessly on the far grey stretch of the breakwater. The city has been divided by time into⁴ an old town and a new⁵. My chapel is not to be found in the New⁵ Town. That is far too new⁵ and, so, too commonplace. It is a congeries of granite streets, patrolled by a granite people, which lives in granite houses and attends granite churches on Sundays. But, quietly withdrawn from all business and bustle, peopled by professors, students, ancient maiden ladies and other eccentric persons, the Auld Toon lies meditative. It is a sweet old poem, printed in quaint⁶ black-letter, whereof the proudest stanza is its ever-adored and adorable college of King's—of which, again, the loveliest line⁷ is its chapel.

It is best to visit the Aulton on a morning of early autumn—that exquisite sad season when the Angel of the Past takes⁸ the soul for his dominion. Then the trees let fall their passionate-coloured leaves, like confessions of sumptuous⁹ loves and dreams outworn¹⁰, to moulder in the kindred dust. Then the sky stretches far and blue, thrilled with sunlight of a cold pure kind. Then between heaven and earth lies the morning, clear as a diamond, poignant with purity.

Mrs RACHEL ANNAND [TAYLOR], *A College Chapel*.

N.B. Constantly recurring words like 'far,' 'lie,' and 'sweet' must be variously rendered according to their meaning. 1 *e.g. original, à part.*
 2 *àpre.* 3 See p. 24. 4 *dans* or *en*? 5 See p. 21. 6 *vieillot.*
 7 See p. 21. 8 Use, *e.g., faire; fait de l'âme son royaume.* 9 *e.g. splendide, somptueux.* 10 What does 'outworn' go with? Say, *e.g., qui finissent.*

XXV.**** KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, ABERDEEN
 (continued).

The best approach is by a long sequestered road which gives the Aulton suddenly to your sight, compassed about with masses of quivering foliage of green and brown and golden shimmer. The quiet clustered houses, the grey twin-towers of the ancient Cathedral, and the dreamy crown of the college itself, wearing its sovereignty most patiently, as if the

centuries lay on it like a sadness—lie all at rest on the morning light like a soul beloved on the breast of God...

Penetrate from the antechapel through the exquisitely carved screen, and look with love on the beautiful shrine. It is a jewel of carven oak, for stalls, and screen, and pulpits of principal and preacher, are all of immemorial wood, wrought with the patient skill of the craftsmen of an age when the hand was indeed the instrument of the soul.

It is not possible to describe the chapel. Musing there, you come to note dreamily the cool faint hues of the paven floor and the dim rich colouring of the roof. The mind dwells curiously on the Latin texts quaintly scrolled over walls and ceiling. Then it lingers over the four stained windows that shed their mystical lights on the further rounded end of the building.

All such detail, however, is perceived only by an effort. The chapel impresses itself on the spirit as a whole. The gracious antiquity of the carven oak, the soft rich lights of the coloured windows, the urgent organ-music, the surge and stress of the speaker's cadenced voice, the gleam of the scarlet gowns, even the quaint effect of the mace-led professorial procession, blend softly and perfectly into a harmony. And a harmony is indescribable.

Mrs RACHEL ANNAND [TAYLOR], *A College Chapel*.

In *The British Weekly*, July 9, 1898, p. 184.

XXVI.*** OXFORD.

Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged¹ by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play²."

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from³ her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—

nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic¹! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home² of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down³ the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in those incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him;—the bondage of *was uns alle bändigt, DAS GEMEINE*?... Apparitions of a day⁴, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this Queen of Romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are⁵ gone?

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Essays in Criticism*.

N.B. The style of the English being far removed from French, the passage cannot be translated very literally. 1 *si peu troublée*.

2 *prennent leurs ébats*.

3 *du haut de*. See p. 28.

4 See p. 22.

5 *refuge* (m.).

6 *tenir en échec*.

7 Use *éphémère* (adj.).

8 Tense?

XXVII.** EDINBURGH FROM ST ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

We sat down on a stone not far from the chapel—St Anthony's, more like a hermitage than a chapel—a small ruin, interesting from its situation, though in itself not remarkable, overlooking a pastoral hollow as wild and solitary as any in the heart of the Highland mountains; and there, instead of the roaring of torrents, we listened to the noises of the city, which were blended in one loud, indistinct buzz—a regular sound in the air, which in certain moods of feeling, and at certain times, might have a more tranquillising effect upon the mind than those which we are accustomed to hear in such places. The old town, with its irregular houses, stage above stage, seen as we saw it in the obscurity of a rainy day, hardly resembled the works of men; it was more like a piling up of

rocks, and I cannot attempt to describe what we saw so imperfectly. And yet we were much indebted to the accident of the rain for the peculiar grandeur and affecting wildness of those objects we saw. The Castle rock looked exceedingly large through the misty air; a cloud of black smoke overhung the city, which combined with the rain and mist to conceal the shapes of the houses—an obscurity which added much to the grandeur of the sound that proceeded from it. It was impossible to think of anything that was little or mean, the goings-on of trade, the ignoble strife of men, or everyday city business; the impression was *one*, and it was visionary—like the conceptions of our childhood of Bagdad or Balsora when we had been reading the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, *Letters*.

XXVIII.** THE BATTLEFIELD.

Once upon a time¹, it matters little when², and in stalwart England, it matters little where², a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day when the waving³ grass was green. Many a⁴ wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet⁵ for the dew felt its enamelled cup filled⁶ high with blood that day, and shrinking dropped. Many an insect deriving⁷ its delicate colour from harmless⁸ leaves and herbs was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural⁹ track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire¹⁰, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered¹¹ at the sun.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Battle of Life*.

¹ *au temps jadis*. ² = 'the day,' 'the place.' ³ *ondoyant*.
⁴ *plus d'un(e) or maint(e)*. ⁵ *calice* (m.). ⁶ Infinitive Reflexive.
⁷ *emprunter*. ⁸ *inoffensif*. ⁹ *monstrueux*. ¹⁰ *un bourbier*.
¹¹ Turn by, e.g., 'sent back to the sun its dull gleam.'

XXIX.** MEXICO CITY.

The ancient city of Mexico covered the same spot occupied by the modern capital. The great causeways touched it in the same points; the streets ran in much the same direction, nearly from north to south and from east to west; the cathedral stands on the same ground that was covered by the temple of the Aztec war-god; and the four principal quarters of the town are still known among the Indians by their ancient names. Yet an Aztec of the days of Montezuma, could he behold the modern metropolis which has risen with such phoenix-like splendour from the ashes of the old, would not recognise its site. For the ancient city was encompassed by the salt floods of Tezcuco, which flowed in ample canals through every part of the city; while the Mexico of our day stands high and dry on the mainland, nearly a league distant, at its centre, from the water....

From the accounts of the ancient capital, one is reminded of those aquatic cities in the Old World, the positions of which have been selected from similar motives of economy and defence; above all, of Venice—if it be not rash to compare the rude architecture of the American Indian with the marble palaces and temples—alas, how shorn of their splendour!—which crowned the once proud mistress of the Adriatic.

PRESCOTT, *The Conquest of Mexico*.

XXX.** BURKE'S INTEREST IN INDIA.

India and its inhabitants were not to¹ him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real² people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm³ and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul⁴ empire, under which the village crowds⁵ assemble, the thatched⁵ roof of the peasant's

hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with⁶ his face to Mecca⁷, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her⁸ head, descending the steps to the riverside, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies⁹ of state¹⁰, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from¹¹ the halls where suitors¹⁰ laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild moor where the gipsy⁴ camp was pitched, from the bazars, humming like bee-hives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas.

MACAULAY, *Warren Hastings*.

N.B. The difficulty here is one of *vocabulary*. The words used must therefore be carefully selected from those offered by the dictionary.

1 'To him' means 'in his mind,' 'in his view,' and in this sense is always translated by *pour*. 2 *réel*, if used once only, refers to 'country' and to 'people,' and therefore takes the sign of the plural.

3 'palm' = 'palm-tree.' 4 = 'of the Moguls': cp. 'village crowds' = 'crowds of villagers'; 'gipsy camp' = 'camp of the gipsies.'

5 *en chaume*. 6 Should 'with' be translated? 7 The article is necessary: *La Mecque*; cp. *Le Havre*, *Le Puy*.

8 = 'the.' 9 *baldaquin* (m.) is the technical word. 10 Meaning? 11 Use a preposition which gives the full meaning. See p. 28.

XXXI.* THE CASTLE OF UDOLPHO.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of

grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley, but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illuminated objects was heightened by the contrasted shade which involved the valley below....

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic greatness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark-gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From those, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign.

Mrs RADCLIFFE, *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

XXXII.** A MYSTERIOUS LIGHT.

It would seem¹ that he made a few steps, going steeply downhill, and then stumbled, nearly fell, and sat down again upon a jagged mass of rock to watch the dawn. He became² aware that the world about him was³ absolutely silent. It³ was as still as it was dark, and though there was a cold wind blowing up the hill-face, the rustle of grass, the sighing of the boughs that should have accompanied it, were absent. He could hear⁴ therefore, if he could not see⁴, that the hill-side upon which he stood was rocky and desolate. The green grew brighter every moment, and as it did so, a faint,

transparent blood-red mingled with, but did not¹ mitigate, the blackness of the sky overhead and the rocky desolations about him. Something black fluttered momentarily against the livid yellow-green of the lower sky, and then the thin² and penetrating voice of a bell rose out of the black gulf below him....

Looking down³ into the valley, he saw⁴ that the light had crept far down its rocky sides, and that the profound blackness of the abyss was now broken by a minute green glow⁵, like the light⁶ of a glow-worm. And almost immediately the limb of a huge heavenly body⁷ of blazing green rose above the basaltic undulations of the distant hills⁸, and the monstrous hill-masses about him came out gaunt and desolate, in green light⁹ and deep, ruddy black shadows.

H. G. WELLS, *The Plattner Story*.

- 1 Turn by *Il avait dit....* 2 *s'apercevoir*. Tense? 3 Note what 'It' refers to. 4 *se rendre compte par l'oreille, sinon par les yeux; entendre...voir que...* would not be clear enough. 5 'but...not = sans. 6 See p. 23. 7 *plongeant le regard....* 8 See p. 21. 9 *un corps céleste.* 10 *collines (f.), hauteurs (f.).*

XXXIII.*** ENGLISH GARDENS.

On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed be unprofitable to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough....But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were

a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

ADDISON.

XXXIV.*** IN THE WOODS.

To dwellers in a wood¹ almost every species of tree has its voice as well as its feature. At the passing of the breeze the fir-trees sob and moan no less distinctly² than they rock; the holly whistles³ as it battles with itself; the ash hisses³ amid its quiverings; the beech rustles while its flat⁴ boughs rise and fall. And winter, which modifies the note of such trees as shed their leaves, does not destroy its⁵ individuality.

On a cold and starry Christmas-eve, within living memory⁶, a man was passing up a lane near Mellstock Cross, in the darkness of a plantation that whispered thus distinctively to his intelligence. All the evidences of his nature were those afforded by the spirit of his footsteps, which succeeded each other lightly and quickly, and by the liveliness of his voice as he sang in a rural cadence:

"With the rose and the lily⁷

And the daffodowndilly,

The lads and the lasses a-sheep-shearing go."

THOMAS HARDY, *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

1 Use *forêt* (f.), the more general term. 2 *distinctement* would mean 'so that they could easily be heard.' This is not the meaning here. Perhaps the neatest way is to change the construction to 'They can distinguish...' and to use nouns for the sounds. 3 *un sifflement*=either 'a hiss' or 'a whistle.' It is possible to work in *flûte* (f.) for the latter. 4 ='broad,' *large*. 5 To what noun does 'its' refer? 6 *de mémoire d'homme* is always used in negative expressions. Here use e.g. *il y a quelques dizaines d'années*. 7 Try to put into verse. Take, for example the rhymes *jonquilles, lis: filles, brebis* and write two couplets. Of course *narcisse* (m.) would be more correct for 'daffodil' but it is difficult to work it in. Formerly *lis* was pronounced *li*, and not *lis* as it is to-day.

XXXV.*** IN THE WOODS (*continued*).

The lonely lane he was following connected one of the hamlets of Mellstock parish with Upper Mellstock and Lewgate, and to his eyes, casually glancing upward, the silver and black-stemmed birches with their characteristic tufts, the pale grey boughs of beech, the dark-creviced elm, all appeared now as black and flat outlines upon the sky, wherein the white stars twinkled so vehemently that their flickering seemed like the flapping of wings. Within the woody pass, at a level anything lower than the horizon, all was dark as the grave. The copse-wood forming the sides of the bower interlaced its branches so densely, even at this season of the year, that the draught from the north-east flew along the channel with scarcely an interruption from lateral breezes.

After passing the plantation the white surface of the lane revealed itself between the dark hedgerows, like a ribbon jagged at the edges; the irregularity being caused by temporary accumulations of leaves extending from the ditch on either side.

THOMAS HARDY, *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

XXXVI.** A TROPICAL SUNSET.

The bay of Santa Martha is rippling¹ before the land-breeze one sheet of living flame. The mighty forests are sparkling with myriad fire-flies². The lazy mist which lounges³ round the inner⁴ hills shines golden in the sunset rays; and, nineteen thousand feet aloft⁵, the mighty peak of Horqueta cleaves the abyss of air, rose-red against the dark-blue vault of heaven. The rosy cone fades to⁶ a dull⁷ leaden hue; but only for a while⁸. The stars flash out⁹ one by one, and Venus, like another moon, tinges the eastern snows with gold, and sheds across the bay a long yellow line¹⁰ of rippling light. Everywhere is glory and richness. What wonder if¹¹ the earth in that enchanted land be as rich

to her inmost depths as she is upon the surface? The heaven, the hills, the sea, are one sparkling garland of jewels—what wonder if the soil be jewelled also? if every watercourse and bank¹² of earth be spangled with emeralds and rubies, with grains of gold and feathered¹³ wreaths of native¹⁴ silver?

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho!*

1 It is always difficult to translate 'rippling.' Usually *ruisseler* comes nearest to it. 2 *luciole* (f.). 3 *flâner*. 4 = 'of the interior.' 5 = 'high nineteen thousand feet.' 6 *se dégrader dans*. 7 *terne*. 8 = 'that is not for long.' 9 Cp. V. Hugo, *La Prière pour Tous*. *Le crépuscule fait jaillir chaque étoile en ardente étincelle*; or use *allumer*. 10 *traînée* (f.) or *reflet* (m.), not *ligne*. 11 = 'Must one be astonished if?' Translate 'if' by *si*, not *que*. 12 If you use *talus* (m.), do not translate 'of earth.' 13 *empenné*. 14 See p. 25.

XXXVII.** BELGIUM IN 1815.

This flat, flourishing, easy country never could have looked more rich and prosperous than in that opening summer of 1815, when its green fields and quiet cities were enlivened by multiplied red-coats: when its wide chaussées swarmed with brilliant English equipages: when its great canal-boats, gliding by rich pastures and pleasant quaint old villages, by old châteaux lying amongst old trees, were all crowded with well-to-do English travellers: when the soldier who drank at the village inn, not only drank, but paid his score; and Donald, the Highlander, billeted in the Flemish farmhouse, rocked the baby's cradle, while Jean and Jeannette were out getting in the hay. As our painters are bent on military subjects just now, I throw out this as a good subject for the pencil, to illustrate the principle of an honest English war. All looked as brilliant and harmless as a Hyde Park review. Meanwhile Napoleon, screened behind his curtain of frontier-fortresses, was preparing for the outbreak which was to drive all these orderly people into fury and blood; and lay so many of them low.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*.

XXXVIII.*** A THUNDER-STORM.

On¹ a barren corner of the wooded highland² looking inland stood grey topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass-blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights: hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.

He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were³ expended in action. He sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow Westward from the South. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples⁴ of silver cloud were imperceptibly stealing toward her. They were the van⁵ of a tempest. He did not observe them or⁶ the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer⁷ over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it. He got no nearer to the base of it for all his vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip; he lost sight of the sky. Then heavy thunder-drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

1 Is *sur* the proper preposition? 2 *les Highlands*=the Highlands of Scotland only. Here use *colline* (f.), *montagne* (f.), *plateau* (m.). 3 Tense? 4 Cp. note 1 to No. XXXVI. 5 *avant-garde* (f.) may be used; or change the metaphor slightly and use *hérauts*. 6 Make the construction clear. 7 *à pic*.

XXXIX.*** A THUNDER-STORM (*continued*).

Up started the whole forest in violet fire. He saw the country at the foot of the hills to the bounding Rhine gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were pauses; and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him; filling

him with awful rapture. Alone there—sole human creature among the grandeurs and mysteries of storm—he felt the representative of his kind, and his spirit rose, and marched, and exulted, let it be glory, let it be ruin! Lower down the lightened abysses of air rolled the wrathful crash: then white thrusts of light were darted from the sky, and great curving ferns, seen steadfast in pallor a second, were supernaturally agitated, and vanished. Then a shrill song roused in the leaves and the herbage. Prolonged and louder it sounded, as deeper and heavier the deluge pressed. A mighty force of water satisfied the desire of the earth.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

XL.** A LETTER FROM ITALY.

We read¹ a good deal here—and we read¹ little in Livorno². We have ridden, Mary and I, once only, to a place called Prato Fiorito, on the top of the mountains: the road, winding through forests, and over torrents, and on the verge of green ravines, affords scenery magnificently fine. I cannot³ describe it to you, but bid you, though vainly, come and see. I take great delight in watching the changes⁴ of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder showers⁵ with which the noon is often over-shadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fire-flies⁶ are fading away fast; but there is⁷ the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning⁸ which is spread out every night, at intervals, over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things, that, when the fire-flies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home⁹.

SHELLEY, *Letters*.

1 Tense? 2 *Livourne*. 3 In such a case French usually employs the expression *je ne saurais* (without *pas*). 4 See p. 24.
5 *orage* (m.). 6 *luciole* (f.). 7 Is this *il y a* or *voilà*, or must it be expressed otherwise? 8 *un éclair de chaleur*. 9 'see her way home' must be expanded.

XLI.*** THE ART OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo da Vinci paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmin; while, at Venice, there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or recherché in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light—their exact antitype is in our own western seas; all the solemn effects of moving water; you may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the *Madonna of the Balances*, passing, as a little fall, into the treacherous calm of the *Madonna of the Lake*, next, as a goodly river below the cliffs of the *Madonna of the Rocks*, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in *La Gioconda* to the seashore of the *Saint Anne*—that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass, grown fine as hair.

WALTER PATER, *Notes on Leonardo da Vinci*.

XLII.* NIGHT ON THE STAGE-COACH.

See the bright moon! high up before we know it—making the earth reflect¹ the objects on its breast like water². Hedges, trees, low cottages, church steeples, blighted stumps and flourishing young slips³, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak: trembling does not become *him*; and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness⁴, without the

motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled⁵ and decayed⁶, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager; while our own ghostly likeness travels on, Yoho! Yoho⁷! through ditch and brake⁸, upon the ploughed land and the smooth⁹, along the steep hill-side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom-Hunter¹⁰.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

- 1 See p. 22. 2 Why would '*comme de l'eau*' be ambiguous?
 3 *pousse* (f.), *rejeton* (m.). 4 A noun is awkward, though possible.
 5 *estropié* = 'maimed'; *délabré* = 'falling to pieces.' 6 *vermoulu* =
 'worm-eaten'; *caduc* rather of persons. 7 *taiaut!* 8 *fourré* (m.).
 9 Is this *uni*? 10 Not '*chasseur de fantômes*.'

XLIII.*** THE NIGHT-WIND IN THE CHURCH.

The night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round a church, and moaning as it goes, and of trying, with its unseen hand, the windows and the doors, and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again; and not content with stalking through the aisles, and gliding round and round the pillars, and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof, and strives to rend the rafters, then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below, and passes, muttering, into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily, and creeps along the walls, seeming to read, in whispers, the Inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter; and at others, moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound, too, lingering within the altar; where it seems to chaunt, in its wild way, of Wrong and Murder done, and false Gods worshipped, in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Chimes*.

XLIV.** FOG IN THE COUNTRY.

You¹ couldn't see very far in the fog, of course, but you could see a great deal! It's astonishing how much you may see in a thicker fog than that, if you will only take the trouble to look for it². Why, even to sit watching for the fairy-rings³ in the fields, and for the patches of hoar-frost⁴ still lingering in the shade, near hedges and by trees, was a pleasant occupation, to make no mention of the unexpected shapes in which⁵ the trees themselves came starting out of the mist and glided into it again. The hedges were tangled⁶ and bare, and waved a multitude of blighted⁷ garlands in the wind, but there was no discouragement in this⁸. It was agreeable to contemplate; for it made the fireside warmer in possession⁹ and the summer greener in expectancy⁹. The river looked chilly¹⁰, but it was in motion, and moving at a good pace—which was a great point¹¹. The canal was rather slow and torpid; that must be admitted. Never mind. It would freeze the sooner when the frost set fairly in¹², and then there would be skating and sliding¹³, and the heavy old barges, frozen¹⁴ up somewhere near a wharf, would smoke their rusty iron chimney-pipes¹⁵ all day, and have a lazy time of it¹⁶.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

1 Use the Impersonal Pronoun. 2 'Is there any reason for this 'it'?' 3 *cercles* (m.) *des fées*. Cp. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act v, Sc. 1, 'the green-sour ringlets.' 4 *gelée blanche*; 'patches' is difficult to translate, may be turned by *par endroits*, or *plaques* (f.). 5 It is neater to use a clause: 'which the trees took....' 6 *emmêlé, enchevêtré*. 7 *flétri*. 8 Better say 'in all this' to sum up, and continue with *même*. 9 Translate by relative clauses: 'which one enjoyed...expected.' 10 *frileux* is personal, = 'feeling the cold,' 'sensitive to cold.' 11 Avoid *point*: simply 'which was much.' 12 'when it froze (Tense?) in earnest' (*pour de bon*). 13 Use verbs. 14 *pris dans la glace*. 15 Try to keep the metaphor. 16 *en prendre à leur aise*.

XLV.*** FOG ON THE THAMES.

Fog everywhere. Fog up the river, where it flows among green aits¹ and meadows; fog down the river, where it rolls defiled among the tiers of shipping, and the waterside pollutions

of a great (and dirty) city. Fog on the Essex marshes, fog on the Kentish heights. Fog creeping into the cabooses² of collier-brigs; fog lying out on the yards, and hovering in the rigging of great ships; fog drooping on the gunwales of barges and small boats. Fog in the eyes and throats of ancient Greenwich pensioners, wheezing by the firesides of their wards; fog in the stem and bowl of the afternoon pipe of the wrathful skipper, down in his close cabin; fog cruelly pinching the toes and fingers of his shivering little 'prentice boy on deck. Chance people on the bridges peeping over the parapets into a nether sky of fog, with fog all round them, as if they were up in a balloon, and hanging in the misty clouds.

Gas looming through the fog in divers places in the streets, much as the sun may, from the spongy fields, be seen to loom by husbandman and ploughboy. Most of the shops lighted two hours before their time—as the gas seems to know, for it has a haggard and unwilling look.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Bleak House*.

1 'ait' = island, especially in a river.

2 'caboose' = cook's galley,

kitchen of ship.

XLVI.*** A ROMAN CEREMONY.

The day of the 'little' or private *Ambarvalia*¹ was come, to be² celebrated by a single family³ for the welfare of all belonging to it, as the great college of the Arval Brothers officiated at Rome in the interest of the whole state. At the appointed time all work ceases; the instruments of labour lie untouched, hung with wreaths of flowers, while masters and servants together go in solemn procession along the dry paths of vineyard and cornfield, conducting the victims whose blood is presently to be shed for the purification from all natural or supernatural taint⁴ of the lands they have 'gone about.' The old Latin words of the liturgy⁵, to be said as the procession moved on its way, though their precise meaning was long

since become unintelligible, were recited from⁶ an ancient illuminated roll, kept in the painted chest in the hall, together with the family records⁷.

WALTER PATER, *Marius the Epicurean*.

1 *les Ambarvalies* (f.). 2 Use *devoir*. 3 Meaning? 4 *tache* (f).
5 Here *cérémonial* (m.). 6 Preposition? 7 *papiers de famille* will stand.

XLVII.*** A ROMAN CEREMONY (*continued*).

Early on that day the girls of the farm had been busy in the great portico, filling large baskets with flowers plucked short from branches of apple and cherry, then in spacious bloom, to strew before the quaint images of the gods—Ceres and Bacchus and the yet more mysterious Dea Dia—as they passed through the fields, carried in their little houses on the shoulders of white-clad youths, who were understood to proceed to this office in perfect temperance, as pure in soul and body as the air they breathed in the firm weather of that early summer-time.

The clean lustral water and the full incense-box were carried after them. The altars were gay with garlands of wool and the more sumptuous sort of blossom and green herbs to be thrown into the sacrificial fire, fresh-gathered this morning from a particular plot in the old garden, set apart for the purpose. Just then the young leaves were almost as fragrant as flowers, and the scent of the bean-fields mingled pleasantly with the cloud of incense. But for the monotonous intonation of the liturgy by the priests, clad in their strange, stiff, antique vestments, and bearing ears of green corn upon their heads, secured by flowing bands of white, the procession moved in absolute stillness, all persons, even the children, abstaining from speech after the utterance of the pontifical formula, *Favete linguis!*—Silence! Propitious silence!—lest any words save those proper to the occasion should hinder the religious efficacy of the rite.

WALTER PATER, *Marius the Epicurean*.

XLVIII.*** ST CECILIA'S LIGHT.

Fenwick, who was on duty one night, lent me a pair of black glass spectacles, without which no man can look at the Light¹ unblinded, and busied himself in 'last touches'² to the lenses before twilight fell. The width of the English Channel beneath us lay as smooth and as many-coloured as the inside of an oyster shell. A little Sunderland cargo-boat had made her signal to Lloyd's Agency, half a mile up³ the coast, and was lumbering down³ to the sunset, her wake lying white behind her. One star came out over⁴ the cliffs, the waters turned to lead colour, and St Cecilia's Light shot across the sea in eight long pencils⁵ that wheeled slowly from right to left, melted into one beam of solid light laid down directly in front of the tower, dissolved⁶ again into eight, and passed away. The light-frame of the thousand lenses circled on its rollers, and the compressed-air engine⁷ that drove it hummed like a bluebottle under a glass. The hand of the indicator on the wall pulsed from mark to mark. Eight pulse-beats timed one half-revolution of the Light; neither more nor less.

RUDYARD KIPLING, *Many Inventions*.

- 1 *le feu*, of a lighthouse. 2 Use the phrase *mettre la dernière main*.
 3 'Up' and 'down' are not metaphors here. The Channel flows from east to west like a river. 4 *au-dessus de* or *sur*? 5 *faisceaux* (m.).
 6 *se décomposer* 7 *la machine (le moteur) à air comprimé*.

XLIX.*** AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others, they receded from each

other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough unhewn stones of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and in stopping the course of a small brook, which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Ivanhoe* (Ch. I).

L.** ON A COASTING STEAMER.

The *Saucy Lass* churned¹ her way pleasantly through the waves, and Christmas² stood in her bow smoking a cigar, and very much enjoying the scene, the air, the water, the sun beginning to sink upon the tremulous sea, and the half-romantic novelty of the whole expedition. He preferred to ask no questions about his destination. The mystery was far too pleasant to be voluntarily dispelled. If there were really some fairy islet just under that glowing sunset, and now hidden in its glow, all the better.

The steamer, however, suddenly turned from the sunset, and ploughed into a deep indentation of the shore, which was completely hidden by hills and trees, until its opening actually presented itself. This proved to be a bay opening out of a

bay—a small bay from a larger. The water darkened between the hills that now almost shut out³ the sun. The hills themselves seemed more sombre in their foliage. It was like a sudden passing from sunlight into evening shadow. The plashing of the steamer sounded noisy and intrusive⁴ in these quiet waters with their twilight shores. Christmas felt glad that there were other persons in the boat bound for the same place⁵ as he. He would not have liked to be solely responsible for the boisterous and bustling invasion of the puffing⁶, vulgar *Saucy Lass*.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, *Dear Lady Disdain*.

1 *battre* and *battement* are used of the paddles of a steamer.
 2 What is the French form of this name? 3 *interceptor*. 4 Say rather 'made an indiscreet din.' 5 *destination* (f.). 6 *haletant*.

LI.** THE FLAGSHIP.

Queer-looking boats crawled between the shores like tiny water-beetles. One headed out towards us, then another. I did not want them to reach us. It was as if I did not wish my solitude to be disturbed, and I was not pleased with the idea of going ashore. A great ship, floating high on the water, black and girt with the two broad yellow streaks of her double tier of guns, glided out slowly from beyond a cluster of shipping in the bay. She passed without a hail, going out under her topsails with a flag at the fore. Her lofty spars overtopped our masts immensely, and I saw the men in her rigging looking down on our decks. The only sounds that came out of her were the piping of boatswains' calls and the tramping of feet. Imagining her to be going home, I felt a great desire to be on board. Ultimately, as it turned out, I went home in that very ship, but then it was too late. I was another man by that time, with much queer knowledge and other desires.

Whilst I was looking and longing, I heard Carlos' voice behind me asking one of our sailors what ship it was. "Don't

you know, a flagship when you see it?" a voice grumbled surlily. "Admiral Rowley's" it continued. Then it rumbled out some remarks about "pirates, vermin, coast of Cuba."

JOSEPH CONRAD and F. M. HUEFFER, *Romance*.

LII.** A STORM ON THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

The monotonous sound of the waterfall, so far from disturbing the new guest of Castle Dare, only soothed¹ her to rest; and after the various fatigues—if not the emotions—of the day², she slept¹ well. But in the very midst of the night she was startled by some loud commotion that seemed to prevail both within and without the house; and when she was¹ fully awakened it appeared¹ to her that the whole earth was being shaken to pieces in the storm. The wind howled in the chimneys; the rain dashed on the window-panes with a rattle as of musketry; far below she could hear the awful booming of the Atlantic³ breakers⁴. The gusts that drove against the high house seemed ready to tear it from its foothold of rock and whirl it inland; or was it the sea itself that was rising in its thunderous power to sweep away this bauble⁵ from the face of the mighty cliffs⁶? And then the wild and desolate morning that followed! Through the bewilderment of the running water on the panes⁷ she looked abroad on the tempest-riven sea—a slate-coloured waste of hurrying waves⁴ with windswept streaks of foam on them; and on the louring and ever-changing clouds.

WILLIAM BLACK, *Macleod of Dare*.

- 1 Tense? 2 See p. 19. 3 *Atlantique* is usually a substantive (f).
 4 See WAVE, p. 23. 5 Translate freely by e.g. *comme un fétu*.
 6 See p. 19. 7 See WINDOW, p. 24.

LIII.** JERSEY.

Always, always the white foam beats the rocks, and always must man go warily along these coasts. The swimmer plunges into a quiet pool, the snowy froth that masks the

reefs seeming only the pretty fringe of sentient life to a sleeping sea ; but presently an invisible hand reaches up and grasps him, an unseen power drags him exultingly out to the main, and he returns no more. Many a boatman, many a fisherman who has lived his whole life in sight of these cliffs, has in some helpless moment been caught by the un-sleeping currents that harry his peaceful borders, or the rocks that have eluded the hunters of the sea, and has yielded up his life within sight of his own doorway, an involuntary sacrifice to the navigator's knowledge and to the calm perfection of an admiralty chart.

Yet within the circle of danger bounding this green isle the love of home and country is stubbornly, almost pathetically, strong. Isolation, pride of lineage, independence of government, antiquity of law and custom, and jealousy of imperial influence or action have combined to make a race self-reliant even to perverseness, proud and maybe vain, sincere almost to commonplaceness, unimaginative and reserved, with the melancholy born of monotony ; for the life of the little country has coiled in upon itself, and the people have drooped to see but just their own selves reflected in all the dwellers of the land, whichever way they turn.

Sir GILBERT PARKER, *The Battle of the Strong.*

LIV.* THE PASSING OF THE 'VICTORY.'

The great silent ship, with her population of bluejackets¹, marines², officers, captain, and the admiral who was not to return alive, passed like a phantom the meridian of the Bill. Sometimes her aspect was that of a large white bat, sometimes that of a grey one. In the course of time the watching girl saw that the ship had passed her nearest point ; the breadth of her sails diminished by foreshortening³, till she assumed the form of an egg on end. After this something seemed to twinkle, and Anne, who had previously withdrawn from the old sailor, went back to him, and looked again through the glass. The twinkling was the light falling upon

the cabin windows of the ship's stern¹. She explained it to the old man.

"Then we see now what the enemy have seen but once. That was in seventy-nine, when she sighted the French and Spanish fleet off Scilly, and she retreated because she feared a landing. Well, 'tis a brave ship, and she carries brave men!"

THOMAS HARDY, *The Trumpet-Major*.

1 See SAILOR, p. 22. 2 *l'infanterie de marine* is the modern name of the French corps of marines. Here *soldats de marine* will stand. 3 *raccourci* (m.) is the technical term. 4 *l'arrière* (m.) or *la poupe*.

LV.*** THE 'BROKEN HEART.'

Slowly the light grew: it came in rosy colour upon the ship; it burned like a flame upon the spire-top. The fishers in their boats, moving over the talking water, watched the fabric as they passed. She loomed large in the growing light; she caught the light and gleamed; the tide went by her with a gurgle. The dim light made her larger than she was, it gave her the beauty of all half-seen things. The dim light was like the veil upon a woman's face. She was a small ship (only five hundred tons), built of aromatic cedar, and like all wooden ships she would have looked ungainly, had not her great beam, and the height of her after-works, given her a majesty, something of the royal look which all ships have in some proportion.

The virtue of man had been busy about her. An artist's heart, hungry for beauty, had seen the idea of her in dream; she had her counterpart in the kingdom of vision. There was a spirit in her, as there is in all things fashioned by the soul of man; not a spirit of beauty, not a spirit of strength, but the spirit of her builder, a Peruvian Spaniard. She had the impress of her builder in her, a mournful state, a kind of battered grandeur, a likeness to a type of manhood. There was in her a beauty not quite achieved, as though, in the husk of the man, the butterfly's wings were not quite free. There

was in her a strength that was clumsy; almost the strength of one vehement from fear. She came from a man's soul, stamped with his defects. Standing on her deck, one could see the man laid bare—melancholy, noble, and wanting—till one felt pity for the ship which carried his image about the world. Seamen had lived in her, seamen had died in her; she had housed many wandering spirits. She was, in herself, the house of her maker's spirit, as all made things are, and wherever her sad beauty voyaged, his image, his living memory voyaged, infinitely mournful, because imperfect, unapprehended.

JOHN MASEFIELD, *Captain Margaret*.

LVI.**** THE SLAVE SHIP.

But, I think, the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and, if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the Slave Ship¹, the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rainclouds are moving² in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high, nor local³, but a low broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between⁴ these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough⁵ of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light⁶, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood⁷. Along this fiery path and valley, the tossing waves by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam.

RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*.

1 *le Négrier*. 2 *dériver* may be used, followed by *pour aller se perdre*. 3 *local* would scarcely convey the meaning; use e.g. *déterminé*.
4 *dans l'intervalle de* is clearer than *entre*. 5 *le creux*. 6 See p. 21.
7 Avoid *qui*, by using nouns: *embrasement d'or, bain de sang*.

LVII.**** THE SLAVE SHIP (*continued*).

They do not rise everywhere, but three or four together in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under strength of the swell compels⁷ or permits them ; leaving between treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the indistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amidst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight,—and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.

RUSKIN, *Modern Painters* (Vol. I, v, Ch. v).

LVIII.** CALAIS.

The passengers¹ were landing from the packet on the pier² at Calais. A low-lying place and a low-spirited place Calais was, with the tide ebbing out towards low water-mark. There had been no more water on the bar³ than had sufficed to float the packet in ; and now the bar itself, with a shallow break of sea over it⁴, looked like a lazy marine monster just risen to the surface, whose form was indistinctly shown as it lay asleep. The meagre lighthouse all in white, haunting the seaboard, as if it were the ghost⁵ of an edifice that had once had colour and rotundity, dripped melancholy tears after its late buffeting⁶ by the waves. The long rows of gaunt black piles⁷, slimy and wet and weather-worn⁸, with funeral garlands⁹ of sea-weed twisted about them by the late tide, might

have represented an unsightly marine¹⁰ cemetery. Every wave-dashed, storm-beaten object was so low and so little, under the broad grey sky, in the noise of the wind and sea, and before the curling¹¹ lines of surf, making at it ferociously, that the wonder was there was any Calais left, and that its low gates and low walls and low roofs and low ditches and low sand-hills and low ramparts and flat streets had not yielded long ago to the undermining and besieging sea, like the fortifications¹² children make on the sea-shore.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Little Dorrit*.

N.B. Reproduce the effect of the intentional repetition of the word 'low.'

- 1 What is the distinction between *passagers* and *voyageurs*? 2 *la jettée*.
 3 *la barre*. 4 Translate the meaning, not the words. 5 See p. 20.
 6 *assaut* (m.) is the simplest word to use. 7 'pile'=*un pilonis*.
 8 *rongé*. 9 *couronne mortuaire* (f.). 10 *un cimetière marin* might stand, suggesting a place where the bones of drowned sailors lie. 11 *déferler* (of a wave), to curl just before breaking. 12 *les forts* (m.).

LIX.** JERUSALEM.

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the

Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

DISRAELI, *Tancred*.

LX.*** THE CAMPAGNA.

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene¹ on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome² under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck³ of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling⁴ in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull, purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light⁵ rests, like a dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space⁶ of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*.

1 *paysage* or *scène*? See p. 23. 2 'of Rome' is unnecessary.
 3 *débris* (m.). 4 *se débattre* or *lutter*? 5 See p. 21. 6 *coin* or *espace*?

LXI.*** A LAND OF PROMISE.

I hurried onward—down, down, down. More streams came in; then there was a bridge, a few pine logs thrown over the water; but they gave me comfort, for savages do not make bridges. Then I had a treat such as I can never convey on paper—a moment, perhaps, the most striking and unexpected in my whole life—the one I think that, with some three or four exceptions, I would most gladly have again, were I able to recall it. I got below the level of the clouds, into a burst of brilliant evening sunshine. I was facing the north-west, and the sun was full upon me. Oh, how its light cheered me! But what I saw! It was such an expanse as was revealed to Moses when he stood upon the summit of Mount Sinai, and beheld that promised land which it was not to be his to enter. The beautiful sunset sky was crimson and gold; blue, silver, and purple; exquisite and tranquillising; fading away therein were plains on which I could see many a town and city, with buildings that had lofty steeples and rounded domes. Nearer beneath me lay ridge behind ridge, outline behind outline, sunlight behind shadow, and shadow behind sunlight, gully and serrated ravine. I saw large pine forests, and the glitter of a noble river winding its way upon the plains; also many villages and hamlets, some of them quite near at hand; and it was on these that I pondered most. I sank upon the ground at the foot of a large tree and thought what I had best do; but I could not collect myself. I was quite tired out; and presently, feeling warmed by the sun, and quieted, I fell off into a profound sleep.

SAMUEL BUTLER, *Erewhon*.

LXII.*** REPOSE; TYPE OF THE DIVINE PERMANENCE.

In the Cathedral of Lucca¹, near the entrance-door² of the north transept, there is a monument by Jacopo della Quercia to³ Ilaria di Caretto, the wife of Paolo Guinigi. I name it not as⁴ more beautiful or perfect than other examples of the same

period; but as⁴ furnishing an instance of the exact and right mean between the rigidity and rudeness of the earlier monumental effigies and the morbid imitation of life, sleep, or death, of which the fashion has taken place⁵ in modern times. She is lying on a simple couch with a hound at her feet; not on the side, but with the head laid straight and simply on the hard pillow, in which, let it be observed, there is no effort at deceptive imitation of pressure. It is understood as a pillow, but not mistaken⁶ for one. The hair⁷ is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet⁸; there is that about them which forbids breath; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both. The hands are not lifted in prayer, neither⁹ folded, but the arms are laid at length upon the body, and the hands cross as they fall. The feet are hidden by the drapery, and the forms of the limbs concealed, but not their tenderness.

If any of¹⁰ us, after staying for a time beside this tomb, could see, through his tears, one of the vain and unkind encumbrances of the grave, which, in these hollow and heartless days, feigned sorrow builds to foolish pride, he would, I believe, receive such a lesson of love as no coldness could refuse, no fatuity forget, and no insolence disobey.

RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*.

- 1 See p. 33, § 9, 3. 2 *portail* or *porte*? 3 *à* or *à la mémoire de*?
 4 *non que...mais parce que*. 5 Express this phrase otherwise.
 6 Use *s'y méprendre*. 7 *chevelure* or *cheveux*? 8 *s'est fixée dans le repos*.
 9 See p. 29. 10 *d'entre*; see p. 53.

LXIII.*** ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

Externally and internally the cathedral was a true expression of the Christian principle of devotion. Amid its vast accumulation of imagery, its endless ornaments, its multiplicity of episodes, its infinite variety of details, the central, maternal principle was ever visible. Everything pointed upwards, from the spire in the clouds to the arch which enshrined the smallest sculptured saint in the chapels below.

It was a sanctuary, not like pagan temples, to enclose a visible deity, but an edifice where mortals might worship an unseen Being in the realms above.

The church, with the noisy streets of the metropolis eddying around its walls, was a sacred island in the tumultuous main. Through the perpetual twilight, tall columnar trunks in thick profusion grew from a floor chequered with lights and shadows. Each shaft of the forest rose to a preternatural height, the many branches intermingling in the space above, to form a stately canopy. Foliage, flowers, and fruit of colossal luxuriance, strange birds, beasts, griffins and chimeras in endless multitudes, the rank vegetation and the fantastic zoology of a fabulous world, seemed to decorate and to animate the serried trunks and pendant branches, while the shattering symphonies or dying murmurs of the organ suggested the rushing of the wind through the forest,—now the full diapason of the storm, and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze.

MOTLEY, *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

II. PORTRAITS

LXIV.** QUILP, THE DWARF.

The child was closely followed by¹ an elderly man of² remarkably hard features and forbidding aspect, and so low in stature as to be quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant. His black eyes were restless, sly, and cunning, his mouth and chin bristly³ with the stubble of a coarse, hard beard, and his complexion⁴ was one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome. But what added⁵ most to the grotesque expression of his face was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit, and to have no connection with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth⁶, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. His dress consisted of a large

high-crowned hat, a worn dark suit, a pair of capacious shoes, and a dirty white neckerchief⁷ sufficiently limp and crumpled to disclose the greater portion of his wiry⁸ throat. Such hair as he had was of a grizzled black, cut short and straight upon his temples, and hanging in a frowzy fringe about his ears. His hands, which were of a rough coarse grain⁹, were very dirty; his finger-nails were crooked, long, and yellow.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

1 *de or par?* 2 Preposition? 3 Work in *hérissier*. It is not necessary to keep both 'bristly' and 'stubble' in your translation. 4 Turn by 'he had one of those complexions which never give the impression of cleanliness or health.' 5 *accentuer* helps to give a neat rendering. 6 = *mâchoire* (f.). 7 *foulard* (m.). 8 *osseux* or *sec et nerveux*. 9 It is possible to keep the metaphor and to use *le grain*.

LXV.** THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.

It was a strange figure—like a child: yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white, and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was, that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extingisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

CHARLES DICKENS, *A Christmas Carol*.

LXVI.** THE LADY OF THE HAREEM.

Couched gracefully on a rich Persian carpet¹ strewn with soft pillowy cushions², she is as rich a picture as admiration³ ever gazed on. Her eyes, if not as dangerous to the heart as those of our country⁴, where the sunshine of intellect gleams through a heaven of blue, are nevertheless perfect in their kind, and at least as dangerous to the senses. Languid, yet full—brimful of life; dark, yet very lustrous; liquid, yet clear as stars⁵, they are compared by their poets to the shape of the almond, and the bright timidness of the gazelle's. The face is delicately oval, and its shape is set off by the gold-fringed turban, the most becoming⁶ head-dress in the world; the long, black, silken tresses⁷ are braided from the forehead, and hang wavily on each side of the face, falling behind in a glossy cataract, that sparkles with such golden drops as might have glittered upon Danaë after the Olympian shower. A light tunic of pink or pale blue crape is covered with a long silk robe, open at the bosom, and buttoned thence downward to the delicately slippered little feet, that peep⁸ daintily from beneath the full silken trousers. Round the loins, rather than the waist, a cachemire shawl is loosely wrapt as a girdle; and an embroidered jacket or a large silk robe with loose open sleeves completes the costume. Nor is the fragrant water-pipe⁹, with its long variegated serpent and its jewelled mouthpiece, any detraction from the portrait.

ELIOT Warburton, *The Crescent and the Cross*.

1 *un tapis de Perse*. 2 *coussins mous comme des oreillers*; or use *moelleux*.

3 You might turn by 'offers to admiration the richest picture one can gaze upon.'

4 *de chez nous*.

5 Alter the construction, which is rather illogical, to e.g. 'resemble, say their poets, the almond by their form and by their timid brightness the eyes of the gazelle.'

6 *seyant*.

7 *les tresses (f.)...dégageant le front....*

8 *pointer*.

9 *narguilé (m.)*, le *hûka*. Cp. Leconte de Lisle, *La Vérandah*:

*Sur les coussins de soie écarlate, aux fleurs d'or,
La branche du hûka rôde comme un reptile.*

LXVII.** A HANDSOME YOUTH.

If this young man had been less elegant in his person, he would have been remarked for the elegance of his dress. But the perfections of his slim, well-proportioned figure were so striking that no one but a tailor could notice the perfections of his velvet coat; and his small white hands, with their blue veins and taper fingers, quite eclipsed the beauty of his lace ruffles. The face, however—it was difficult to say why—was certainly not pleasing. Nothing could be more delicate than the blond complexion—its bloom set off by the powdered hair—than the veined overhanging eyelids, which gave an indolent expression to the hazel eyes; nothing more finely cut than the transparent nostril and the short upper-lip. Perhaps the chin and lower jaw were too small for an irreproachable profile, but the defect was on the side of that delicacy and finesse which was the distinctive characteristic of the whole person, and which was carried out in the clear brown arch of the eyebrows, and the marble smoothness of the sloping forehead. Impossible to say that this face was not eminently handsome; yet, for the majority, both of men and women, it was destitute of charm.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Scenes of Clerical Life*.

LXVIII.** A JEWISH BEAUTY.

The figure¹ of Rebecca might indeed have compared² with the proudest beauties of England, even though it had been judged by as shrewd a connoisseur as Prince John. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and was shown to advantage by a sort of Eastern dress, which she wore according to the fashion of the females of her nation. Her turban of yellow silk suited well with the darkness of her complexion. The brilliancy of her eyes, the superb arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed aquiline nose, her teeth as white as pearl, and the profusion of her sable tresses which, each arranged in its

own little spiral of twisted curls³, fell down upon as much of a lovely neck and bosom as a simarre of the richest Persian silk, exhibiting⁴ flowers in their natural colours embossed⁴ upon a purple ground, permitted to be visible—all these⁵ constituted a combination of loveliness, which yielded not to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her. It is true that of the golden and pearl-studded clasps which closed her vest from the throat to the waist, the three uppermost were left unfastened on account of the heat, which something enlarged the prospect⁶ to which we allude⁷. A diamond necklace, with pendants of inestimable value, was by this means also made more conspicuous. The feather of an ostrich⁸, fastened in her turban by an agriffe⁹ set with brilliants, was another distinction of the beautiful Jewess¹⁰, scoffed and sneered at by the proud dames who sat above her, but secretly envied by those who affected to deride them.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Ivanhoe*.

1 *la personne*. 2 Turn by 'would have supported comparison with that of....' 3 We may rearrange and say 'fell down a lovely neck and bosom which showed in part under....' This relieves the sentence considerably. 4 *en repoussé* is more of metal work; *gaufre* is more of leather and cloth. 5 = 'the combination of all that constituted a lovely creature....' 6 *le coup d'œil*. 7 = 'of which we spoke.' 8 = 'an ostrich plume.' 9 *une broche*. 10 In order to avoid ambiguity we may turn by: 'This ornament was the object of sarcasm and raillery... but it was secretly envied by....'

LXIX.*** BEATRIX ESMOND.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height, and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty that his eyes might well show surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible: and that night the great Duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment)

at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty: that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dark: her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic—there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Esmond*.

LXX.* MR SKIMPOLE.

When we went¹ downstairs, we were presented to Mr Skimpole, who was standing² before the fire, telling Richard how fond he used to be, in his school-time, of football³. He was a little bright creature, with a⁴ rather⁵ large head; but a delicate face, and a sweet voice, and there was a perfect charm in him. All he said was so free from effort and spontaneous, and was said with such a captivating gaiety, that it was fascinating to hear him talk. Being of a more slender figure than Mr Jarndyce, and having a richer complexion, with browner hair, he looked younger. Indeed, he had more the appearance, in all respects, of a damaged⁶ young man, than a well-preserved elderly one. There was an easy negligence in his manner, and even in his dress (his hair carelessly disposed, and his neck-kerchief loose and flowing, as I have seen artists paint their own portraits), which I could not separate from the idea of a romantic⁷ youth who had

undergone some unique process of depreciation⁸. It struck me as being not at all like the manner or appearance of a man who had advanced in life by the usual road of years, cares, and experiences⁹.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Bleak House*.

1 Tense? 2 *être* or *se tenir debout*. 3 *football* (m.). 4 Om.t the preposition and use the definite article. 5 *un peu* rather than *assez*. 6 *décati* contains the same idea of 'shop-soiled.' 7 See p. 22. 8 *usure* (f.). 9 Singular; the plural would mean rather 'experiments.'

LXXI.** DR JOHNSON.

His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulency. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that evil, which, it was formerly imagined, the royal touch could cure.

He was now in his sixty-fourth year: he was become a little dull of hearing. His sight had always been somewhat weak; yet so much does mind govern and even supply the deficiency of organs that his perceptions were uncommonly quick and accurate.

His head, and sometimes also his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy: he was frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called St Vitus's dance.

He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings and silver buckles. Upon this tour, when journeying, he wore boots, and a very wide brown cloth greatcoat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio dictionary: and he carried in his hand a large English oak stick.

Let me not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars. Everything relative to so great a man is worth observing.

JAMES BOSWELL, *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*.

LXXII.*** THE METHODIST PREACHER.

Dinah held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood¹ and turned her grey eyes on the people. She stood with her left hand towards the descending sun, and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober² light the delicate colouring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness³, like flowers at evening. It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line⁴ of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting⁵ between smooth locks of pale reddish⁶ hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two, above the brow, by a net Quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same colour as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred⁷ or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers with light touches of colour on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl⁸, no light sneer⁸ could help melting away before their glance.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

1 The context shows that 'stood' here='stopped.' 2 *tempérite* would keep the metaphor; or *discret*. 3 *éclat* (m.). 4 One might say 'with lines pure as those of an egg.' 5 Meaning? 'The parting' is *la raie*. 6 *roux clair*. 7 *ébauché, indéfini*. 8 It is difficult to get nouns to express these. One way of avoiding the difficulty is to substitute the feelings shown by the expression *e.g. soupçon* (m.), *ironie* (f.).

LXXIII.** THE RED PRINCE.

It was barely four o'clock when the 'Red Prince' came galloping up the narrow hill road from Gorze, the powerful bay he rode all foam and sweat, sobbing with the swift

exertion up the steep ascent, yet pressed ruthlessly with the spur, staff and escort panting several horse-lengths in rear of the impetuous foremost horseman. On and up he sped, craning forward over the saddle-bow to save his horse, but the attitude suggesting the impression that he burned to project himself faster than the beast could cover the ground. No wolfskin, but the red tunic of the Zieter Hussars, clad the compact torso; but the straining man's face wore the aspect one associates with that of the berserker. The blood-shot eyes had in them a sullen lurid gleam of bloodthirst. The fierce sun and the long gallop had flushed the face a deep red, and the veins of the throat stood out. Recalling through the years the memory of that visage with the lowering brow, the fierce eyes, and the strong-set jaw, one can understand how to this day the mothers in the French villages invoke the terrors of 'Le Prince Rouge' as the English peasants of old used the name of the Black Douglas to awe their children wherewithal into panic-stricken silence.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

LXXIV.*** JOHN LACKLAND.

Lackland¹, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter² of a fortnight, in St Edmundsbury Convent; daily in the very eyesight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin: O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked³ he, lived he,—at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on? Jocelin is obstinately⁴ silent. Jocelin marks down what interests *him*; entirely deaf to *us*. With Jocelin's eyes we discern almost nothing of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with⁵ our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most: A blustering, dissipated human figure⁶, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage⁷ and fringing; amid numerous other human figures of the like; riding abroad with hawks; talking noisy⁸ nonsense; tearing out the bowels of St Edmundsbury

Convent (its larders namely and cellars) in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger⁹ there. Jocelin notes only, with a slight subacidity¹⁰ of manner, that the King's Majesty, *Dominus Rex*, did leave, as gift for our St Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk cloak,—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and *we* never got sight of it again; and, on the whole, that the *Dominus Rex*, at departing, gave us thirteen sterlingii, one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him¹¹; and so departed—like a shabby Lackland as he was! 'Thirteen pence sterling,' this was what the Convent got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our mass for him¹², having covenanted to do it,—but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervour!

CARLYLE, *Jocelin of Brakelond*, in *Past and Present*.

1 *Jean Sans Terre*. 2 *environ*. 3 See p. 21. 4 Use *s'obstiner*. 5 *à l'aide de*. 6 *silhouette* (f.). 7 Use, e.g., *plumes* (f. pl.) and *franges* (f. pl.). 8 Render by the adverb. 9 Use *râtelier* (m.). 10 Work in *aigre-doux*. 11 *pour se faire dire une messe*. 12 *à son intention*.

LXXV.*** CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

In 1831, she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—'stunted' was the word she applied to herself—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick, brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well shaped; their colour a reddish brown; but if the iris was closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed

behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill-set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance over-balanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all those whom she herself would have cared to attract.

Mrs GASKELL, *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

III. NARRATIVE

LXXVI.* BAD NEWS.

But now Lisbeth heard the heavy 'thud¹' of a running footstep on the turf, and, turning quickly towards the door, she saw Adam enter², looking³ so pale and overwhelmed that she screamed aloud and rushed towards him before⁴ he had time to speak.

"Hush, mother," Adam said, rather hoarsely, "don't be frightened. Father's⁵ tumbled into⁶ the water. Belike we may bring him round again. Seth and me are going to carry him in. Get a blanket and make it hot at the fire."

In reality Adam was convinced that his father was dead, but he knew there was no other⁷ way of repressing his mother's impetuous wailing grief than by occupying her with some active task which had⁸ hope in it.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

1 French is comparatively poor in words denoting varieties of sound. We are often compelled to translate the English onomatopœic by some more general term such as *bruit*. 2 Order? 3 'to look' can often be translated by *avoir l'air*. See p. 21. 4 What construction follows the conjunction *avant que*? 5 '*le père*' is regularly used in the family circle. 6 Preposition? 7 You may keep the construction or turn by 'the only way.' 8 Tense?

LXXVII.* THE BURGLAR'S APPRENTICE.

For a long time Oliver lay awake, thinking it not impossible that Nancy might seek that opportunity of whispering some further advice; but the girl sat brooding over the fire without moving; save now and then to trim the light. Weary with watching and anxiety, he at length fell asleep.

When he awoke, the table was covered with tea things, and Sikes was thrusting various articles into the pockets of his greatcoat, which hung over the back of a chair, while Nancy was busily engaged in preparing breakfast. It was not yet daylight, for the candle was still burning and it was quite dark outside. A sharp rain, too, was beating against the window-panes, and the sky looked black and cloudy.

"Now then!" growled Sikes, as Oliver started up, "half-past five! Look sharp or you'll get no breakfast, for it's late as it is."

Oliver was not long in making his toilet, and having taken some breakfast, replied to a surly inquiry from Sikes by saying that he was quite ready.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Oliver Twist*.

LXXVIII.* MAGGIE IN THE GYPSY CAMP.

Maggie began¹ to think that Tom must be right about the gypsies—they must certainly be thieves, unless the man meant to return her thimble by-and-bye. She would willingly have given it to him, for she was not at all attached² to her thimble; but the idea that she was among thieves prevented her from feeling any comfort in the revival of deference and attention towards her—all thieves, except Robin Hood, were wicked people. The women saw she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman, in her coaxing tone. "And she's so hungry, sweet little lady."

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew³ on a brown dish with⁴ an iron spoon to Maggie, who, remembering that the old woman had seemed angry with her for not liking the bread-and-bacon⁵, dared not refuse the stew, though fear had chased away her appetite.

GEORGE ELIOT, *The Mill on the Floss*.

1 Tense? 2 Use the idiom with *tenir*. 3 *étuvée* (f.). 4 Is this
'with' to be translated by *à*? 5 *lard* (m.).

LXXIX.* THE BURGLAR'S RETURN.

Fagin sat without changing his attitude in the least, or appearing to take the smallest heed of time, until his quick ear seemed to be attracted by a footstep in the street.

"At last," muttered the Jew, wiping his dry and fevered mouth. "At last!"

The bell rang gently as he spoke. He crept up stairs to the door, and presently returned accompanied by a man muffled to the chin, who carried a bundle under one arm. Sitting down and throwing back his outer coat, the man displayed the burly frame of Sikes.

"There!" he said, laying the bundle on the table. "Take care of that, and do the most you can with it. It's been trouble enough to get; I thought I should have been here three hours ago."

Fagin laid his hand upon the bundle, and locking it in the cupboard, sat down again without speaking. But he did not take his eyes off the robber for an instant during this action, and now that they sat over against each other, face to face, he looked fixedly at him, with his lips quivering so violently, and his face so altered by the emotions which had mastered him, that the housebreaker involuntarily drew back his chair and surveyed him with a look of real affright.

"Wot now?" cried Sikes. "Wot do you look at a man so for?"

The Jew raised his right hand and shook his trembling forefinger in the air, but his passion was so great that the power of speech was for the moment gone.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Oliver Twist*.

LXXX. THE BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

Along the crowded¹ path² they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it, whose³ day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred⁴ among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling changing light would fall upon her grave⁵.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

- 1 Use a phrase. There is no satisfactory adjective. 2 *allée*
would be the most accurate translation, but it is better to use *sentier*.
Why? 3 What is the antecedent of 'whose'? See p. 34, § 9, 4
4 Tense? 5 See p. 20.

LXXXI.* THE CAMP IN THE COMB.

When I awoke in the morning, the birds were singing, the sun was already high, and the air was warm, though there was a fresh breeze blowing. The warmth and sweetness

filled my soul and I sat up with joy, until suddenly I remembered why we were here, and who were here with me. Then my heart sank like a lump of lead in water. I looked around. My father lay just as he had been lying all the day before, motionless, white of cheek, and as one dead, save for the slight motion of his chest and the twitching of his nostril. As I looked at him in the clear morning light, it was borne in upon me very strongly that he was indeed dead, inasmuch as his soul seemed to have fled. He saw nothing, he felt nothing. If the flies crawled over his eyelids, he made no sign of disturbance; yet he breathed, and from time to time he murmured—but as one that dreameth. Beside him lay my mother sleeping, worn out by the fatigues of the night. Barnaby had spread his coat to cover her so that she should not take cold, and he had piled a little heap of dead leaves to make her a pillow. He was lying at her feet, head on arm, sleeping heavily. What should be done, I wondered, when next he woke?

Sir WALTER BESANT, *For Faith and Freedom*.

LXXXII.** A MIDNIGHT STROLL.

The life I was leading made me both hardy¹ and frugal. I never drank but water, and rarely ate anything more costly than oatmeal²; and I required so little sleep, that, although I arose with the peep³ of day, I would⁴ often lie long awake in the dark or starry watches of the night. Thus in Graden Sea-Wood, although I fell thankfully asleep by eight in the evening, I was awake again before eleven with a full possession of my faculties, and no sense of drowsiness or fatigue. I rose and sat by the fire, watching the trees and clouds tumultuously tossing and fleeing overhead⁵, and hearkening to the wind and the rollers along the shore; till at length, growing weary of inaction, I quitted the den⁶, and strolled towards the borders of the wood. A young moon, buried in mist, gave a faint illumination⁷ to my steps; and the light grew brighter as I walked forth into the links⁸. At the same moment, the wind,

smelling⁹ salt of the open ocean and carrying particles¹⁰ of sand, struck me with its full force, so that I had to bow my head.

R. L. STEVENSON, *The New Arabian Nights*.

N.B. Be very careful with the Tenses in translating this passage.
 1 *hardi*=‘bold, adyenturous.’ Is this the meaning of ‘hardy’ here?
 2 *gruau* (m.) *d’avoine*. 3 *poindre*, ‘to break’ of the day; *le point du jour*, ‘the peep of day.’ 4 See p. 31. 5 Analyse this phrase and rearrange before translating. 6 *la combe, le ravin, le vallon*.
 7 Use the verb *éclairer*. 8 *la lande* (‘golf-links,’ *le terrain de golf* or simply *le golf*; cp. *un tennis*, ‘a tennis-court’). 9 *sentir la mer* is fairly common; cp. note 7 to No. II. 10 *grains* (m.).

LXXXIII.** THE REDCOATS’ CAMP.

I dare say it would be nine in the morning when I was roughly awakened, and found Alan’s hand pressed upon my mouth.

“Wheest!” he whispered. “Ye were snoring.”

“Well,” said I, surprised at his anxious and dark face, “and why not?”

He peered over the edge of the rock, and signed to me to do the like.

It was now high day, cloudless, and very hot. The valley was as clear as in a picture. About half a mile up the water was a camp of redcoats; a big fire blazed in their midst, at which some were cooking; and near by, on the top of a rock about as high as ours, there stood a sentry, with the sun sparkling on his arms. All the way down along the riverside were posted other sentries; here near together, there widelier scattered; some planted like the first, on places of command, some on the ground level, and marching and countermarching, so as to meet halfway. Higher up the glen, where the ground was more open, the chain of posts was continued by horse-soldiers, whom we could see in the distance riding to and fro. Lower down, the infantry continued; but as the stream was

suddenly swelled by the confluence of a considerable burn, they were more widely set, and only watched the fords and stepping-stones.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Kidnapped*.

LXXXIV.* LOUIS XI AND OLIVIER LE DAIM.

When the favourite attendant entered the Gallery of Roland, he found the King pensively¹ seated upon the chair which his daughter had left some minutes before. Well acquainted with his temper, he glided on² with his noiseless step until he had just crossed the line of the King's sight, so as to³ make him aware of his presence, then shrank modestly backward and out of sight, until⁴ he should be summoned to speak or to listen. The Monarch's first address was an unpleasant one: "So, Oliver, your fine schemes are melting like snow before the south wind! I pray to⁵ our Lady of Embrun that they resemble not the ice-heaps of which the Switzer churls⁶ tell such stories, and⁷ come rushing down upon our heads."

"I have heard with concern that all is not well, Sire," answered Oliver.

"Not well!" exclaimed the King, rising and hastily marching up and down⁸ the gallery,—“All is ill, man—and as ill nearly as possible;—so much for⁹ thy fond romantic advice, that I, of¹⁰ all men, should become a protector of distressed damsels! I tell thee Burgundy is arming, and on the eve of closing an alliance with England.”

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Quentin Durward*.

1 Use adjective rather than adverb. 2 See p. 29. 3 *de manière* à.... 4 Supply 'to wait': conjunction? 5 *prier* takes the direct object of the person addressed. 6 *les gars* might stand. 7 Make the construction clear. 8 *arpenter* will suit the context. 9 The simplest way to translate is by some such expression as *tel est l'effet*....
10 *entre*.

LXXXV. AN AMBUSCADE.

The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Captain Thornton, the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dougal, forgotten in the scuffle, wisely crept into the thicket which overhung that part of the road where we had first halted, which he ascended with the activity of a wild cat. I followed his example, instinctively recollecting that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. I clambered until out of breath; for a continued spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled fusees of the grenades and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the huzzas of the soldiers and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists, formed a contrast which added—I do not shame to own it—wings to my desire to reach a place of safety. The difficulties of the ascent soon increased so much, that I despaired of reaching Dougal, who seemed to swing himself from rock to rock, and stump to stump, with the facility of a squirrel, and I turned down my eyes to see what had become of my other companions.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Rob Roy*.

LXXXVI. ON BIDEFORD QUAY, 1575.

One bright summer's afternoon, in¹ the year of grace 1575, a tall and fair boy² came lingering along Bideford quay, in his scholar's gown, with satchel and slate in hand, watching wistfully the shipping and the sailors, till³, just after he had passed the bottom⁴ of the High Street, he came opposite to one of the many taverns which looked⁵ out upon the river. In the open bay window⁶ sat merchants and gentlemen⁷, discoursing over their afternoon's draught of sack⁸; and outside the door was gathered a group of sailors, listening earnestly to some one who stood⁹ in the midst. The boy, all alive¹⁰ for

any sea-news, must needs go up to them, and take his place among the sailor-lads who were peeping and whispering under the elbows of the men ; and so came in for¹¹ the following speech, delivered¹² in a loud bold voice, with a strong Devonshire accent, and a fair sprinkling of oaths¹³.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho !*

- 1 Preposition? 2 See p. 18. 3 Should *jusqu'à ce que* be used, or would it be better to start a new sentence? 4 *le bas* or *le bout*.
 5 Is there an idiomatic French equivalent for 'look,' said of a window?
 6 *fenêtre en saillie*. 7 *bourgeois* or *gentilshommes* or *messieurs*?
 8 What is 'sack'? Etymology? 9 *était (se tenait) debout, se trouvait*.
 10 *à l'affût de...* 11 *juste à temps pour entendre...* 12 *débité* or *prononcé*?
 13 Use *à grand renfort de*: or, closer to the English, *parsemer*.

LXXXVII.** CHRISTMAS NIGHT ON THE RAMPARTS.

The two stumbled away into the darkness, leaving Amyas to stride up and down as before, puzzling his brains over Raleigh's wild words and Spenser's melancholy, till he came to the conclusion that there was some mysterious connection between cleverness and unhappiness, and thanking his stars that he was neither scholar, courtier, nor poet, said grace over his lump of horseflesh when it arrived, devoured it as if it had been venison, and then returned to his pacing up and down, but this time in silence, for the night was drawing on, and there was no need to tell the Spaniards that any one was awake and watching.

So he began to think about his mother, and how she might be spending her Christmas; and then about Frank, and wondered at what grand Court festival he was assisting, amid bright lights and sweet music and gay ladies, and how he was dressed, and whether he thought of his brother there far away on the dark Atlantic shore; and then he said his prayers and his creed; and then he tried not to think of Rose Salterne, and of course thought about her all the more.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho !*

LXXXVIII.** NIGHT IN A STRANGE TOWN.

It was¹ September 1429; the weather had fallen sharp², a flighty piping wind, laden with showers, beat about³ the township⁴: and the dead leaves ran riot⁵ along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms⁶ making merry over supper within, came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire-top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—⁷a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous leaden chaos of the sky. As⁸ the night fell the wind rose, and began to hoot⁹ under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley⁹ below the town.

R. L. STEVENSON, *The New Arabian Nights*.

1 Supply 'in.' 2 Meaning? 3 *bourg* (m.). 4 *danse une folle sarabande*, used of leaves in this way, keeps the personal note in 'ran riot.' 5 *gens* or *hommes d'armes*. 6 Better begin a new sentence. 7 = 'In proportion as,' *à mesure que....* 8 The technical word used of the owl is *hululer*, but a more general word like *gémir* or *crier* might stand. 9 Supply 'which stretched.'

LXXXIX.** NIGHT IN A STRANGE TOWN (*continued*).

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-bye upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire.

R. L. STEVENSON, *The New Arabian Nights*.

XC.** A NIGHT ALARM.

Ere Morton could recover from the alarm into which this proposal had thrown him, a third speaker rejoined, "I cannot think it at all necessary; Milnwood is an infirm, hypochondriac¹ old man, who never meddles² with politics, and loves his money-bags³ and bonds⁴ better than anything else in the world. His nephew, I hear, was at the wappen-schaw⁵ to-day, and gained the popinjay⁶, which does not look like⁷ a fanatic. I should think they are all gone to bed long since, and an alarm at this time of night might kill the poor old man."

"Well," rejoined the leader, "if that be so, to search the house would be lost time, of which we have but little to throw away⁸. Gentlemen of the Life-guards, forward—March!"

A few notes on the trumpet mingled with the occasional boom of the kettle-drum⁹, to mark the cadence, joined with the tramp of hoofs and the clash of arms, announced that the troop had resumed its march. The moon broke out as the leading files of the column attained a hill up which the road winded, and showed indistinctly the glittering of the steel caps; and the dark figures of the horses and riders might be imperfectly traced through the gloom. They continued¹⁰ to advance up the hill, and sweep over the top of it in such long succession as intimated a considerable numerical force.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Old Mortality*.

1 *hypocondre*. 2 *se mêler de*. 3 In such a case 'money' = *écus* rather than *argent*. 4 A general term like *titres* might stand. 5 *la montre* is the technical term, but a more modern expression like *un concours de tir* is near enough to the meaning. 6 *le papegai*: cp. *Celui qui abat le papegai, remporte le prix* (*Dict. Acad.*). 7 *sentir* could be used neatly and idiomatically. 8 The English is not quite logical. Do not translate literally. 9 *la timbale*. 10 Followed by *à* or *de*?

XCI.* THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

A detachment of troops was marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant, with eleven men, chanced to become separated from

the rest by taking the wrong side of a ravine, which they expected soon to terminate, but which suddenly deepened into an impassable chasm. The officer in command signalled to the party an order to return. They mistook the signal for a command to charge; the brave fellows answered with a cheer and charged. At the summit of the steep mountain was a triangular platform, defended by a breastwork, behind which were seventy of the foe. On they went, charging up one of those fearful paths, eleven against seventy. The contest could not long be doubtful with such odds. One after another they fell: six upon the spot, the remainder hurled backwards; but not until they had slain nearly twice their own number. There is a custom, we are told, amongst the hills-men, that when a great chieftain of their own falls in battle, his wrist is bound with a thread either of red or green, the red denoting the highest rank. According to custom, they stripped the dead, and threw their bodies over the precipice. When their comrades came, they found their corpses stark and gashed; but round both wrists of every British hero was twined the red thread!

F. W. ROBERTSON, *Poetry and War*.

XCII.* A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER.

The more¹ I thought of² what the old man had said, and of his looks and bearing, the less³ I could account for what I had seen and heard. I had a strong misgiving⁴ that his nightly⁵ absence was for no good purpose. I had only⁶ come to know the fact through the innocence of the child; and though the old man was by at the time, and⁷ saw my undisguised surprise, he had preserved a strange mystery⁸ on the subject and offered no word of explanation. These reflections naturally recalled⁹ again, more strongly than before, his haggard face, his wandering manner, his restless anxious looks. His¹⁰ affection for the child might not be inconsistent¹¹ with villainy of the worst kind; even¹² that very¹³ affection was, in itself¹⁴, an extraordinary contradiction, or how could he leave

her thus? Disposed as I was to think badly of² him, I never doubted¹¹ that his love for her was real. I could not admit¹² the thought, remembering⁸ what had passed between us, and the tone of voice in¹³ which he had called her by her name.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Old Curiosity Shop*.

- 1 Cp. e.g. *Moins on a déjeuné, plus on désire dîner* (O. Feuillet).
 2 Contrast (i) *à qui pensez-vous ? à quoi pensez-vous* and (ii) *que pensez-vous de lui ?* 3 *se douter bien* = 'to suspect strongly.' Construct as a verb of thinking, e.g. *croire*. 4 *nocturne* is possible: or use *la nuit* (adverbially). 5 Is 'only' in its proper place here? In French the *que* of *ne...que* must always be placed where the English 'only' ought to be, e.g. 'I have *only* three,' *je n'en ai que trois*. 6 Remember to insert the conjunction. 7 We can say *faire mystère*, but *garder silence* is safer. 8 See REMEMBER, p. 22. 9 You can use *exclude* negatively or *se rencontrer avec*. 10 Use *même* once only. 11 *douter* negative takes *ne* with the Subjunctive where there is no negative in English, e.g. *on ne pouvait douter que la fin du vieillard ne fût proche* (O. Feuillet). 12 *admettre* will hardly stand. It means rather 'to admit the truth' of something. Turn by 'I immediately pushed away the thought.' 13 Remember that 'in a tone' is in French *d'un ton*.

XCIII.* IN LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

"Look from that window, Roland," said the Queen; "see you amongst the several lights which begin to kindle, and to glimmer palely through the grey of the evening from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say, one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer it seems to the verge of the water? It is no brighter at this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven. By that signal, I know that more than one true heart is plotting my deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives me, I had long since stooped to my fate and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, my hope lives. Oh! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that

blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled, and, like the lights of Saint Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!"

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *The Abbot*.

XCIV.* THE SWIMMER'S FLIGHT.

The little ship, the¹ object of the children's delighted attention, had stuck among some tufts of the plant² which bears the water-lily, that marked a shoal³ in the lake about an arrow-flight⁴ from the shore. A hardy little boy, who had taken the lead in the race round the margin of the lake, did not hesitate a moment to strip off his *wylie-coat*⁵, plunge into the water, and swim towards the object of their common solicitude. The first movement of the Lady was to call for help; but she observed that the boy swam strongly and fearlessly, and as she saw that one or two villagers, who were distant spectators of the incident, seemed to give themselves no uneasiness on his account, she supposed that he was accustomed to the exercise, and that there was no danger. But whether⁶, in swimming, the boy had struck his breast against a sunken rock, or whether he was suddenly taken with cramp, or whether he had over-calculated his own strength, it so happened, that when he had disembarrassed the little plaything from the flags⁷ in which it was entangled, and sent it forward on its course, he had scarce swam a few yards in his way to the shore, than he raised himself suddenly from the water, and screamed aloud, clapping his hands⁸ at the same time with an expression of fear and pain.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *The Abbot*.

1 In such cases of Apposition, French regularly omits the article.

2 Use *le nénuphar* for the whole phrase.

3 *haut-fond* (m.).

4 *portée* (f.); do not forget to insert the preposition='away.'

5 *un gilet de flanelle*.

6 *soit que*+Subjunctive.

7 *le glaieul* or *l'iris* (m.).

8 *battre des mains*='to clap one's hands,' but the phrase would be inappropriate here as it suggests joy.

Parallel Passage: Octave Feuillet, *Le Roman d'un jeune Homme pauvre*, 30 juillet (pp. 131-5 in Dent's edition, *Les classiques français*).

XCV.** THE WONDERFUL HORN.

And the horn was passed from hand to hand; while Oxenham, who saw that his hearers were becoming moved, called through the open window for a great tankard of sack, and passed that from hand to hand, after the horn.

The school-boy, who had been devouring with eyes and ears all which passed, and had contrived by this time to edge himself into the inner ring, now stood face to face with the hero of the emerald crest, and got as many peeps as he could at the wonder. But when he saw the sailors, one after another, having turned it over a while, come forward and offer to join Mr Oxenham, his soul burned within him for a nearer view of that wondrous horn, as magical in its effects as that of Tristrem, or the enchanter's in Ariosto; and when the group had somewhat broken up, and Oxenham was going into the tavern with his recruits, he asked boldly for a nearer sight of the marvel, which was granted at once.

And now to his astonished gaze displayed themselves cities and harbours, dragons and elephants, whales which fought with sharks, plate ships of Spain, islands with apes and palm-trees, each with its name over-written, and here and there, "Here is gold"; and again, "Much gold and silver"; inserted most probably, as the words were in English, by the hands of Mr Oxenham himself. Lingeringly and longingly the boy turned it round and round, and thought the owner of it more fortunate than Khan or Kaiser. Oh, if he could but possess that horn, what needed he on earth beside to make him blest!

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho!*

XCVI.* DOBBIN MEETS MR OSBORNE.

A minute¹ afterwards, a horse came clattering² over the pavement behind Osborne's carriage, and Dobbin rode³ up. His thoughts had been⁴ elsewhere as the carriages passed⁴ each other, and it was⁴ not until he had ridden some paces forward

that he remembered⁴ it was Osborne who had just passed him. Then he turned⁴ to examine if the sight of her father-in-law had made any impression on Amelia, but the poor girl⁵ did not know who had passed. Then William, who daily used to accompany her in her drives⁶, taking out his watch, made⁴ some excuse about an engagement which he suddenly recollected⁴, and so rode⁴ off⁷. She did not remark⁴ that either⁸: but sat⁹ looking before her, over the homely¹⁰ landscape towards the woods in the distance, by which George had marched away¹¹.

"Mr Osborne, Mr Osborne!" cried Dobbin, as he rode up and held out his hand¹². Osborne made no motion to take it, but shouted out once more and with another curse to his servant to drive on.

Dobbin laid his hand on the carriage side¹³. "I will¹⁴ see you, sir," he said. "I have a message for you."

W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*.

- 1 French would use *instant* (m.) or *moment* (m.) rather than *minute* (f.).
 2 Turn by e.g. 'the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard....' 3 'ride' is sometimes *monter à cheval*, sometimes *aller à cheval*. Is there any necessity for the *à cheval* here? 4 Tense? 5 *jeune fille* cannot be used of a married woman or widow. Use *jeune femme*. 6 *une promenade en voiture*. 7 There is no reason to lay stress upon the fact that he was on horseback. We know that already. 8 *non plus*. 9 = 'remained sitting.' 10 There is no exact equivalent. 11 Turn by e.g. 'had gone away to the war.' 12 = 'his hand outstretched.' 13 = 'the door,' *la portière*. 14 Is this the Future auxiliary? Cp. WOULD, p. 31.

XCVII.** MAJOR PENDENNIS HEARS OF ARTHUR'S ILLNESS.

The Major then asked, had his nephew taken any advice? Morgan said he had asked that question, and had been told that Mr Pendennis had had no doctor.

Morgan's master was sincerely vexed at hearing of Arthur's calamity. He would have gone to him, but what good could it do Arthur that he, the Major, should catch a fever? His

own ailments rendered it absolutely impossible that he should attend to anybody but himself. But the young man must have advice—the best advice; and Morgan was straightway despatched with a note from Major Pendennis to his friend Doctor Goodenough, who by good luck happened to be in London and at home, and who quitted his dinner instantly, and whose carriage was, in half an hour, in Upper Temple Lane, near Pen's chambers.

The Major had asked the kind-hearted physician to bring him news of his nephew at the Club where he himself was dining, and in the course of the night the Doctor made his appearance. The affair was very serious: the patient was in a high fever: he had had Pen bled instantly: and would see him the first thing in the morning. The Major went disconsolate to bed with this unfortunate news. When Goodenough came to see him according to his promise the next day, the Doctor had to listen for a quarter of an hour to an account of the Major's own maladies, before the latter had leisure to hear about Arthur.

W M. THACKERAY, *Pendennis*.

XCVIII.** A SELF-MADE MAN.

The freshness¹ of the air, the smoke rising thin and far above the red chimneys, the sunshine glistening on the roofs and gables, the rosy clearness of everything beneath the dawn²—above all, the quietness and peace—made³ Barbie, usually so poor to see, a very pleasant place to look down at on a summer morning⁴. At this hour there was an unfamiliar delicacy⁵ in the familiar scene⁶, a freshness⁵ and purity⁵ of aspect—almost an unearthliness⁵—as though you viewed it through a crystal dream. But it was not the beauty of the hour⁷ that kept Gourlay musing at his gate⁸. He was dead to the fairness of the scene⁶, even while the fact of its presence there before him wove most subtly⁹ with his mood. He smoked in silent enjoyment because on a morning⁴ such as this everything he saw was a delicate flattery to his pride.

At the beginning of a new day, to look down on the petty burgh in which he was the greatest man filled all his being with a consciousness of importance. His sense of prosperity was soothing and pervasive; he felt it all round him like the pleasant air, as real as that and as subtle⁹; bathing him, caressing. It was the most secret and intimate joy of his life to go out and smoke on summer mornings⁴ by his big gate, musing over Barbie ere¹⁰ he possessed it with his merchandise.

GEORGE DOUGLAS [BROWN], *The House with the Green Shutters.*

1 *la fraîcheur* would mean rather 'the coolness,' say *l'air vij.*
 2 See p. 19. 3 In such a construction *faire* requires *de*='made of Barbie.'
 4 See p. 21. 5 These abstract nouns may be turned by *quelque chose de*+adjective, e.g. *quelque chose de fêrrique.* 6 See p. 23.
 7 *heure* or *moment*? 8 *la grille.* 9 *subtil* is not the word required. 10 *avant de*+Infin. or *avant que*+Subjunctive?

XCIX.** THE CONVICT'S PROTÉGÉ.

I doubt if a ghost could have been more terrible to me, up in those lonely rooms in the long evenings and long nights, with the wind and the rain always rushing by. A ghost could not have been taken and hanged on my account, and the consideration that he could be, and the dread that he would be, were no small addition to my horrors. When he was not asleep, or playing a complicated kind of Patience with a ragged pack of cards of his own—a game that I never saw before or since, and in which he recorded his winnings by sticking his jack-knife into the table—when he was not engaged in either of these pursuits, he would ask me to read to him—"Foreign language, dear boy!" While I complied, he, not comprehending a single word, would stand before the fire surveying me with the air of an Exhibitor, and I would see him, between the fingers of the hand with which I shaded my face, appealing in dumb show to the furniture to take notice of my proficiency. The imaginary student pursued by the misshapen creature he had impiously made, was not more

wretched than I, pursued by the creature who had made me, and recoiling from him with a stronger repulsion, the more he admired me, and the fonder he was of me.

CHARLES DICKENS, *Great Expectations*.

C.*** A CHANCE MEETING.

Now, the chance¹ that works for certain purposes² sent a smart shower from the sinking sun³, and the wet sent two strangers for shelter in the lane⁴ behind the hedge where the boys reclined. One was a travelling tinker, who lit a pipe and spread a tawny umbrella. The other was a burly young countryman, pipeless and tentless. They saluted with a nod⁵, and began recounting for each other's benefit the day-long doings of the weather, as it had affected their individual experience and followed their prophecies⁶. Both had anticipated and foretold a bit of rain before night, and therefore both welcomed the wet with satisfaction. A monotonous between-whiles⁷ kind of talk they kept droning, in harmony with the still hum of the air⁸. From the weather theme⁹ they fell upon the blessings of tobacco; how it was the poor man's friend, his company, his consolation, his comfort, his refuge at night, his first thought in the morning.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*.

- 1 *la chance* means 'luck' rather than 'chance.' Use *le hasard*.
 2 *fin* (f.) = 'purpose,' 'end.' 3 One French word will translate the 'sinking sun.'
 4 *la ruelle* suggests a lane between houses; here translate by *le sentier*, *la sente*. 5 *un signe de tête*. 6 *prédications* (f.); *prophéties* (f.) is too solemn a word for the context. 7 Work in *à bâtons rompus*. 8 French would more naturally speak of the 'hum' of the rain. 9 Do not translate 'theme'; make the sense clear.

CI.** MATILDA'S WEDDING.

"The abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey-church of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnise the nuptials of

the beautiful Matilda with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherywood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout-stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel, but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridemaids were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover, but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honour and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill; and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding"; but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions, for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

T. L. PEACOCK, *Maid Marian*.

CII. PARTING.

They had passed from among the fir-trees¹, and had now come to a green hollow almost surrounded by an amphitheatre² of the pale pink³ dog-roses. But as the light about them had brightened, Maggie's face had lost its glow⁴. She stood still when they were in the hollow, and looking at Philip again, she said in a serious, sad voice—

"I wish we could have been friends—I mean, if it would have been good and right for us. But that is the trial I have to bear in everything: I may not keep anything I used to love when I was little. The old books went⁵; and Tom is different—and my father⁶. It is like death. I must part

with everything I cared for when I was a child. And I must part with you: we must never take any notice of each other again. That was what I wanted to speak to you for. I wanted to let you know that Tom and I can't do as we like about such things, and that if I behave as if I had forgotten all about you, it is not out of envy or pride—or—or any bad feeling.

GEORGE ELIOT, *The Mill on the Floss*.

1 Distinguish *le sapin*='the fir' from *le pin*='the pine.' 2 *cirque* (m.). 3 Compare, e.g., the French for 'dark blue eyes' *les yeux bleu foncé* [= *d'un bleu foncé*]. 4 Use, e.g., *s'assombrir*. 5 What does 'went' mean here? 6 In such a case French often uses the *points de suspension*; see p. 81.

CIII.*** WHOLE-DAY-LEAVES.

To this late hour of my life, I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those *whole-day-leaves*, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out, for the live-long day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to, or none. I remember those bathing-excursions to the New-River, which L. recalls with such relish, better, I think, than he can—for he was a home-seeking lad, and did not much care for such water-pastimes:—How merrily we would sally forth into the fields; and strip under the first warmth of the sun; and wanton like young dace in the streams; getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were pennyless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying—while the cattle, and the birds, and the fishes, were at feed about us, and we had nothing to satisfy our cravings—the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty, setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return, towards nightfall, to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant, that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired!

CHARLES LAMB, *Christ's Hospital* in *Essays of Elia*.

CIV.**** "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Mrs Pagnell soon perceived that the secretary was in favour¹. My lord² and this Mr Weyburn had their pet themes of conversation, upon which the wary aunt of her niece did not gaze like the wintry sun³ with the distant smile her niece displayed⁴ over discussions concerning military biographies, Hannibal's use of his elephants and his Numidian horse⁵, the Little St Bernard, modern artillery, ancient slingers, English and Genoese bowmen, Napoleon's tactics⁶ and English officers' neglect of sword exercise, and the 'devil of a day' Old England is to have on a day to come. My lord connected our day of trial with India. Mrs Pagnell assumed an air of studious interest; she struck in to give her niece a lead, that Lord Ormont might know his countess capable of joining the driest of subjects occupying exalted minds. Aminta did not follow her; and she was extricated gallantly by the gentlemen in turn⁷.

The secretary behaved with a pretty civility. Aminta shook herself to think tolerantly of him when he, after listening to the suggestion, put interrogatively, that we should profit by Hannibal's example and train elephants to serve as a special army corps for the perfect security of our priceless Indian Empire, instanced the danger likely to result from their panic fear⁸ of cannon, and forbore to consult Lord Ormont's eye.

Mrs Pagnell knew that she had put her foot into it....

GEORGE MEREDITH, *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*.

N.B. The difficulty is twofold: (1) to decide what is the exact meaning of the English and (2) to find idiomatic equivalents for the expressions or allusions. 1 Use some such phrase as *être bien en cour*. 2 Avoid *Monseigneur*, which is used of Royalty and high ecclesiastical dignitaries; say *Milord*. 3 The meaning is that the niece refrained from talking on subjects which she knew nothing about, and contented herself with smiling, but that her aunt was less cautious. 4 *arborer un sourire* is a similar expression. 5 Meaning? 6 In French, singular, *la tactique*; cp. *la physique*, 'physics.' 7 *à tour de rôle* is the idiomatic expression for 'in turn.' 8 *une terreur panique*.

IV. HISTORICAL

CV. THE PLANTAGENETS AND FRANCE.

Had the Plantagenets, as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. Her princes, her lords, her prelates, would have been men differing in race and language from the artisans and the tillers of the earth. The revenues of her great proprietors would have been spent in festivities and diversions on the banks of the Seine. The noble language of Milton and Burke would have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the use of boors. No man of English extraction would have risen to eminence, except by becoming in speech and habits a Frenchman.

England owes her escape from such calamities to an event which her historians have generally represented as disastrous. Her interest was so directly opposed to the interest of her rulers that she had no hope but in their errors and misfortunes. The talents and even the virtues of her six first French Kings were a curse to her. The follies and vices of the seventh were her salvation.

MACAULAY, *History of England*.

CVI.***THE COMING OF HENGEST AND Horsa.

It was¹ to defend Italy against the Goths that Rome in 410 recalled her legions from Britain². The province, thus left unaided, seems to have fought bravely against its assailants, and once at least to have driven back the Picts to their mountains in a rising³ of despair. But the threat of fresh inroads found Britain torn with civil quarrels which made a united resistance impossible, while its Pictish enemies strengthened themselves by a league with marauders from

Ireland (Scots as they were then called), whose pirate-boats were harrying the western coast of the island, and with a yet more formidable race of pirates who had long been pillaging along the British⁴ Channel. These were the English. We do not know whether it was the pressure of other tribes or the example of their German brethren who were now moving in a general attack on the Empire from their forest homes⁵, or simply the barrenness of their coast, which drove the hunters, farmers, fishermen, of the English tribes to sea.

J. R. GREEN, *Short History of the English People*.

- 1 See p. 41. 2 '*la Bretagne*,' though historically correct, could mean only 'Brittany.' 3 Do not use *insurrection* (f.) = 'a rising against some internal authority' but *soulèvement* (m.). 4 Omit 'British.'
5 Not *maisons forestières* [= 'houses of foresters']. Do you require *maisons* at all?

CVII.* THE COMING OF HENGEST AND Horsa (*continued*).

But the daring spirit of their race already broke out in the secrecy and suddenness of their swoop, in the fierceness of their onset, in the careless glee with which they seized either sword or oar. "Foes are they," sang a Roman poet of the time, "fierce beyond other foes, and cunning as they are fierce; the sea is their school of war, and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that live on the pillage of the world." To meet the league of Pict, Scot, and Saxon by the forces of the province itself became impossible; and the one course left was to imitate the fatal policy by which the Empire had invited its own doom while striving to avert it, the policy of matching barbarian against barbarian. The rulers of Britain resolved to break the league by detaching from it the freebooters who were harrying her eastern coast, and to use their new allies against the Pict. By the usual promises of land and pay, a band of warriors from Jutland were drawn for this purpose in 449 to the shores of Britain, with their chiefs, Hengest and Horsa, at their head.

J. R. GREEN, *Short History of the English People*.

CVIII.** THE EARLY NAVIGATORS.

It is difficult¹ for those of our time, as familiar from childhood with the most remote places on² the globe as with those in their own neighbourhood, to picture to themselves the feelings of the men who lived in³ the sixteenth century. The dread mystery which had so long hung over the great deep had, indeed, been removed. It was no longer beset with the same undefined horrors as when Columbus⁴ launched his bold bark⁵ on its dark and unknown waters. A new and glorious world had been thrown open⁶. But as to the precise spot where that world lay, its extent, its history, whether it were island or continent,—of all this they had very vague and confused conceptions. Many⁷, in their ignorance, blindly accepted the erroneous conclusions into which the great Admiral had been led by his superior science,—that the new countries were a part of Asia; and, as the mariner wandered among the Bahamas, or steered his caravel across the Caribbean seas, he fancied he was inhaling the rich odours of the spice islands⁸ in the Indian Ocean. Thus every fresh discovery, interpreted by⁹ this previous delusion, served to confirm him in his error, or at least to fill his mind with new perplexities.

PRESCOTT, *The Conquest of Mexico*.

1 It would be better to turn thus: 'As familiar from childhood with the most remote places...those of our time have difficulty in...' *Aussi familiarisés avec...ont de la peine à.* 2 Preposition? 3 Cannot 'who lived in' be expressed more shortly in French? 4 See p. 33, § 9, 2. 5 *barque* (f.), *bateau* (m.), *caravelle* (f.); which word best expresses 'bark' here? 6 'Thrown open' to whom? Express this in your rendering. 7 'Many' (of them). 8 *Les Moluques*. 9 *à la lumière de*.

CIX.** THE LEADERS OF THE REFORMATION.

In Germany, in France, in Switzerland, and in Scotland, the contest against the Papal power was essentially a religious contest. In all those countries, indeed, the cause of the Reformation, like every other great cause, attracted to itself many supporters influenced by no conscientious principle.

many who quitted the Established Church only because they thought her in danger, many who were weary of her restraints, and many who were greedy for her spoils. But it was not by these adherents that the separation was there conducted. They were welcome auxiliaries ; their support was too often purchased by unworthy compliances ; but, however exalted in rank or power, they were not the leaders in the enterprise. Men of a widely different description, men who redeemed great infirmities and errors by sincerity, disinterestedness, energy, and courage, men who, with many of the vices of revolutionary chiefs and of polemic divines, united some of the highest qualities of apostles, were the real directors. They might be violent in innovation and scurrilous in controversy....But fear was not in them, nor hypocrisy, nor avarice, nor any petty selfishness.

MACAULAY, *Hallam's Constitutional History*.

CX.** THE CHARGE OF THE FUSILIER BRIGADE AT
ALBUERA.

Such¹ a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's masses, which were increasing and pressing onwards as to an assured victory ; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape² from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed ; Cole and the three colonels, Ellis, Blakeney and Hawkshawe, fell wounded ; and the fusilier battalions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships ; but suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain³ did Soult with voice and gesture animate his Frenchmen ; in vain did the hardiest veterans break from the crowded columns and sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out⁴ on such a fair field ; in vain did the mass itself bear up⁵, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately⁶ upon friends and foes,

while the horsemen hovering⁷ on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry.

Sir W. NAPIER, *History of the Peninsular War*.

1 *tel* is an adjective, e.g. *un tel homme*, 'such a man': *si* is the adverb to use, e.g. *un si grand homme*, 'such a great man.' 2 *mitraille* (f.) is the general term. 3 It is difficult to work in *avoir beau* neatly; *en vain* is simpler. 4 *se déployer*. 5 *soutenir le choc*, or some such phrase. 6 = 'without distinction.' 7 *planer* usually translates 'to hover' but is used chiefly of birds, etc., hovering in the air. Perhaps *manœuvrant* would be the safest word here.

CXI.** THE CHARGE OF THE FUSILIER BRIGADE AT ALBUERA (*continued*).

No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass, breaking off like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep: the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill.

Sir W. NAPIER, *History of the Peninsular War*,

CXII.** A HERO'S DEATH.

One gun on the right was still served by four men who refused to leave it. They seemed to bear charmed¹ lives, these four, as they strained and wrestled with their beloved

15-pounder², amid the spurting sand and the blue wreaths³ of the bursting shells. Then one gasped and fell against the trail⁴, and his comrade sank beside the wheel with his chin upon his breast. The third threw up his hands and pitched forward upon his face; while the survivor, a grim powder-stained figure, stood at attention⁵ looking death in the eyes until he too was struck down. A useless sacrifice, you may say; but while the men who saw them die can tell such a story round the camp⁶ fire the example of such deaths as these does more than clang⁷ of bugle or roll of drum to stir the warrior spirit of our race.

Sir A. CONAN DOYLE, *The Great Boer War*.

- 1 Expand: e.g. 'seemed protected by a charm.' 2 *une pièce de 15*.
 3 There is no exact equivalent; *flocons* (m.) is used of the smoke effect of shells bursting at a distance, or one might work in *tourbillon* or the adjective *spiral*. 4 *affût* (m.). 5 The technical term for 'Attention!' is *Garde à vous!*, and *rester au garde à vous* appears to be in common use in the French Army. 6 Here would rather be *bivouac* (m.).
 7 *la fanfare*.

CXIII.** THE RETIREMENT FROM SPION KOP.

At length, somewhere about 1 a.m., the whispered order came to retire. Like black phantoms the long line of men rose from the ground—all save one or two whom the cold had struck stiff and senseless where they lay, to be hastily picked up and placed on stretchers. Stealthily the companies closed upon their right, and moved off one by one, men's teeth clenched and feet contracted in the soaked chilly boots in a very desperation of attempted silence and secrecy. But the black hill-crest behind remained black, and no blaze of rifle-fire came at the sound of the hundreds of hobnailed boots stumbling over the stones. What a march that was, back over a stony quagmire down to the pontoon! The mud was as slippery as ice and ankle-deep; every second came the clatter of a falling man or a struggling horse, every second a sudden check to the slow-moving column, when rear-ranks would cannon heavily with smothered blasphemy into their

comrades of the rank in front. Here and there a stifled cry would tell of a sprained ankle, and a form would be carried out from the midst of the press to await the arrival of a stretcher. Every hundred yards or so the dark form of a horseman loomed up, motionless as a statue, cloaked and dripping: these were the mounted men distributed along the track to mark its course,—one of the admirable precautions of an admirably conducted retirement.

“LINESMAN,” *Words by an Eyewitness.*

CXIV.* OUR KNOWLEDGE OF INDIA.

We have always thought it¹ strange that, while² the history of the Spanish empire³ in⁴ America is familiarly known to all the nations of Europe, the great actions of our countrymen in the East should, even among⁵ ourselves, excite little interest. Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa. But we doubt⁶ whether one in⁷ ten, even among English gentlemen of highly cultivated minds, can tell who won the Battle of Buxar, or whether Holkar was a Hindoo or a Mussulman....It might have been expected that every Englishman who takes any⁸ interest in any part of history would be curious to know how a handful of his countrymen, separated from their home⁹ by an immense ocean, subjugated, in the course¹⁰ of a few years¹¹, one of the greatest empires in the world. Yet, unless¹² we greatly err, this subject is, to most readers, not only insipid but positively distasteful.

MACAULAY, *Lord Clive.*

1 Is 'it' to be translated? 2 *pendant que* or *tandis que*? See p. 30.
 3 Gender of *empire*? 4 *dans, de* or *en*? 5 *chez* or *parmi*?
 6 *douter que* followed by the Subjunctive is the usual translation of 'to doubt if.' *douter si* is sometimes used like *se demander si* = 'to wonder if,' but it is more prudent to avoid this construction. 7 Preposition?
 8 *tant soit peu* is a useful expression. 9 *chez-soi* or *patrie*? 10 *dans le courant de, au cours de* or *dans l'espace de*? 11 *ans* or *années*? See DAY, p. 19. 12 *à moins que...ne* or *si...ne*?

CXV.** ALARIC AND THE ROMAN AMBASSADORS.

When they were introduced into his presence¹, they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war; and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people, exercised in arms, and animated by despair. "The thicker the hay, the easier it is mowed," was the concise reply of the Barbarian; and this rustic metaphor was accompanied by a loud and insulting laugh, expressive of his contempt for the menaces of an unwarlike populace, enervated by luxury before they were emaciated by famine. He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome; all the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the state or of individuals; all the rich and precious moveables; and all the slaves who could prove their title to the name of Barbarians. The ministers of the Senate presumed to ask, in a modest and suppliant tone, "If such, O king, are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?" "Your lives," replied the haughty conqueror: they trembled and retired.

GIBBON, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

CXVI.* AFTER THE WAR.

Frederic entered¹ Berlin in triumph, after an absence of more than² six years. The streets were brilliantly lighted up; and as he passed along in an open³ carriage, the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings. Yet even in the midst of that gay spectacle, he could not but⁴ perceive everywhere the traces of destruction and decay. The ruin of private fortunes, the distress of all ranks⁵, was such as might appal the firmest mind⁶.

Almost every province had been the seat⁷ of war, and of

war conducted with merciless ferocity. The mere contributions levied by the invaders amounted, it was said, to more than² a hundred millions of dollars; and the value of what they extorted was probably much less⁸ than the value of what they destroyed. The fields lay uncultivated. The very seed corn⁹ had been devoured in the madness of hunger. Famine had swept away the herds and flocks¹⁰; and there was reason to fear that a great pestilence among the human race was¹¹ likely to follow in the train of that tremendous war.

MACAULAY, *Frederic the Great* (adapted).

1 Is *entrer* transitive or intransitive? 2 *de* or *que*? 3 *découvert(e)*. 4 *ne pouvait pas ne pas...* is idiomatic for 'could not but.' 5 Meaning of 'ranks'? 6 *âme* or *esprit*? See p. 21. 7 *le théâtre d'une guerre*; the repetition of the words 'of war' cannot be carried into French. 8 *au-dessous de*. 9 Translate the meaning. 10 There is only one word in French for 'herds' and 'flocks,' namely *troupeaux*; say e.g. *tous les troupeaux, gros et petit bétail*. 11 Construction of a Noun Clause depending on *craindre*?

CXVII.* THE SCOT ABROAD.

There is a passage in the work of Bulaeus concerning the University of Paris, which not only illustrates the wandering habits of the learned of our countrymen at a very early period, but indicates that we have some claim to old University experience. He tells how, in the reign of Charlemagne, two Scots appeared in a town in France, who, standing in the market-place, and having nothing to sell, called out to the passers-by, "Whoever wishes to buy wisdom, let him come to us, for we have it to sell." On hearing of this, the Emperor sent for these vendors of wisdom, and asked them what their terms were. They answered, "A convenient place to teach in,—ingenuous youth to teach,—and that without which our pilgrimage is fruitless, food and raiment for ourselves." The Emperor thought the terms reasonable; and these two men laid the foundation of the University system in Europe.

Lord MONCRIEFF, *Rectorial Address to the Students of Edinburgh University, 1869*

CXVIII.** THE GOVERNMENT OF COLONIES.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest¹, as² it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles' of ocean lie between³ you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect⁴ of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough⁵ to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther⁶." Who are you, that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse⁷ happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it.

BURKE, *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

1 See p. 22. 2 Use a conjunction, which leaves no doubt as to the exact meaning. 3 A verb like *séparer* may be found useful. 4 Translate according to the sense. 5 *suffire*; construction? 6 Reference? 7 Construction? See SOMETHING, p. 30.

CXIX.* OUR TEUTONIC FOREFATHERS.

These northern people were distinguished by tall stature, blue eyes, red hair and beards. They were indefatigable in war, but indolent in sedentary labours. They endured hunger more patiently than thirst, and cold than the heat of the meridian sun. They disdained towns as the refuge of a timorous and the hiding-places of a thievish populace. They burnt them in the countries which they conquered or suffered them to fall into decay; and centuries elapsed before they

surrounded their villages with walls. Their huts, dispersed like those of the Alpine people, were placed on the banks of rivulets, or near fountains, or in woods, or in the midst of fields. Every farm constituted a distinct centre round which the herds of the owner wandered, or where, among agricultural tribes, the women and slaves tilled the land. The Germans used very little clothing, for the habit of enduring cold served them in its stead. The hides of beasts, the spoils of the chase, hung from the shoulders of the warriors; and the women wore woollen coats ornamented with feathers, or with patches of skins which they selected for their splendid and various tints. The use of clothes which, fitting accurately the different parts of the body, covered the whole of it, was introduced many ages afterwards, and was looked upon even then as a signal corruption of manners.

BURKE.

V. CHARACTERS

CXX.* CHARLES II.

The death of King Charles the Second took the nation by surprise. His frame was naturally strong, and did not appear to have suffered from excess¹. He had always been mindful of his health even in his pleasures; and his habits were such as² promise a long life and a robust old age. Indolent as³ he was on all occasions which required tension of the mind, he was active and persevering in bodily exercise. He had, when young, been renowned as a tennis player, and was, even in the decline of life, an indefatigable walker. His ordinary pace was such that those who were admitted to the honour of his society found it⁴ difficult to keep up with him⁵. He rose early, and generally passed three or four hours a day in the open air. He might be seen, before the dew was off the grass⁶, in St James's Park, striding among the trees, playing with his

spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks ; and these exhibitions endeared him to the common people, who always love to see the great unbend.

MACAULAY, *History of England*.

1 *excès* (m., pl.). 2 *de celles qui* is a suitable translation. 3 See p. 32, § 5. 4 'it' is not to be translated. 5 Use *suivre*. 6 You might turn by 'before the dew was dry on the grass of.' Is 'grass' here *gazon* (m.) or *herbe* (f.)?

CXXI.* ANSELM.

Anselm had grown to manhood in the quiet solitude of his mountain-valley, a tender-hearted poet-dreamer, with a soul pure as the Alpine snows above him, and an intelligence keen and clear as the mountain air. The whole temper of the man was painted in a dream of his youth. It seemed to him as though heaven lay, a stately palace, amid the gleaming hill-peaks, while the women reaping in the corn-fields of the valley became harvest-maidens of its heavenly King. They reaped idly, and Anselm, grieved at their sloth, hastily climbed the mountain-side to accuse them to their lord. As he reached the palace the King's voice called him to his feet, and he poured forth his tale ; then, at the royal bidding, bread of an unearthly whiteness was set before him, and he ate and was refreshed. The dream passed with the morning ; but the sense of heaven's nearness to earth, the fervid loyalty to the service of his Lord, the tender restfulness and peace in the Divine presence which it reflected became the life of Anselm.

J. R. GREEN, *Short History of the English People*.

CXXII.*** A DEVOTED WIFE.

My Lady liked the small gentry¹ round about to come and pay court to her lord, never caring for admiration for herself ; those who wanted to be well with her must admire him. Not regarding her dress², she would³ wear a gown to rags⁴, because he had once liked it ; and, if he brought her a

brooch or a ribbon, would prefer it to all the most costly articles of her wardrobe.

My Lord went to London every year for six weeks, and the family being too poor to appear at Court with any figure⁵, he went alone. It was not until he was out of sight that her face showed any sorrow: and what a joy when he came back! What preparation before his return! The fond creature had his armchair at the chimney-side—delighting to put the children in it, and look at them there. Nobody took his place at the table; but his silver tankard⁶ stood there as when my Lord was present.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Esmond*.

N.B. Note the ambiguity of *lui*='to him' or 'to her'; *l'*, *le* or *la* ='him,' 'her,' 'it'; *son*, *sa*, *ses*='his,' 'her,' 'its.' See that you leave no such ambiguities in your version of this passage. 1 *la petite noblesse*.

2 Contrast: *Elle aime trop la toilette*.

3 See p. 31.

4 Expand.

5 Use the phrase *faire figure*. 6 *gobelet* (m.); *le hanap* is mediæval.

CXXIII.* CHARLES II'S GOOD-NATURE.

It is creditable to Charles's temper that, ill as he thought of his species, he never became a misanthrope. He saw little in men but what was hateful. Yet he did not hate them. Nay, he was so far humane that it was highly disagreeable to him to see their sufferings or to hear their complaints. This, however, is a sort of humanity which, though amiable and laudable in a private man whose power to help or hurt is bounded by a narrow circle, has in princes often been rather a vice than a virtue. More than one well disposed ruler has given up whole provinces to rapine and oppression, merely from a wish to see none but happy faces round his own board and in his own walks. No man is fit to govern great societies who hesitates about disobliging the few who have access to him for the sake of the many whom he will never see.

MACAULAY, *History of England*.

CXXIV.*** HETTY.

There are some plants that have hardly any roots: you may tear them from their native¹ nook of rock or wall, and just² lay them over your ornamental flower-pot³, and they blossom none the worse⁴. Hetty could⁵ have cast all her past life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's Ladder⁶ and the long row of hollyhocks⁷ in the garden better than other flowers—perhaps not so well. It was wonderful how little she seemed to care about waiting on her uncle, who had been a good father to her: she hardly ever remembered to reach him his pipe at the right time without being told⁸, unless a visitor happened to be there, who would have a better opportunity⁹ of seeing her as she walked across the hearth. Hetty did not understand how anybody could be very fond of middle-aged¹⁰ people. And as for those tiresome children, Marty and Tommy and Totty, they had been the very nuisance of her life—as bad as buzzing insects that will¹¹ come teasing you on a hot day when you want to be quiet.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

1 See p. 25. 2 What is the exact meaning of 'just' here? 3 *jardinière* (f.) will stand. It means an ornamental flower-pot. 4 Express 'for that.' 5 Notice that it is 'could,' not 'would.' The Subjunctive does not mean 'could.' 6 *polémonie bleu*. 7 *roses tremières* or the noun *mauves* (f.). 8 Turn by the Active, using *on*. 9 See p. 25. 10 *d'un certain âge*. 11 Is this the Future auxiliary?

CXXV.* A NONCONFORMIST PREACHER.

My father, happily, was not a man whose mind was troubled about food. He paid no heed at all to what he ate, provided that it was sufficient for his needs; he would sup his broth of pork and turnips and bread, after thanks rendered,

as if it were the finest dish in the world ; and a piece of cold bacon with a hot cabbage would be a feast for him. The cider which he drank was brewed by my mother from her own apples ; to him it was as good as if it had been Sherris or Rhenish. I say that he did not even know how his food was provided for him ; his mind was at all times occupied with subjects so lofty that he knew not what was done under his very eyes. The hand of God, he said, doth still support His faithful. Doubtless we cannot look back upon those years without owning that we were so supported. But my mother was the Instrument ; nay, my father sometimes even compared himself with satisfaction unto the Prophet Elijah, whom the ravens fed beside the brook Cherith, bringing him flesh and bread in the morning and flesh and bread in the evening. I suppose my father thought that his bacon and beans came to him in the same manner.

Sir WALTER BESANT, *For Faith and Freedom*.

CXXVI.*** WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

Pitt loved England with an intense and personal love. He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue¹, till² England learned to believe in herself. Her³ triumphs were his³ triumphs, her defeats his defeats. Her³ dangers lifted him high⁴ above all thought of self⁵ or party-spirit⁶. "Be one people," he cried to the factions who rose to bring about his fall⁷: "forget everything but the public! I set you the example!" His glowing patriotism was the real spell by which he held England. But even the faults which chequered⁸ his character told for him with the middle classes. The Whig statesmen who preceded him had been⁹ men whose pride expressed itself in a marked¹⁰ simplicity and absence of pretence. Pitt was essentially an actor, dramatic in the Cabinet, in the House, in his very office. But the classes to whom he appealed were classes not easily offended¹¹ by faults of taste, and saw nothing to laugh at in the statesman who

was borne into the lobby amidst the tortures of the gout, or carried into the House of Lords to breathe his last¹² in a protest against national dishonour.

J. R. GREEN, *Short History of the English People*.

1 *vertus*. 2 'till' here expresses *result* rather than *time*, and if we begin the sentence by *Il croyait à sa puissance...*, it is difficult to render this. Say *e.g. Il avait une foi si forte en sa puissance...que....* 3 The gender must be indicated: *ses triomphes à elle, ses triomphes à lui; les dangers qu'elle courait*. 4 *bien*. 5 *pensée égoïste*. 6 *de tout esprit de parti*. 7 There seems to be no intention to contrast 'rose' with 'fall'; translate therefore *travaillaient à sa chute* or *se formaient pour le chasser du pouvoir*. 8 *ternissaient parfois*. 9 French would say more logically 'who *had*' preceded him *were* men whose....' 10 *marquée, voulue*. 11 Turn by the Active *que ne pouvaient guère blesser* (or *offenser*) *des fautes de goût*. 12 The phrase *rendre le dernier soupir* is somewhat hackneyed; say rather *expirer*.

CXXVII.** MARY STUART.

She was gay, as when Randolph met her, in no more state than a burgess's wife might use, in the little house of St Andrews, hard by the desecrated Cathedral. She could be madly mirthful, dancing, or walking the black midnight streets of Edinburgh, masked, in male apparel, or flitting "in homely attire," said her enemies, about the Market Cross in Stirling. She loved, at sea, to "handle the boisterous cables," as Buchanan tells. Pursuing her brother, Moray, on a day of storm, or hard on the doomed Huntly's track among the hills and morasses of the North; or galloping through the red bracken of the October moors, and the hills of the robbers, to Hermitage; her energy outwore the picked warriors in her company. At other times, in a fascinating languor, she would lie long abed, receiving company in the French fashion, waited on by her Maries, whose four names "are four sweet symphonies," Mary Seton and Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone. To the Council Board, she would bring her woman's work, embroidery of silk and gold. She was

fabled to have carried pistols at her saddle-bow in war, and she excelled in matches of archery and pall-mall. Her costumes, when she would be queenly, have left their mark on the memory of men.

ANDREW LANG, *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*.

CXXVIII.** MARLBOROUGH AND HIS WIFE.

In¹ one point the Earl and Countess were perfectly agreed². They were equally bent on³ getting money; though, when it was got⁴, he⁵ loved to hoard⁶ it, and she was not unwilling to spend it. The favour of the Princess they both regarded as a valuable estate. In her father's reign, they had begun to grow rich by means of her bounty. She was naturally inclined to parsimony; and, even when she was on the throne, her equipages and tables⁷ were by no means sumptuous. It might have been thought, therefore, that, while she was a subject, thirty thousand a year, with a residence⁸ in the palace, would have been more than sufficient for all her wants. There were probably not in the kingdom two noblemen possessed of such an income. But no income would satisfy the greediness of those who governed her. She repeatedly contracted debts which James repeatedly⁹ discharged, not without expressing much surprise and displeasure.

MACAULAY, *History of England*.

1 Preposition? 2 Use *être d'accord*. 3 *se préoccuper de...*
4 Change to 'when they had got it.' 5 'he' is accented. 6 *thésauriser*.
7 Singular. 8 *appartement* (m.), *résidence* (f.). 9 Is difficult to translate by an adverb. Perhaps *constamment* is the nearest equivalent.

CXXIX.** WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

He was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities: but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. From the multitude his joy and his grief, his affection

and his resentment, were hidden by a phlegmatic serenity, which made him pass for the most cold-blooded of mankind. Those who brought him good news could seldom detect any sign of pleasure. Those who saw him after a defeat looked in vain for any trace of vexation. He praised and reprimanded, rewarded and punished, with the stern tranquillity of a Mohawk chief; but those who knew him well and saw him near were aware that under all this ice a fierce fire was constantly burning. It was seldom that anger deprived him of power over himself, but when he was really enraged the first outbreak of his passion was terrible. It was indeed scarcely safe to approach him. On these rare occasions, however, as soon as he regained his self-command, he made such ample reparation to those whom he had wronged as tempted them to wish that he would go into a fury again. His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind.

MACAULAY, *History of England.*

CXXX.** SCOTT IN EDINBURGH.

More than once, even in the first summer of my acquaintance with him, I had the pleasure of accompanying him on these evening excursions; and never did he seem to enjoy¹ himself more fully than when placidly surveying, at such sunset or moonlight hours, either the massive outlines of his 'own romantic² town,' or the tranquil expanse of its noble estuary. He delighted¹, too, in passing when he could, through some of the quaint windings of the ancient city itself, now deserted, except at mid-day, by the upper world³. How often have I seen him go a long way⁴ round about, rather than miss the opportunity of halting for a few minutes on the vacant esplanade⁵ of Holyrood, or under the darkest shadows of the Castle rock, where it overhangs⁶ the Grassmarket, and the huge slab that still marks where the gibbet of Porteous and the Covenanters had its station. His coachman knew him too well to move at a Jehu's pace amidst such scenes as these.

No⁷ funeral hearse crept more leisurely than did his landau up the Canongate or the Cowgate ; and not a queer tottering gable but^s recalled to him some long-buried memory of splendour or bloodshed, which, by a few words, he set before the hearer in the reality of life. His image is so associated in my mind with the antiquities of his native place, that I cannot now revisit them without feeling as if I were treading on his gravestone^s.

LOCKHART, *Life of Scott*.

- 1 See p. 20. 2 See p. 22. 3 Note the exact meaning.
 4 *faire un détour*. 5 *la place d'armes*. 6 *surplomber*. 7 Use
jamais. 8 'but' is here relative. 9 *une dalle funéraire, une pierre*
tombale.

CXXXI.** QUEEN ELIZABETH AS A POLITICIAN.

Of political wisdom in its larger and more generous sense Elizabeth had little or none ; but her political tact was unerring. She seldom saw her course at a glance, but she played with a hundred courses, fitfully and discursively, as a musician runs his fingers over the key-board, till she hit suddenly upon the right one. Her nature was essentially practical and of the present. She distrusted a plan in fact just in proportion to its speculative range or its out-look into the future. Her notion of statesmanship lay in watching how things turned out around her, and in seizing the moment for making the best of them. A policy of this limited, practical, tentative order was not only best suited to the England of her day, to its small resources and the transitional character of its religious and political belief, but it was one eminently suited to Elizabeth's peculiar powers. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise.

J. R. GREEN, *Short History of the English People*.

CXXXII.** 'BILL.'

'Bill' was a sturdy fellow, aged four-and-twenty, an excellent stone-sawyer, who could get as good wages as any man in the trade of his years¹; but he found a reading² lesson in words, of one syllable a harder matter to deal with than the hardest stone he had ever had to saw. The letters, he complained³, were so "uncommon alike, there was no telling 'em one from another," the sawyer's business not being concerned with minute differences such as exist between a letter with its tail turned up and a letter with its tail turned down. But Bill had a firm determination that he would learn to read, founded chiefly on two reasons: first, that Tom Hazelow, his cousin, could read anything "right off⁴," whether it was print⁵ or writing, and Tom had sent him a letter from twenty miles off, saying how he was prospering in the world, and had got an overlooker's⁶ place; secondly, that Sam Phillips, who sawed with him, had learned to read when he was turned twenty; and what could be done by a little fellow like Sam Phillips, Bill considered³, could be done by himself, seeing that he could pound Sam into wet clay⁷ if circumstances required it.

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

- 1 Rearrange the words. 2 Turn by 'but he found to read a lesson....' 3 = 'He complained that the letters....' Such parentheses are much less common in French than in English. 4 A colloquial expression would be quite appropriate. 5 The use of the Past Participle makes it unnecessary to render 'whether it was.' 6 *contre-maître*, *inspecteur*. 7 Render freely by *e.g. bouillie* (f.).

CXXXIII.** WARREN HASTINGS.

With all his faults,—and they were neither few nor small,—only one cemetery was worthy to contain his remains. In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the Great Abbey which has during many ages afforded a quiet resting-place to those

whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall, the dust of the illustrious accused should have mingled with the dust of the illustrious accusers. This was not to be. Yet the place of interment was not ill chosen. Behind the chancel of the parish church of Daylesford, in earth which already held the bones of many chiefs of the house of Hastings, was laid the coffin of the greatest man who has ever borne that ancient and widely extended name. On that very spot probably, fourscore years before, the little Warren, meanly clad and scantily fed, had played with the children of ploughmen. Even then his young mind had revolved plans which might be called romantic. Yet, however romantic, it is not likely that they had been so strange as the truth. Not only had the poor orphan retrieved the fallen fortunes of his line. Not only had he repurchased the old lands, and rebuilt the old dwelling. He had preserved and extended an empire. He had founded a polity. He had administered government and war with more than the capacity of Richelieu. He had patronised learning with the judicious liberality of Cosmo. He had been attacked by the most formidable combination of enemies that ever sought the destruction of a single victim; and over that combination, after a struggle of ten years, he had triumphed. He had at length gone down to his grave in the fulness of age, in peace, after so many troubles, in honour, after so much obloquy.

MACAULAY, *Warren Hastings*.

VI. CONVERSATIONAL

CXXXIV.* AN UNAPPRECIATED OFFER.

"I wonder¹ whether you would like to have that miniature which hangs upstairs²—I mean that beautiful miniature of your grandmother. I think it is not right for me to keep it, if you would³ wish to have it. It is wonderfully like you."

"You are very good," said Will irritably. "No; I don't mind⁴ about it. It is not very consoling to have one's own likeness. It would be more consoling if others wanted to have it."

"I thought you would like to cherish her memory—I thought"—Dorothea broke off an instant, her imagination suddenly warning her away from⁵ Aunt Julia's history—"you would surely like to have the miniature as a family memorial."

"Why should I have that, when I have nothing else? A man with only a portmanteau for his stowage⁶ must keep his memorials in his head."

Will spoke at random: he was merely⁷ venting his petulance; it was a little too exasperating to have his grandmother's portrait offered him at that moment. But to Dorothea's feeling his words had a peculiar sting. She rose and said, with a touch of indignation as well as hauteur—

"You are much the happier of us two, Mr Ladislaw, to have nothing."

GEORGE ELIOT, *Middlemarch*.

1 *se demander*. 2 *là-haut*. 3 Tense? 4 *Je n'y tiens pas*.
5 See p. 33, § 8. 6 *pour tout bagage*. 7 *ne faire que*; see ONLY, p. 29.

CXXXV.** CRITICISING THE VISITOR.

"Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured?" "Immensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she, "I think he has a great deal to say upon everything, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say." "Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but, for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking." These two speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this that Sophia internally despised, as much as Olivia secretly admired him. "Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess the truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in

disgust; and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter; and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible too."

O. GOLDSMITH, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

CXXXVI.* BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Tom," said Maggie timidly, when they were¹ out of doors, "how much money did you give² for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns³ and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse up-stairs⁴. I'll ask mother to give it you⁵."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want⁶ *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy⁷. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes⁸, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom—if mother would⁹ let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of¹⁰ my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more¹¹ rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

GEORGE ELIOT, *The Mill on the Floss*.

1 Tense? 2 The neatest way to turn is by 'how much did you pay (for) your rabbits?' 3 Try to find suitable equivalents. What has to be found is not so much the real value as the corresponding *coins*. 4 *dans ma chambre* is the idea. 5 What does the child's English mean? 6 Use *vouloir de*. Cp. *Je ne veux pas de cela*, 'I don't want that.' 7 See p. 18. 8 The nearest equivalent is *étrennes* (pl., f.), 'New Year's gifts.' 9 See p. 31. 10 Preposition? 11 Use *d'autres*.

CXXXVII.** THE TWO NEPHEWS.

Sir Oliver—Well, so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, hey?

Sir Peter—Wild! Ah, my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be—everybody in the world speaks well of him.

Sir Oliver—I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Psha! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

Sir Peter—What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies?

Sir Oliver—Yes, if he has merit enough to deserve them.

Sir Peter—Well, well—you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

Sir Oliver—Oh, plague of his sentiments! If he salutes me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly. But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles' errors: but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts; and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

SHERIDAN, *The School for Scandal*.

CXXXVIII. A STERN MOTHER.

In the midst of his mother's harangue, in spite of it¹, perhaps, George Esmond felt he had been wrong. "There can be but one command in the house, and you must be the mistress,—I know who said those words before you," George said slowly, and looking very white², "and—and I know, mother, that I have acted wrongly to³ Mr Ward."

"He owns it! He asks pardon!" cries Harry. "That's right, George! That's enough, isn't it?"

"No, it is *not* enough!" cried the little woman. "The disobedient boy must pay the penalty of his disobedience. When I was⁴ headstrong, as I sometimes was as a child before⁵ my spirit was changed and humbled, my mamma⁶ punished me, and I submitted. So must George. I desire you will do your duty, Mr Ward."

"Stop, mother!—you don't quite know what you are doing," George said, exceedingly agitated.

"I know that he who spares the rod spoils the child⁷, ungrateful boy!" says Madam Esmond, with more references of the same nature, which George heard, looking very pale and desperate.

W. M. THACKERAY, *The Virginians*.

- 1 Can you use *elle* here, or must you repeat the noun? 2 *blanc*
comme le linge. Omit 'looking.' 3 Preposition? 4 Tense?
 5 Remember the construction of a clause depending on *avant que*.
 6 Not '*ma*' *maman* but *mère* or *maman*. 7 Use the corresponding
 French proverb.

CXXXIX.* MR CAUDLE HAS LENT THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the

money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence!—two-and-eightpence for there is back again! Cabs indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em! I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas!"

DOUGLAS JERROLD, *Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures*.

CXL.* PARTING ADVICE.

"What is it I can do for you, Dobbin?" said Jos in¹ a sarcastic tone.

"I tell you what you can do," the captain replied², coming up to³ the bed; "we march in⁴ a quarter of an hour, Sedley, and neither George nor I may⁵ ever come back. Mind you⁶, you are⁷ not to stir from this town until⁸ you ascertain how things go. You are⁷ to stay here and watch over your sister, and comfort her, and see that no harm comes to her. If anything⁹ happens to George, remember she has no one but you in¹⁰ the world to look to¹¹. If it goes wrong with the army, you'll see¹² her safe back to England; and you will promise me on your word that you will never desert her. I know you won't; as far as money goes, you¹³ were always free enough with that. Do you want any? I mean, have you enough gold¹⁴ to take you back to England in case of a misfortune?"

"Sir," said Jos majestically¹⁵, "when I want money, I know where to ask for it. And as for my sister, you¹⁶ needn't tell me how I ought to behave to her."

W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*.

- 1 Preposition? 2 Order of words? 3 = 'drawing near.'
 4 *dans* or *en*? See p. 28. 5 Turn by 'it is possible that...' 6 *se souvenir*.
 7 Do not translate by *être*. 8 Frequently the English 'until' becomes in French *avant que*, not *jusqu'à ce que*. Be careful about your choice here. 9 Use *malheur* (m.). 10 *au*, *dans le* or *du*?
 11 Translate the meaning, not the words. 12 Is 'gold' here to be translated by *or*, or by *argent* = 'money'? 13 Beware of Anglicisms.
 14 Reproduce the effect of the English stress indicated by the italics.

CXLI.* AN ACCIDENT IN THE DARK.

"Yoho!" cried the voice of a man. "What's that? who goes there?"

"A friend!" replied the traveller.

"A friend!" repeated the voice. "Who calls himself a friend and rides like that, abusing Heaven's gifts in the shape of horseflesh, and endangering, not only his own neck (which might be no great matter) but the necks of other people?"

"You have a lantern there, I see," said the traveller, dismounting; "lend it me for a moment. You have wounded my horse, I think, with your shaft or wheel."

"Wounded him!" cried the other, "if I haven't killed him, it's no fault of yours. What do you mean by galloping along the king's highway like that, eh?"

"Give me the light," returned the traveller, snatching it from his hand, "and don't ask idle questions of a man who is in no mood for talking."

"If you had said you were in no mood for talking before, I should perhaps have been in no mood for lighting," said the voice. "How's ever as it's the poor horse that's damaged and not you, one of you is welcome to the light at all events—but it's not the crusty one."

CHARLES DICKENS, *Barnaby Rudge*.

CXLII.* MRS JARLEY CHATS WITH LITTLE NELL.

"We are poor people, Ma'am," returned¹ Nell, and are only² wandering about. We have nothing to do—I wish we had."

"You amaze me more and more," said Mrs Jarley, after remaining³ for some time as mute as one of her own figures⁴. "Why, what do you call yourselves? Not beggars⁵?"

"Indeed, Ma'am, I don't know what else we are," returned the child.

"Lord bless me!" said the lady of the caravan⁶. "I never heard of⁷ such a thing. Who'd have thought it?"

She remained so long silent after this exclamation, that Nell feared she felt her having been induced to bestow her protection and conversation upon one so poor to be an outrage upon her dignity that nothing could repair. This persuasion was rather confirmed than otherwise⁸ by the tone in which she at length broke⁹ silence and said—

“And yet you can¹⁰ read. And write too, I shouldn’t wonder¹¹?”

CHARLES DICKENS, *Old Curiosity Shop*.

1 Meaning? 2 For ‘only,’ with a verb, see p. 29. 3 Is this the Gerund? Which is the only preposition in French that governs the form in -ant? 4 *figures de cire*. 5 *de* or *des mendiants*? 6 *une caravane* means properly a troupe of men and camels crossing the desert. A house on wheels is *une roulotte*. 7 Not ‘*entendre de*’ but *entendre parler* or *dire de*. 8 *autrement* could not stand. Turn by ‘was rather confirmed than shaken by....’ 9 See p. 18. 10 See p. 19. 11 = ‘it would not surprise me.’

CXLIII.* ROMANCE AND REALITY.

ANN. ‘Always’ is a long word, Tavy. You see, I shall have to live up always to your idea of my divinity; and I don’t think I could do that if we were married. But if I marry Jack, you’ll never be disillusioned—at least not until I grow too old.

OCTAVIUS. I too shall grow old, Ann. And when I am eighty, one white hair of the woman I love will make me tremble more than the thickest gold tress from the most beautiful young head.

ANN [*quite touched*]. Oh, that’s poetry, Tavy, real poetry. It gives me that strange sudden sense of an echo from a former existence which always seems to me such a striking proof that we have immortal souls.

OCTAVIUS. Do you believe that it is true?

ANN. Tavy: if it is to come true, you must lose me as well as love me. I wouldn’t for worlds destroy your illusions. I can neither take you nor let you go. I can see exactly what will suit you. You must be a sentimental old bachelor for my sake.

OCTAVIUS [*desperately*]. Ann: I’ll kill myself.

ANN. Oh no you won't: that wouldn't be kind. You won't have a bad time. You will be very nice to women; and you will go a good deal to the opera. A broken heart is a very pleasant complaint for a man in London if he has a comfortable income.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *Man and Superman*.

CXLIV.* CAPTAIN CUTTLE IS INTRODUCED TO
MR DOMBEY.

Mrs Chick hurried into the passage, and returned with the information¹ that it was young² Gay, accompanied by³ a very strange-looking person, and that young Gay said he would not take the liberty of coming in, hearing Mr Dombey was at breakfast, but⁴ would wait until Mr Dombey should signify that he might approach.

"Tell the boy to come in now," said Mr Dombey.—"Now, Gay, what is the matter⁵? Who sent you here? Was there nobody else to come?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," returned Walter. "I have not been sent. I have been so bold as to come on my own account, which⁶ I'll hope you'll pardon when I mention⁷ the cause⁸."

But Mr Dombey, without attending⁹ to what he said, was looking impatiently on either¹⁰ side of him (as if he were a pillar in his way) at¹¹ some object behind¹².

"What's that?" said Mr Dombey. "Who is that? I think you have made some mistake in the door¹³, Sir."

"Oh, I'm very sorry to intrude with anyone, Sir," cried Walter, hastily; "but this is—this is Captain Cuttle, Sir."

CHARLES DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*.

1 Do not translate by '*avec l'information*.' *Le renseignement* might stand, but an Infinitive would be neater. 2 What word must be supplied before *jeune*? 3 Preposition? 4 Make the construction clear. 5 Not *qu'avez-vous*, which would mean 'what is the matter with you?' 6 Supply the antecedent. 7 Tense? 8 French requires a word = 'of that,' 'of my coming.' 9 Is this the Gerund in *-ant*? 10 The simplest way is to turn by 'to right and left of him.' 11 What is the French for 'to look at'? 12 Express 'which stood.' 13 *se tromper de porte*.

CXLV.*** THE SCHOOLMASTER'S ADVICE.

"Well, well, my boy, if good luck knock's at your door, don't you put your head out at window and tell it to be gone about its business, that's all. You must learn to deal with odd and even in life, as well as in figures. I tell you now, as I told you ten years ago, when you pommelled young Mike Holdsworth for wanting to pass a bad shilling, before you knew whether he was in jest or earnest—you're over-hasty and proud, and apt to set your teeth against folks that don't square to your notions. It's no harm for *me* to be a bit fiery and stiff-backed: I'm an old schoolmaster, and shall never want to get on to a higher perch. But where's the use of all the time I've spent in teaching you writing and mapping and mensuration, if you're not to get for'ard in the world, and show folks there's some advantage in having a head on your shoulders, instead of a turnip? Do you mean to go on turning up your nose at every opportunity, because it's got a bit of a smell about it that nobody finds out but yourself? It's as foolish as that notion o' yours that a wife is to make a working man comfortable. Stuff and nonsense!—stuff and nonsense! Leave that to fools that never got beyond a sum in simple addition."

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

CXLVI.* IN TIME OF FAMINE.

Romola had seated herself on the steps by Baldassarre, and was saying, "Can you eat a little bread now? Perhaps by-and-by you will be able, if I leave it¹ with you. I must go on, because I have promised to be at the hospital. But I will come back if you will² wait here, and then I will take you to some shelter. Do you understand? Will you wait? I will come back³."

He looked dreamily⁴ at her, and repeated her words, "come back." It was no wonder that his mind was enfeebled

by his bodily exhaustion, but she hoped that he apprehended⁸ her meaning. She opened her basket, which was filled with pieces of soft⁶ bread, and put one of the pieces⁷ into his hand.

"Do you keep your bread for those that can't swallow, madonna?" said a rough-looking fellow⁸ in⁹ a red night-cap, who had elbowed¹⁰ his way into the inmost circle of spectators—a circle that was pressing rather closely on Romola.

"If anybody isn't hungry," said another, "I say¹¹, let him alone. He's better off¹² than people who've got craving stomachs¹³ and no breakfast."

. GEORGE ELIOT, *Romola*.

- 1 Say rather 'some.' 2 Tense? 3 Use an Infinitive in order that you may be able to repeat it further on. 4 = 'with a dreamy air.'
 5 Tense? 6 Not 'mou' but *frais* or *tendre*. There is something weakly or disagreeably soft about *mou*. 7 Avoid the repetition.
 8 *gaillard*. 9 Preposition? 10 You may use the idiomatic *jouer des coudes*. 11 *je suis d'avis* is better than *je dis*. 12 = 'He is less to be pitied...'
 13 *dont l'estomac crie famine* or *qui sentent leur estomac dans les talons*.

CXLVII.* RESPECTABILITY.

RAMSDEN [*very deliberately*]. Mr Tanner: you are the most impudent person I have ever met.

TANNER [*seriously*]. I know it, Ramsden. Yet even I cannot wholly conquer shame. We live in an atmosphere of shame. We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our incomes, of our accents, of our opinions, of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our own naked skins. Good Lord, my dear Ramsden, we are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of, the more respectable he is. Why, you're ashamed to buy my book, ashamed to read it: the only thing you're not

ashamed of is to judge me for it without having read it; and even that only means that you're ashamed to have heterodox opinions. Look at the effect I produce because my fairy god-mother withheld from me this gift of shame. • I have every possible virtue that a man can have except—

RAMSDEN. I am glad you think so well of yourself.

TANNER. All you mean by that is that you think I ought to be ashamed of talking about my virtues. You don't mean that I haven't got them: you know perfectly well that I am as sober and honest a citizen as yourself, as truthful personally, and much more truthful politically and morally.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, *Man and Superman*.

CXLVIII.* A MODERN SHIPWRECK.

"She was with me a minute before," said Agatha. "We were on deck. She went down to get a wrap. It was so cold in the fog. I had left her wraps in the dining-room. It was my fault."

"Don't say that, Agatha. That's nonsense."

"I never saw¹ her again. It all happened at once. The next instant we were run into². I couldn't¹ see anything. There was¹ a crash, which made us heel right over, and then there was¹ a panic. I didn't know what had happened. I tried to get down to her; but a lot³ of half-drunk tourists came raving and fighting to get to the boats. I couldn't get to the doors past² them. One of them hit me with his fist and swore at me. The ship was sinking. I nearly got to the door, and then a stewardess cried out that everybody was up² from below, and then a great brute³ of a man flung me into a boat. I hit my head. When I came to⁴, I distinctly felt someone pulling off my rings, and there was¹ a sort of weltering noise where the ship had sunk. One of the tourists cried out: 'Wot-ow⁵! A shipwreck; oh Polly⁵.' Everybody was shouting all round us, and there was a poor little child crying⁶. I caught at the hand which was taking my rings." Here she

stopped. There had been some final humiliation here. She went on after a moment. "The men said that everyone had been saved. I didn't know till' we had all landed. Nor till' after that even. It was so foggy. Then I knew."

JOHN MASEFIELD, *Multitude and Solitude*.

1 Tense? 2 Translate according to the sense. 3 The conversational tone of the passage admits of similar French terms, e.g. *un tas*, further on, *une brute*. 4 *reprendre connaissance*. 5 There is no lack of similar vulgarisms in French; e.g. *Oh là-là...*; *ma chère!* 6 Use a relative clause. 7 See p. 30.

CXLIX.*** STOPPING WORK.

All hands worked on in silence for some minutes, until the church clock began to strike six. Before the first stroke had died away, Sandy Jim had loosed his plane and was reaching his jacket; Wiry Ben had left a screw half driven in, and thrown his screw-driver into his tool-basket; Mum Taft, who, true to his name, had kept silence throughout the previous conversation, had flung down his hammer as he was in the act of lifting it; and Seth, too, had straightened his back, and was putting out his hand towards his paper cap. Adam alone had gone on with his work as if nothing had happened. But observing the cessation of the tools, he looked up, and said, in a tone of indignation—

"Look there now! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much."

Seth looked a little conscious, and began to be slower in his preparations for going, but Mum Taft broke silence, and said—

"Ay, ay, Adam lad, ye talk like a young un. When y' are six-an'-forty like me, istid o' six-an'-twenty, ye wonna be so flush o' workin' for nought."

"Nonsense," said Adam, still wrathful; "what's age got to do with it, I wonder? Ye arena getting stiff yet, I reckon. I

hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot, before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in's work. The very grindstone 'ull go on turning a bit after you loose it."

GEORGE ELIOT, *Adam Bede*.

VII. LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

CL.*** THE RETICENCE OF GREAT AUTHORS.

Very ready we are¹ to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think²!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought³ of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least⁴ be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find⁵ yours. Judge it afterwards if you think yourself qualified to do so, but ascertain it first. And be sure, also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once,—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not⁶ that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts⁷ of wise men which makes them always hide their deepest thoughts. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow⁸ you to reach it.

RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*.

1 See p. 32, § 5. 2 Tense? 3 Compare e.g. *Tiens, vous voilà? Je ne vous avais pas entendu sonner*. 'Why, is that you? I did not hear you ring.' 4 As a rule *au moins* is used with numbers and gives the lowest figure: *du moins* is restrictive. 5 *retrouver* or *trouver*? 6 *non que*; followed by what mood? 7 Not *poitrine*; *âme* is the word. 8 What is the construction of *permettre*?

CLL.* THE NEWGATE LIVES.

What struck me most with respect to these lives was the art which the writers, whoever they were, possessed of telling a plain story. It is no easy thing to tell a story plainly and distinctly by mouth; but to tell on/ on paper is difficult indeed, so many snares lie in the way. People are afraid to put down what is common on paper; they seek to embellish their narratives, as they think, by philosophic speculations and reflections; they are anxious to shine, and people who are anxious to shine can never tell a plain story. "So I went with them to a music booth, where they made me almost drunk with gin, and began to talk their flash language, which I did not understand," says, or is made to say, Henry Simms, executed at Tyburn some seventy years before the time of which I am speaking. I have always looked upon this sentence as a masterpiece of the narrative style, it is so concise and yet so very clear.

GEORGE HENRY BORROW.

CLII.*** POPE.

Pope's Muse never wandered¹ with safety but from his library to his grotto², or from his grotto into his library back again. His mind dwelt³ with greater pleasure on his own garden than on the garden of Eden; he could describe the faultless whole-length mirror that reflected his own person, better than the smooth surface of the lake that reflects the face⁴ of heaven—a piece of cut glass⁵ or a pair of paste⁶ buckles with more brilliance and effect than a thousand dew-drops glittering in the sun. He would be more delighted with a patent⁷ lamp than with the "pale reflex of Cynthia's⁸ brow," that fills the skies with its soft silent lustre, that trembles⁹ through the cottage window, and cheers the

watchful mariner on the lonely wave. In short, he was the poet of personality and of polished life.

W. HAZLITT, *Lectures on the English Poets.*

N.B. 'Try to preserve the antithesis between the prosaic and the poetic.
 1 *s'égarer*, 'to lose one's way,' is impossible. If *errer* is used, why is it necessary to expand 'but' into 'except when she went'? 2 *grotte* (f.).
 3 *s'attarder* might be worked in. 4 See p. 20. 5 Use *facette de cristal*. 6 *stras* (m.) & *faux diamants*? 7 *breveté* or *à système breveté*. 8 *Diane*. See p. 11, § 3 9 = 'which passes (*filtrer*), in trembling, through....'

CLIII.* THE DIFFICULTIES OF MODERN POETS.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet, must first become a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to his proficiency in the pursuits which are fashionable among his contemporaries; and that proficiency will in general be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

MACAULAY, *Milton.*

CLIV.*** TRUE LANGUAGE STUDY.

A well-educated gentleman¹ may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of

words; knows² the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry³, their intermarriages⁴, distant relationships⁵, and the extent⁶ to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore⁷ at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilised nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

RUSKIN, *Sesame and Lilies*.

N.B. The word 'any' occurs six times in this passage. Be careful how you translate it. 1 See p. 20. 2 It is better to turn by 'can distinguish.' 3 Use the concrete 'ancestors.' 4 *alliances* (f.). 5 If 'relations' (in the sense of 'relatives') is *parents*, what is the French for 'relationships'? 6 = 'how far.' 7 Meaning?

CLV.** THE QUALITY OF FRENCH STYLE

The true and appropriate expression of reverence to a language is by taking earnest pains to write it with accuracy, practically to display its beauty, and to make its powers available for commensurate ends. Tried by this test, which of the three peoples that walk at the head of civilisation—French, Germans, or English—have best fulfilled the duties of their position?

To answer that the French only have been fully awake to these duties is painful, but too manifestly it is true. The French language possesses the very highest degree of merit, though not in the very highest mode of merit; it is the

unique language of the planet as an instrument for giving effect to the powers, and for meeting the necessities, of social gaiety and colloquial intercourse. This is partly the effect, and partly the cause, of the social temperament which distinguishes the French. The adaptation of the language to the people, not perhaps more really prominent in this case than in others, is more conspicuously so; and it may be in a spirit of gratitude for this genial co-operation in their language that the French are in a memorable degree anxious to write it with elegance and correctness. They take a pride in doing so; and it is remarkable that grammatical inaccuracies, so common even amongst our literary people, are almost unknown among the educated French. But the respect which the French show to their language expresses itself chiefly in their attention to style and diction. It is the rarest thing possible to find a French writer erring by sentences too long, too intricate, and loaded with clauses, or too clumsy in their structure.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY,
Language in Leaders of Literature.

CLVI.** JOHNSON AND CARLYLE.

There is a story in Boswell of an ancient beggar woman who, whilst asking an alms of the Doctor, described herself to him, in a lucky moment for her pocket, as "an old struggler¹." Johnson, his biographer tells us, was² visibly affected. The phrase stuck to his memory, and was frequently applied to himself. "I, too," so he would say, "am an old struggler." So, too, in all conscience, was Carlyle. The struggles of Johnson have long been historical; those of Carlyle have just become so. We are interested in both. To be indifferent would be inhuman. Both men had great endowments, tempestuous natures, hard lots. They were not amongst Dame Fortune's favourites. They had to fight their way³. What they took they took by storm. But—and here is a difference indeed—Johnson came off victorious, Carlyle did not.

Boswell's book is an arch of triumph, through which, as we read, we see his hero passing into eternal fame, to take up his place with those—

Dead but scepter'd sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.

Froude's book is a tomb over which the lovers of Carlyle's genius will never cease to shed tender, but regretful¹ tears.

AUGUSTINÆ BIRRELL, *Essays*.

¹ To keep the point of the story we require a word connected with *lutter*. The only possible word is therefore *lutteur*; the difficulty of gender may be partly met by saying *se comparait à un vieux lutteur*.

² Supply 'by that.' ³ Expand slightly. ⁴ *de regret*.

CLVII.* THE DIFFICULTY OF LINGUISTIC STUDY.

Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century, after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates, could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr Robertson and Sir Walter Scott

wrote English? And are there not in the "Dissertation on India," the last of Dr Robertson's works, in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh?

MACAULAY, *Life and Writings of Addison*.

CLVIII.* ARE MODERN LANGUAGES EASY?

There is a popular¹ idea that French is easy, that Italian is easy, that German is more difficult, yet by no means² insuperably difficult. It is believed that when an Englishman has spent all the best years of his youth in³ attempting to learn Latin and Greek, he may acquire one or two modern languages with little effort during a brief residence⁴ on the Continent. It is certainly true that we may learn any number of foreign languages so as to⁵ speak them badly, but it surely cannot be easy to speak them well. It may be inferred that this is not easy because the accomplishment⁶ is so rare. The inducements are common, the accomplishment⁶ is rare. Thousands⁷ of English people have very strong reasons for learning French, thousands of French people could improve their position by learning English; but rare indeed are the men and women who know both languages thoroughly⁸.

P. G. HAMERTON, *The Intellectual Life*.

1 Why not '*populaire*'? Use, e.g., *fort répandu*. 2 *en aucune façon*. 3 Preposition? 4 *séjour* (m.) *de courte durée*. 5 Use *de telle façon que*; tense? 6 Meaning? 7 Distinguish *mille* and *millier*. 8 *à fond*.

CLIX. THE IMPORTANCE OF MODERN LANGUAGE STUDY.

No foreigner who knows the French people will disapprove of the novel desire to know the modern languages, which has been one of the most unexpected consequences of the war. Their extreme ignorance of the literature of other nations has been the cause of enormous evils. Notwithstanding her

central position, France has been a very isolated nation intellectually, much more isolated than England, more isolated even than Transylvania, where foreign literatures are familiar to the cultivated classes. This isolation has produced very lamentable effects, not only on the national culture but most especially upon the national character. No modern nation, however important, can safely remain in ignorance of its contemporaries. The Frenchman was like a gentleman shut up within his own park-wall, having no intercourse with his neighbours, and reading nothing but the history of his own ancestors—for the Romans were his ancestors, intellectually. It is only by the study of living languages, and their continual use, that we can learn our true place in the world.

P. G. HAMERTON, *The Intellectual Life*.

CLX.* ON JOHNSON'S ESTIMATE OF MILTON.

Johnson's treatment¹ of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. A pensioner¹ is not likely to spare² a republican, and the Doctor, in order, I suppose, to convince his royal patron of the sincerity of his monarchical principles, has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious¹ cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality. Churlishness in his private life, and a rancorous hatred of everything royal in his public, are the two colours with which he has smeared all the canvas. If he had any virtues, they are not to be found in the Doctor's picture of him, and it is well for Milton that some sourness in his temper is the only vice with which his memory has been charged; it is evident enough that if his biographer could³ have discovered more, he would not have spared² him. As a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot.

WILLIAM COWPER, *On Dr Johnson*.^c

¹ Beware of Anglicisms; verify in Dictionary.

Construction?

³ Tense?

CLXI.* AN ESTIMATE OF MONTESQUIEU.

When the truths in a man's book, though many and important, are fewer than the errors; when his ideas, though the means of producing clear ones in other men, are found to be themselves not clear, that book must die: Montesquieu must therefore die: he must die, as his great countryman, Descartes, had died before him: he must wither as the blade withers when the corn is ripe: he must die, but let tears of gratitude and admiration bedew his grave. O Montesquieu! the British constitution, whose death thou prophesiedst, will live longer than thy work, yet not longer than thy fame. Not even the incense of the illustrious Catharine can preserve thee. Locke—dry, cold, languid, wearisome—will live for ever. Montesquieu—rapid, brilliant, glorious, enchanting—will not outlive his century. I know—I feel—I pity—and blush at the enjoyment of a liberty which the birth-place of that great writer (great with all his faults) forbade him to enjoy. I could make an immense book upon the defects of Montesquieu—I could make not a small one upon his excellencies. It might be worth while to make both, if Montesquieu could live.

JEREMY BENTHAM, *Commonplace Book*.

CLXII.** LITERATURE AS A RECREATION.

"Even a millionaire¹," says the volume, will ease his toils, lengthen his life, and add 100 per cent. to his daily pleasures, if he becomes a bibliophile; while to the man of business with a taste for books, who through the day has struggled in the battle of life, with all its irritating rebuffs² and anxieties, what a blessed season of pleasurable repose opens upon him as he enters his sanctum³, where every article wafts him a welcome and every book is a personal friend!"

As for the millionaire, I frankly say I have no desire his life should be lengthened, and care nothing about adding 100

per cent. to his daily pleasures. He is a nuisance, for he has raised prices nearly⁴ 100 per cent. We curse the day when he was told it was the thing to buy old books: and, if he must buy old books, why is he not content⁵ with the works of Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson, and Flavius Josephus, that learned⁶ Jew? But it is not the millionaire who set me thinking; it is the harassed man of business; and what I am, wondering is, whether, in sober truth and earnestness, it is possible for him, as he shuts his library door and finds himself inside, to forget his rebuffs² and anxieties—his maturing bills⁷ and overdue argosies—and to lose himself over⁸ a favourite volume. The “article” that wafts him welcome I take to be his pipe. That he will put the “article” into his mouth and smoke it I have no manner of doubt: my dread is lest, in⁹ ten minutes’ time, the book should have dropt into his lap and the man’s eyes be staring into the fire. But for a’ that, and a’ that—great is bookishness and the charm of books.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, *Bookworms*¹⁰.

- 1 Note the spelling of the French equivalent. The rule is that final *-n* is doubled when a termination is added: e.g. *prison*, *prisonnier*.
 2 *échec* (m.). 3 *bibliothèque* (f.), *cabinet* (m.). 4 Supply ‘by’ (*de*).
 5 *être content de* or *se contenter de*? See p. 19. 6 *docte, érudit* or *savant*?
 7 *ses effets, dont l’échéance approche*. 8 Use *dans la lecture de* rather than ‘*sur*’. 9 *dans* or *en* or *au bout de*? 10 The usual term for ‘bookworm’ is *rat de bibliothèque*, but here *bibliomane* is meant.

CLXIII.* ON LEARNING A NEW LANGUAGE.

When I begin to learn a new language it appears to me as a vocabulary of words that I must commit to memory, with the rules for their use, the declensions and conjugations, the genders and cases, the construction of sentences, the idioms, the syntax, the spelling and the pronunciation. The task seems appalling. If I had to learn the language by committing to memory every word and every rule, I might by severe application get perhaps a considerable knowledge

of it, but it would be of a halting and practically useless kind. But what happens? As soon as I begin to use the language, either by speaking or reading it, though I may only have acquired a few words and a slight knowledge of construction, I seem to enter into it, and it seems to form itself round me. It ceases to appear to me as arbitrary sounds and rules; it becomes a mode of expression which, continually, and as a whole, progresses to more and more perfect expression, and not by the mere addition to memory of words and rules.

And on the other hand my own language which I learnt in early childhood without difficulty, because it formed itself round me and grew with my growth, this language, which forms so natural a part of my life that I cannot even in thought divest myself of it, for it is the vehicle of my thought, I can, when I will, set before myself and see it fall apart into sounds, combinations and rules. It is in the same way that intuition and intellect are blended in our life.

H. WILDON CARR, *Henri Bergson*.

CLXIV.* CORRECTNESS IN POETRY.

Wherein especially does the poetry of our times differ from that of the last century? Ninety-nine persons out of¹ a hundred would answer that the poetry of the last century was correct, but cold and mechanical, and that the poetry of our time, though wild and irregular, presented² far more vivid images, and excited the passions far more strongly than that of Parnell, of Addison, or of Pope. It seems to be taken for granted that there is some incompatibility, some antithesis between correctness and creative power. We rather suspect³ that this notion arises merely from an abuse of words, and that it has been the parent of many of the fallacies which perplex the science of criticism.

• What is meant by correctness⁴ in poetry? If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules which have their foundation in truth and in the principles of human nature,

then correctness is only another name⁵ for excellence. If by correctness be meant the conforming to rules purely arbitrary, correctness may be another name⁶ for dullness and absurdity.

A writer who describes visible objects falsely and violates the propriety of character, a writer who makes⁴ the mountains "nod their drowsy heads" at night, or a dying man take leave of the world with a rant like that of Maximin, may be said, in the high and just sense of the phrase, to write incorrectly. He violates the first great law of his art. His imitation is altogether unlike the thing imitated. The four poets who are most eminently free from incorrectness of this description are Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. They are therefore, in one sense, and that the best sense, the most correct of poets.

MACAULAY, *Moore's Life of Lord Byron*.

- 1 *sur*. 2 A French author would naturally use the Present.
 3 What does 'suspect' really mean here? 4 'correctness' in a literary sense is *correction*.
 5 *synonyme* (adj.) *de*. 6 What is the construction taken by *faire* when the dependent Infinitive has a direct object?

CLXV.* ROUSSEAU'S STYLE.

In order to appreciate what Rousseau meant to the revolutionary movement, it is necessary to consider the effect of style upon men. Men are influenced by the word. Spoken or written, the *word* is the organ of persuasion and, therefore, of moral government. Now, degraded as that term has become in our time, there is no proper term to express the exact use of words save the term "style." What words we use, and in what order we put them, is the whole matter of style; and a man desiring to influence his fellow men has therefore not one, but two co-related instruments at his disposal. He cannot use one without the other. The weakness of the one will ruin the other. These two instruments are his idea and his style. However powerful, native, sympathetic to his hearers' mood or cogently provable by reference

to new things may be a man's idea, he cannot persuade his fellow men to it if he have not words that express it. And he will persuade them more and more in proportion as his words are well chosen and in the right order, such order being determined by the genius of the language whence they are drawn....

It was Rousseau's choice of French words and the order in which he arranged them, that gave him his enormous ascendancy over the generation which was young when he was old.

HILAIRE BELLOC, *The French Revolution*.

CLXVI.** CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC.

Classicism, then, means for Stendhal, for that younger enthusiastic band¹ of French writers whose unconscious method he formulated into principles, the reign of what² is pedantic, conventional, and narrowly academical in art; for him all good art is romantic.

To Sainte-Beuve, who understands the term in a more liberal sense, it is the characteristic of certain epochs, of certain spirits in every epoch, not given³ to the exercise of original imagination, but rather to the working out of refinements of manner⁴ on some authorised matter⁴; and who bring to their perfection, in this way, the elements of sanity, of order and beauty in manner.

In general criticism, again, it³ means the spirit of Greece and Rome, of some phases in literature and art that may seem of equal authority with Greece and Rome, the age of Louis the Fourteenth, the age of Johnson; though this is at best an uncritical use of the term, because in Greek and Roman work there are typical examples of the romantic spirit.

• But explain the term as we may, in application to particular epochs, there are these two elements always recognisable; united in perfect art—in Sophocles, in Dante, in the highest

work of Goethe, though^s not always absolutely balanced there; and these two elements may be not inappropriately termed the classical and romantic tendencies.

WALTER PATER, *Appreciations*.

- 1 *bande* (f.) has usually a depreciatory sense in French. 2 The adjective with the definite article will suffice. 3 Show clearly what word 'given' refers to: so 'it,' further on. 4 "*fond*"(m.) and *forme* (f.) are the stock words in this connection. 5 The verb must be supplied.

CLXVII.** CLASSICAL AND ROMANTIC (*continued*).

Material for the artist, motives of inspiration, are not yet exhausted: our curious, complex, aspiring age still abounds in subjects for æsthetic manipulation by the literary as well as by other forms of art. For the literary art, at all events, the problem just now is, to induce order upon the contorted, proportionless accumulation of our knowledge and experience, our science and history, our hopes and disillusion, and, in effecting this, to do consciously what has been done hitherto for the most part too unconsciously, to write our English language as the Latins wrote theirs, as the French write, as scholars should write. The scholar will remember that if "the style is the man" it is also the age: that the nineteenth century too will be found to have had its style, justified by necessity—a style very different, alike from the baldness of an impossible "Queen Anne" revival, and an incorrect, incondite exuberance, after the mode of Elizabeth: that we can only return to either at the price of an impoverishment of form or matter, or both...that the individual writer or artist, certainly, is to be estimated by the number of graces he combines, and his power of interpenetrating them in a given work.

To discriminate schools, of art, of literature, is, of course, part of the obvious business of literary criticism: but, in the work of literary production, it is easy to be overmuch occupied concerning them. For, in truth, the legitimate contention is,

not of one age or school of literary art against another, but of all successive schools alike, against the stupidity which is dead to the substance, and the vulgarity which is dead to form.

WALTER PATER, *Appreciations*.

VIII. PHILOSOPHICAL AND REFLECTIVE

CLXVIII. ROUSSEAU'S INFLUENCE ON THE 18TH CENTURY.

The true causes of the mighty influence of these doctrines are to be found¹ in the condition of society. Formerly they had been advocated² with a view to special political exigences, or to a single country, or to a single section of society. For the first time, in the 18th century³, they penetrated to the masses of the people, stirred them to their lowest depths⁴, and produced an upheaving that was scarcely less general than that of the Reformation⁵. The history of the movement was like that of the enchanted well in the Irish legend, which lay for centuries shrouded in darkness, in the midst of a gorgeous city, till⁶ some careless⁷ hand left open the door that had enclosed it, and⁸ the morning sunlight flashed upon its waters. Immediately it arose, responsive to⁹ the beam; it burst the barriers that had confined it; it submerged the city that had surrounded it; and its resistless waves, chanting wild music to heaven, rolled over the temples and over the palaces of the past.

W. E. H. LECKY, *Rationalism in Europe*.

1 A French writer would rather say 'It is in the condition of society that one must look for,' etc. 2 'advocated' is difficult to translate. One may say *préconiser l'application* of a doctrine. 3 Transpose the two phrases. 4 *les bas-fonds*. 5 *la Réforme*. 6 It is better to supply 'the day when.' 7 *distrain(e)*. 8 Remember to express the subordinating conjunction. 9 It is easier to turn by 'at the summons of these rays.'

CLXIX.** CHRISTIAN MORALITY AND DOGMA.

The moral element of Christianity is as the sun in heaven, and dogmatic systems are as the clouds that intercept and temper the exceeding brightness of its ray. The insect whose existence is but for a moment might well imagine that these were indeed eternal, that their majestic columns could never fail, and that their luminous folds were the very source and centre of light. And yet they shift and vary with each changing breeze; they blend and separate; they assume new forms and exhibit new dimensions; as the sun that is above them waxes more glorious in its power, they are permeated and at last absorbed by its increasing splendour; they recede, and wither, and disappear, and the eye ranges far beyond the sphere they had occupied into the infinity of glory that is above them.

W. E. H. LECKY, *Rationalism in Europe*, I. Ch. II

CLXX.*** THE GREATNESS OF SILENCE.

Ah yes, I will¹ say again: The great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning², actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of Silence³. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department⁴; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which had⁵ no roots; which had⁵ all turned into leaves and boughs; —which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small⁶.

—I hope we English will⁷ long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*.

THOMAS CARLYLE, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

1 Is 'will' here the Future auxiliary? 2 *des mots qui sonnent creux, des mots vides de sens*. 3 Is it correct to translate by *l'Empire de Silence*? Gender of *silence*? 4 What would *dans son département* mean to a Frenchman? 5 For the tense, compare: *L'hiver vint peu à peu, s'étendit comme un linceul qu'on laisserait tomber* (Loti); *C'était comme une végétation de pierre qui aurait jailli du sol* (Loti). What rule can you form from these two typical examples? 6 Compare Alfred de Vigny, *La Mort du Loup*, III. 6. 7 Does *espérer* take the Indicative or the Subjunctive here?

CLXXI.*** THE ARTISTIC IDEAL.

No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied, if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth; but in Art the perfection is itself the object. If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist. Art, when really cultivated and not merely practised empirically, maintains, what it first gave the conception of, an ideal Beauty, to be eternally aimed at, though surpassing what can be actually attained; and by this idea it trains us never to be completely satisfied with imperfection in what we ourselves do and are: to idealise, as much as possible, every work we do, and most of all our own characters and lives.

J. S. MILL, *Rectorial Address to the Students of St Andrews*, 1867.

CLXXII.** THE MISER'S PUNISHMENT.

Among the fables of Monsieur de la Motte, there is one levelled¹ against avarice, which seems to me more natural and easy than most of the fables of that ingenious² author. A miser, says he, being dead, and fairly³ interred, came to the banks of the Styx, desiring to be ferried⁴ over along with the other ghosts⁵. Charon demands his fare, and is surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. Shall⁶ he be chained to the rock with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaïdes? or assist⁷ Sisyphus in rolling his stone? "No," says Minos, "none of these. We must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

DAVID HUME.

1 Meaning? 2 Is this word to be rendered by *ingénieux* [= '*plein d'esprit, d'invention*'] or by *génial* [= '*qui a du génie*']? 3 *bel et bien, dûment*. 4 *passer* (trans.), 'to ferry across': *passseur* = 'ferryman,' *le bac*, 'the ferryman's boat.' 5 See p. 20. 6 Not the Future; turn by *devoir*. 7 When *assister* means 'to assist' it generally denotes giving charity.

CLXXIII.** AVARICE.

There are two sorts of avarice; the one is but of a bastard kind; and that is the rapacious appetite of gain, not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called; which is a restless and insatiable desire of riches, not for any further end of use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increase them. The covetous man of the first kind is like a greedy ostrich,

which devours any metal, but it is with an intent to feed, upon it, and in effect it makes shift to digest it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind, and a little good too, to some few. The second does good to none; no, not to himself.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, *Of Avarice.*

CLXXIV.** THAT IDEAS ARE USELESS
WITHOUT FACTS.

Here again is a reason why mental¹ culture is in the minds of men identified² with the acquisition of knowledge...and with the best of reasons so far as this, that there is no true culture without acquirements, and that philosophy presupposes knowledge.

It requires a great deal of reading, or a wide range of information, to warrant us in putting forth our opinions on any serious subject; and without such learning the most original mind may be able indeed to dazzle, to amuse, to refute, to perplex, but not³ to come to any useful result or any trustworthy conclusion. There are indeed persons who profess a different view of the⁴ matter, and even act upon it⁴. Every now and then you will find a person of vigorous or fertile mind, who relies upon his own resources, despises all former authors, and gives the world, with the utmost fearlessness, his views upon religion, or history, or any other popular subject. And his works may sell² for a while; he may get a name in his day; but this will be all. His readers are sure to find on the long run that his doctrines are mere theories, and not the expression of facts, that they are chaff instead of bread, and then his popularity drops as suddenly as it rose.

J. H. NEWMAN, *The Idea of a University.*

1 Turn by a noun Be careful how you render the English verb.

3 See that you have the negative in its proper place.

4 Meaning? Show the sense clearly.

CLXXV THE INFLUENCE OF MONTAIGNE.

It has been justly remarked by Malebranche, that Montaigne is an example of a writer who had no pretensions to be a great reasoner; but who nevertheless exercised a most profound and general influence upon the opinions of mankind. It is not, I think, difficult to discover the explanation of the fact. In an age which was still spell-bound by the fascinations of the past he applied to every question a judgment entirely unclouded by the imaginations of theologians, and unshackled by the dictates of authority. His originality consists, not so much in his definite opinions or in his arguments, as in the general tone and character of his mind. He was the first French author who had entirely emancipated himself from the retrospective habits of thought that had so long been universal; who ventured to judge all questions by a secular standard, by the light of common sense, by the measure of probability which is furnished by daily experience.

W. E. H. LECKY, *Rationalism in Europe*, I Ch. I.

CLXXVI. HONEST STUDY.

If you will¹ believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden² season of life. As you have heard it called³, so it verily is, the seedtime of life, in which if you do not sow, or if you sow tares⁴ instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at indeed little: while in the course of years, when you come⁵ to look back, and if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counselors there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent⁶ when it is⁵ too late. Pursue your studies in⁷ the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I mean to say, an accurate separation of⁸

what you have really come to know in your own minds and what is still unknown.

CARLYLE.

N.B. See p. 11, § 3. 1 See, IF, p. 28. 2 'The golden age' is *l'âge d'or*. We may coin a similar expression or use the Adj. *doré*. 3 Not the Past Participle. 4 *l'ivraie* (f.). 5 Tense? 6 Supply 'of it.' 7 If you use *façon* or *manière*, see IN, p. 28. 8 If you keep the English construction, this 'of' will rather be *entre* in French.

CLXXVII.*** DILATORINESS IN STUDY.

It has been observed that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way, and many because they leave it by choice, and, instead of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower and repose in every shade

Dr JOHNSON, *The Rambler*.

CLXXVIII.** INJUSTICE.

A notion, self-begotten in me, of the limitations of my friend is answerable for the barrenness¹ of my intercourse with him. I set him down as hard; I speak to him as if he were hard and from² that which is hard in myself. Naturally I

evolve only that which is hard, although there may be fountains of tenderness in him of which¹ I am altogether unaware. It is far better in conversation not to regulate it according to supposed capacities or tempers, which are generally those of some fictitious being, but to be simply ourselves. We² shall often find unexpected and welcome response.

Our estimates of persons, unless they are³ frequently revived by personal intercourse, are apt to alter⁴ insensibly and to become untrue. They acquire increased definiteness but they lose in comprehensiveness.

Especially is this⁵ true of those who are dead. If I do not read a great author for some time my mental abstract of him becomes summary and false. I turn to him again, all summary judgments upon him become impossible, and he partakes of infinitude. Writers, and people who are in society and talk much, are apt to be satisfied⁷ with an algebraic symbol for a man of note, and their work is⁷ done not with him but with x .

MARK RUTHERFORD, *Pages from a Journal*.

1 If you do not know a suitable equivalent turn by e.g. 'profits me so little.' 2 Expand to make the meaning clear. 3 See p. 34, § II.

4 Mood? 5 *s'altérer* or *changer*? 6 Do you keep the inversion in French? 7 How is the Passive to be rendered here?

CLXXIX.** ON LIVING TO ONE'S-SELF.

What I mean by living to one's-self is living in the world, as in it, not of it: it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it: it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men, calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor

once dreamt of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loopholes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. "He hears the tumult, and is still."

W. HAZLITT, *Table-Talk*.

CLXXX.** FRIENDSHIP.

I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real¹, they² are not glass threads or frostwork, but the solidest³ thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has⁴ man taken towards the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand⁵ the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself, whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch⁶, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he⁷ know the solemnity of that relation and honour its law! It is no idle bond, no holiday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games, where the first-born⁸ of the world are the competitors.

EMERSON, *Essays*.

1 *réel*, or *véritable*, or *vrai*? 2 *ce* or *elles*? 3 See SOMETHING, p. 30.
 4 See p. 32, § 5. 5 It seems impossible to render in French the image contained in the word 'stand,' suggesting the prisoner at the bar on whom sentence is being passed. The difficulty may be turned by beginning the sentence with *Et voilà....* 6 *un arc de triomphe*. 7 Note and clearly render the sense. 8 *les premiers nés* or *les mieux nés*?

CLXXXI.** MODERATION IN FRIENDSHIP.

I do then with my friends as I do with my books. I would have them where I can find them, but I seldom use them. We must have society on our own terms, and admit or exclude it on the slightest cause. I cannot afford to speak

much with my friend. If he is great, he makes me so great that I cannot descend to converse. In the great days, presentiments hover before me, far before me, in the firmament. I ought then to dedicate myself to them. I go in that I may seize them, I go out that I may seize them. I fear only that I may lose them receding into the sky in which now they are only a patch of brighter light. Then, though I prize my friends, I cannot afford to talk with them and study their visions, lest I lose my own. It would indeed give me a certain household joy to quit this lofty seeking, this spiritual astronomy or search of stars, and come down to warm sympathies with you; but then I know well I shall mourn always the vanishing of my mighty gods.

EMERSON, *Essays*.

CLXXXII.*** MONTAIGNE AT HOME.

I always think of Montaigne as¹ he appears in Landor's delightful 'Imaginary Conversations,' in which he holds discourse with Scaliger.

As I read, I seem² to see the sweet and simple gentleman, who is doing the honours of his house so well to the great and slightly dreary scholar; my ears seem to catch the rich music of the ripe old Gascon speech: I seem² to savour that wine from the vineyard on the knoll which the chestnut trees hid, 'light, odoriferous, with a smartness like a sharp child's prattle.' We stay our appetite for the pepperless broiled chickens while we walk with the 'old man of the mountain'³ in his sober garb of black and white, dear to him as the familiar habit of a dear father; while we look upon the fourscore books, which seem⁴ so few to Scaliger and so many to Montaigne; we dog the heels of the pair through the spacious kitchen where the score of great flitches swing; we stand with them for⁵ a moment in the chill gallery where the tattered banners hang, and smile as Montaigne banters the enthusiastic pedant, suggesting, with grave irony, the possible darning of the ragged relics. A sweet and simple gentleman

is⁶ the Montaigne of Landor's fancy; a sweet and simple gentleman was the real Montaigne, if sweetness and a wise simplicity ever took up their dwelling in the temple of a human heart.

JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, Introduction to Florio's
Montaigne.

1 *tel que*. 2 This use of 'seem' in the 1st person (= 'as it seems to me') is not French; use the impersonal *il semble*. 3 *le vieux de la montagns*, alluding to the name *Montaigne*, where *ai* is the older spelling in place of *a*. 4 *paraître* or *sembler*? 5 *pendant* or *pour*? 6 How can the effect of the inversion be retained in French?

CLXXXIII.** THE IDEAL STUDY.

While writing this article I am in my study again. Like the rooms in all houses in this country which are not hovels, it is handsome and ornamented. On one side it looks towards a garden and the mountains; on another, to the mountains and the sea. What signifies all this? I turn my back upon the sea; I shut up even one of the side-windows looking upon the mountains, and retain no prospect but that of the trees.

I do not like this fine large study. I like elegance. I like room to breathe in, and even walk about, when I want to breathe and walk about. I like a great library next my study; but for the study itself, give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books. There should be only one window in it, looking upon trees. Some prefer a place with few, or no books at all—nothing but a chair or a table, like Epictetus; but I should say that these were philosophers, not lovers of books, if I did not recollect that Montaigne was both. He had a study in a round tower, walled as aforesaid. It is true, one forgets one's books while writing—at least they say so. For my part, I think I have them in a sort of sidelong mind's eye; like a second thought, which is none—like a waterfall, or a whispering wind.

LEIGH HUNT, *The Indicator*.

CLXXXIV.*** NATURE'S REVENGE.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in¹ of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks² on a square mile³ or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down⁴ from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe,—"What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up⁴ and whisper back⁴,—"We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers,—“Come with me.” Then they go softly with it into the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down⁴ on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up⁴ from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out⁴ through iron cemetery-railings.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

N.B. The chief difficulty of the passage lies in the use of prepositions.
 1 *infiltration* (f). 2 See p. 22. 3 See p. 34, § 9, 4. 4 See p. 33, § 8.

CLXXXV.*** NATURE'S REVENGE (*continued*).

Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other,—“Wait awhile!” The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other,—“Wait awhile!” By-and-by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding

of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State-House. O, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* (Ch. XI.).

CLXXXVI.*** THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands¹ to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator², for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition³ rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight⁴ or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very out-pourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence⁵. It has come to be a woman,—before it was⁶ a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?

CHARLES LAMB, *Essays of Elia*.

N.B. The exercise is partly one of care in the order of words. 1 Use *menotte* (f.). 2 *collaborateur*. 3 *situation* (f.). 4 *spectacle* (m.). 5 *prévoyance* (f.). 6 See p. 35, § 13, 4.

CLXXXVII.*** ALONE WITH NATURE.

Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasures," burst into my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!" I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience." Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone.

W. HAZLITT, *Table-Talk*.
On Going a Journey.

CLXXXVIII.** SCENERY AND LITERARY WORK.

In years gone by, I had only to look up from my desk and see a noble loch in its inexhaustible loveliness, and a mountain in its majesty. It was a daily¹ and hourly¹ delight to watch the breezes play about the enchanted isles, on the delicate silvery surface, dimming some clear reflection, or trailing it out in length, or cutting sharply across it with

acres of rippling² blue. It was a frequent pleasure to see the clouds play about the crest of Cruachan and Ben Vorlich's golden head, grey mists that crept upwards from the valleys till the sunshine suddenly caught them and made them brighter than the snows they shaded. And the leagues and leagues of heather on the lower land to the southward that became like the aniline dyes of deepest purple and blue, when the sky was grey in the evening—all save one orange-streak! Ah, ~~those~~ were spectacles never to be forgotten³, splendours of light and glory, and sadness of deepening gloom when the eyes grew moist in the twilight and secretly drank their tears.

P. G. HAMERTON, *The Intellectual Life*.

1 Turn by a noun.

2 See TO SHINE, p. 23.

3 *inoublable*.

CLXXXIX.** SCENERY AND LITERARY WORK (continued).

And yet, wonderful as it was, that noble and passionately beloved Highland scenery was wanting in one great element that a writer imperatively needs. In all that natural magnificence humanity held no place. Hidden behind a fir-clad promontory to the north, there still remained, it is true, the grey ruin of old Kilchurn, and far to the south-west, in another reach of the lake, the island-fortress of Ardhonnel. But there was not a visible city with spires and towers, there were only the fir-trees on the little islands and a few gravestones on the largest. Beyond, were the depopulated deserts of Breadalbane.

Here, where I write to you now, it seems as if mankind were nearer, and the legends of the ages written out for me on the surface of the world. Under the shadow of Jove's hill rises before me one of the most ancient of European cities, *soror et æmula Romæ*. She bears on her walls and edifices the record of sixty generations. Temple, and arch, and pyramid, all these bear witness still, and so do her ancient bulwarks, and many a stately tower. High above all, the cathedral spire is drawn dark in the morning mist, and often

in the clear summer evenings it comes brightly in slanting sunshine against the steep woods behind. Then the old city arrays herself in the warmest and mellowest tones, and glows as the shadow of fall. She reigns over the whole width of her valley to the folds of the far blue hills. Even so ought our life to be surrounded by the loveliness of nature—surrounded, but not subdued.

P. G. HAMERTON, *The Intellectual Life*.

CXC.* THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT ON GOETHE.

The old Frankfort¹ city², with its busy crowds, its fairs, its mixed population, and its many sources of excitement, offered great temptations, and great pasture to so desultory a genius. This is perhaps a case wherein circumstances may be seen³ influencing the direction⁴ of character.... A large continuity of thought and effort was perhaps radically uncongenial to such a temperament; yet one cannot help⁵ speculating whether under⁶ other circumstances he might not have achieved it. Had he been reared in a quiet little old German town, where he would have daily seen the same faces in the silent streets, and come in contact with the same characters⁷, his culture might have been less various, but it might perhaps have been deeper. Had he been reared in the country, with only the changing seasons and the sweet serenities of nature to occupy his attention when released from study, he would certainly have been a different poet. The long summer afternoons spent in lonely rambles, the deepening twilights filled with shadowy visions, the slow uniformity of his external⁸ life necessarily throwing him more and more upon the subtler diversities of inward⁸ experience, would inevitably have influenced his genius in quite different directions⁴, would have animated his works with a very different spirit.

G. H. LEWES, *Life of Goethe*.

1 Use *de*.

2 See p. 19.

3 See note on Eng. passive, p. 32, § 7.

4 *direction* (f.) or *orientation* (f.) or *sens* (m.)?

5 *on ne peut pas ne*

pas...+infin.

6 Preposition?

7 *caractère* (m.) or *personnage* (m.)?

8 Use *extérieur* and *intérieur*.

CXCI.** THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE HEART.

In my youth, looking at this man and that, I marvelled that humanity had made so little progress. Now, looking at men in the multitude, I marvel that they have advanced so far.

Foolishly arrogant as I was, I used to judge the worth of a person by his intellectual power and attainment. I could see no good where there was no logic, no charm where there was no learning. Now I think that one has to distinguish between two forms of intelligence, that of the brain, and that of the heart, and I have come to regard the second as by far the more important. I guard myself against saying that intelligence does not matter; the fool is ever as noxious as he is wearisome. But assuredly the best people I have known were saved from folly, not by the intellect, but by the heart. They come before me, and I see them greatly ignorant, strongly prejudiced, capable of the absurdest mis-reasoning; yet their faces shine with the supreme virtues, kindness, sweetness, modesty, generosity. Possessing these qualities, they at the same time understand how to use them; they have the intelligence of the heart.

GEORGE GISSING, *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*.

CXCII.*** THE ARTIST'S AIM IN LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

The landscape painter must always have¹ two great and distinct ends; the first, to induce² in the spectator's mind the faithful conception of any natural objects whatsoever; the second, to guide the spectator's mind to those objects most worthy of its contemplation, and to inform him of the thoughts and feelings with which these were regarded by the artist himself.

In attaining the first end the painter only places the spectator where he stands himself; he sets him before the landscape and leaves him³. The spectator is alone. He

may follow out his own thoughts as he would in the natural solitude; or he may remain untouched, unreflecting and regardless⁴, as his disposition may incline him. But he has nothing of thought given to him, no new ideas, no unknown feelings, forced on his attention or his heart. The artist is his conveyance⁵, not his companion,—his horse, not his friend. But in attaining the second end, the artist not only *places* the spectator, but *talks* to him, makes him a sharer⁶ in his own strong feelings and quick thoughts, hurries him away in his own enthusiasm, guides him to all that is beautiful, snatches him from all that is base, and leaves him more than delighted,—ennobled⁷ and instructed, under⁸ the sense of having not only beheld a new scene, but of having held communion with a new mind, and having been endowed for a time with the keen⁹ perception and the impetuous emotion of a nobler and more penetrating intelligence.

RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*, I.

1 *se proposer*. 2 *faire passer dans*. 3 Supply 'here.' 4 Use the corresponding nouns with *sans*='un-' and '-less,' e.g. 'untouched,' *sans émotion*. 5 Perhaps *porteur* with reference to *une chaise à porteurs*, a 'sedan-chair.' 6 Use the verb *partager*. 7 Distinguish *anobli* and *ennobli*. 8 *avec le sentiment* or *conscient*. 9 Use *fin* (adj.).

CXCIII.** ON NARROWNESS OF INTERESTS.

When my relative and predecessor in the office of Lord Chancellor, John Scott, Lord Eldon, was asked what was the real way to insure for young men success at the Bar, he replied:—"I know no rule to give them, but that they must make up their minds to live like a hermit and work like a horse." He had himself in a notable fashion put his precept into practice. But here again I must utter a word of warning about the precept of my distinguished relative. The rule of practice which I have quoted from him I believe to be indispensable, whatever career you choose. But in carrying it into effect you must guard against the temptation to

become what is called too practical, that is to say, narrow and uninteresting. Youth, with its elasticity and boundless energy, is the time to lay the foundations of wide knowledge and catholic interests. The wider and more catholic these are, the better, provided that they do not distract you from the necessary concentration on your special object. They need not do so. Time is infinitely long for him who knows how to use it, and the mind is not like a cubic measure that can contain only a definite amount. Increase, therefore, wherever you can, without becoming amateurs in your own calling, the range of your interests. Every man and woman is, after all, a citizen in a state. Therefore, let us see to it that there is not lacking that interest in the larger life of the social whole which is the justification of a real title to have a voice and a vote. Literature, philosophy, religion, are all widening interests. So is science, so are music and the fine arts.

Viscount HALDANE, *Address to Edinburgh Students*,
Nov 14, 1913.

CXCIV.** THE CARE OF MONUMENTS.

Take proper care of your monuments, and you will not need to restore them. A few sheets¹ of lead put in² time upon a roof, a few dead leaves and sticks³ swept in time out of a water-course, will save both roof and walls from ruin. Watch an old building with an anxious care; guard it as best you may, and at *any* cost, from every influence of dilapidation. Count its stones as you would jewels⁴ of a crown; set watches⁵ about it as if at the gates of a besieged city; bind it together with iron where⁶ it loosens; stay⁷ it with timber where it declines; do not care about the unsightliness of the aid: better a crutch than a lost limb; and do this tenderly, and reverently, and continually and many a⁸ generation will still be born and pass away beneath⁹ its shadow. Its evil¹⁰ day must come at last; but let it come

declaredly and openly, and let no dishonouring and false substitute deprive it of the funeral¹¹ offices of memory.

RUSKIN, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*.

- 1 Would usually be *feuilles*. Here use e.g. *lames* (f.). Why?
 2 Preposition? 3 Is this *canne* (f.) or *bâton* (m.)? What does the English word mean here?
 4 *bijoux* or *joyaux*? See p. 20.
 5 *gardes, sentinelles, veilleurs*. 6 Express the antecedent of the Relative adverb.
 7 What is the French form of this word?
 8 *maint* suits the style. 9 *sous* does not quite express the meaning.
 10 'evil' here = 'fated,' 'destined.' See FATAL, p. 20. 11 The adjective 'funeral' = *funèbre*.

CXCV.** THE SCOTTISH GENIUS.

It was by natural affinity that Scotland adopted the special form of Christianity which had been formulated by Calvin; and in adopting it the nation impressed it with its own moral and intellectual characteristics. That for three centuries the Scottish people have clung with such tenacity to this type of religion is conclusive proof that at a particular stage of their development it embodied the highest ideal they could conceive of human life and destiny.

It is in the racial tendencies, in the conditions of the national life that we must look for the explanation of that "narrow intensity" which is the special note of the Scottish genius and character. Scotland with its limited area, its niggard soil, and scanty population, could not in the nature of things have evolved a civilisation so rich and various as that of England or France. Yet, if she has not produced a Shakespeare or a Molière, and has closed her eyes to certain of the richest prospects in human life and experience, the world has recognised that her people have played their own part and taken their own place among the nations, and that among her sons are not a few who have contributed to the highest pleasure and the highest profit of the race.

Prof. HUME BROWN, *History of Scotland*."

CXCVI.** ON THE LACK OF EDUCATED OPINION
IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Educated opinion exists here as in France; but in France the Academy serves as¹ a sort of centre and rallying-point to it, and gives it a force which it has not got here. Why is all the *journeyman-work* of literature, as I may call it, so much worse done here than it is in France?...As a general rule², hardly any one amongst us, who knows French and German well, would³ use an English book of reference when he could⁴ get a French or German one. It is not that there do not exist in England, as in France, a number of people perfectly well able to discern what is good, in these things, from⁵ what is bad, and preferring what is good; but they are isolated, they form no powerful body of opinion, they are not strong enough to set a standard, up to which even the journeyman-work of literature must be brought, if it is to be vendible⁶. Ignorance and charlatanism in work of this kind are always trying to pass off their wares as excellent, and to cry down⁷ criticism as the voice of an insignificant, over-fastidious⁸ minority; they easily persuade the multitude that this is so when the minority is scattered about as it is here; not so easily when it is banded together as in the French Academy.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *The Literary Influence of Academies*,
in *Essays in Criticism*.

1 *de*. 2 *en règle générale*. 3 Verb? 4 Tense? 5 *avec*
or *de*? 6 Turn by *se vendre*. 7 *dénigrer*. 8 Beware of
anglicisms.

CXCVII.[†] SCULPTURE AND EDUCATION—A COMPARISON.

But to return to our former comparison:—A statue lies hid in a block of marble; and the art of the statuary clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it; what sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the human soul. Thus

we see the statue sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance and prejudice which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself a promoter of these great ends, and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of men's minds: at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be.

ADDISON.

CXCVIII.* NO TIME.

When first I engaged in this work, I resolved to leave neither words¹ nor things unexamined, and pleased² myself with a prospect of the hours which I should revel away in feasts of literature, with the obscure recesses of northern learning which I should enter and ransack³; the treasures with which I expected every search into those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my acquisitions to mankind⁴. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I resolved to show likewise my attention to things; to pierce deep into every science, to enquire the nature of every substance of which I inserted⁵ the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place⁶ of all other dictionaries whether appellative or technical. But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look

for instruments when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had^s brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it.

Dr JOHNSON.

N.B. The sentences must be shortened and the order of words made strictly logical. 1 See p. 24. 2 See ENJOY, p. 20. 3 *fouiller*.
4 Order of words? 5 Tense? 6 Render the sense.

CXCIX.* TRUE POLITENESS.

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedemonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with the sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out,—“The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practise it.”

RICHARD STEELE, *Politeness*.

CC.** LAST WORDS.

But other benefactors there are, unknown and unrecorded, sons of Edinburgh University, who might say to their Alma Mater, ‘Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give

I thee¹; and who have given her the quiet memorials of a student's² life, the example of patient and unobtrusive³ work, pursued often under difficulties, inspired by duty and lit up with courageous⁴ hope, a college⁴ life of strenuous simplicity and hardness, of high ideals and unworldly aims. Men such as these have stamped their mark, the authentic impress of their character, on our University and⁵ on all the Universities of Scotland. The bequest they have left⁶ is of priceless value.

How often has one⁷ wished to follow into later life those whom one has watched⁸ in the opening of their career? There is nothing more moving than that endless procession of students who pass under our eyes and go forth from our walls, generation after generation, bearing their new-lit torches—go forth into the darkness⁹ of the future, some of⁹ them destined to emerge in the full blaze of fame and success, but thousands of others who can⁶ never win their way to that light, but of whom now and again we catch some unexpected glimpse which reveals them at their task, with torches still undimmed, it may be in some lonely parish¹⁰ of their own land, or it may be at some distant outpost of the Empire.

Prof. S. H. BUTCHER, *Farewell Address*.

1 See p. 32, § 5. 2 *étudiant, lettré, savant* are all unsuitable here; use an abstract term, e.g. *étude*. 3 See UN-, p. 30. 4 '*collège*' (m.) is a secondary school of less importance than a *lycée*. 5 '*and*' is sometimes rather *comme* than *et*. 6 Note the meaning. 7 *je, nous* or *on*? 8 *l'obscurité* (f.) or *les ténèbres* (f.)? 9 See p. 53. 10 '*paroisse*' (f.) is a purely ecclesiastical division.

MODEL TRANSLATIONS BY PROFESSORS OF ENGLISH IN FRENCH UNIVERSITIES

M. L. CAZAMIAN, Lecturer in the University of Paris.

MEREDITH, *Beauchamp's Career*: 'The breeze blew steadily...' p. 234.

BROWNING, *Saul*: 'Would I suffer for him that I love?...?' p. 236.

M. C. CESTRE, Professor in the University of Bordeaux.

RUSKIN, *Præterita*: 'For all other rivers there is a surface...' p. 238.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*: 'But from their nature will the
Tannen grow...' p. 240.

M. J. DEROCQUIGNY, Professor in the University of Lille.

CHARLES LAMB, *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig*: 'I remember a
touch of conscience...' p. 244.

CHARLES LAMB, *Imperfect Sympathies*: 'I was travelling in a stage-
coach...' p. 246.

M. J. DOUADY, Lecturer in the University of Lyons.

CHARLES LAMB, *Imperfect Sympathies*: 'I have been trying all my
life to like Scotchmen...' p. 248.

THACKERAY, *The Newcomes*: 'A company of old comrades...' p. 250

M. A. KOSZUL, Lecturer in the University of Paris.

MAURICE HEWLETT, *Open Country*: 'On a day in late April...' p. 252.

M. ÉM. LEGOUIS, Professor in the University of Paris.

MISS MITFORD, *Our Village*: 'The perfect unrestraint of her atti-
tudes...' p. 256.

COLLINS, *Ode to Evening*: 'If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral
song...' p. 258.

M. W. THOMAS, Professor in the University of Lyons.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *Sketch Book*: 'Suddenly the notes of the
deep labouring organ...' p. 264.

R. L. STEVENSON, *An Inland Voyage*: 'The river was swollen with
the long rains...' p. 266.

MORNING AT SEA UNDER THE ALPS.

The breeze blew steadily, enough to swell the sails and sweep the vessel on smoothly. The night air dropped no moisture on deck.

Nevil Beauchamp dozed for an hour. He was awakened by light on his eyelids, and starting up beheld the many pinnacles of grey and red rocks and shadowy high white regions at the head of the gulf waiting for the sun; and the sun struck them. One by one they came out in crimson flame, till the vivid host appeared to have stepped forward. The shadows on the snow-fields deepened to purple below an irradiation of rose and pink and dazzling silver. There of all the world you might imagine Gods to sit. A crowd of mountains endless in range, erect, or flowing, shattered and arid, or leaning in smooth lustre, hangs above the gulf. The mountains are sovereign Alps, and the sea is beneath them. The whole gigantic body keeps the sea, as with a hand, to right and left.

Nevil's personal rapture craved for Renée with the second long breath he drew; and now the curtain of her tent-cabin parted, and greeting him with a half-smile, she looked out. The Adriatic was dark, the Alps had heaven to themselves. Crescents and hollows, rosy mounds, white shelves, shining ledges, domes and peaks, all the towering heights were in illumination from Friuli into farthest Tyrol; beyond earth to the stricken senses of the gazers. Colour was steadfast on the massive front ranks: it wavered in the remoteness, and was quick and dim as though it fell on beating wings; but there too divine colour seized and shaped forth solid forms, and thence away to others in uttermost distances where the incredible flickering gleam of new heights arose, that soared, or stretched their white uncertain curves in sky-like wings traversing infinity.

It seemed unlike morning to the lovers, but as if night had broken with a revelation of the kingdom in the heart of night. While the broad smooth waters rolled unlighted beneath that transfigured upper sphere, it was possible to think the scene might vanish like a view caught out of darkness by lightning. Alp over burning Alp, and around them a hueless dawn! The two exulted: they threw off the load of wonderment, and in looking they had the delicious sensation of flight in their veins.

GEORGE MEREDITH, *Beauchamp's Career* Ch. IX.

Il soufflait une brise régulière, assez forte pour gonfler les voiles et mollement pousser le navire. L'air de la nuit ne laissait point tomber d'humidité sur le pont.

Nevil Beauchamp s'assoupit pendant une heure. Il s'éveilla en sentant une lueur sur ses paupières, et se levant brusquement, il vit toutes les pointes de rochers gris et rougeâtres, et les régions hautes, d'une blancheur obscure, au fond du golfe, qui attendaient le soleil ; et le soleil les frappa. Une à une elles surgirent en une flamme rouge, jusqu'à ce que l'armée éclatante parût s'être portée en avant. Les ombres sur les champs de neige se foncèrent jusqu'au pourpre, au-dessous d'une irradiation de rose, d'incarnat et d'argent éblouissant. C'est là, ou nulle part au monde, que l'on pourrait s'imaginer le trône des dieux. Une foule de montagnes au cortège infini, abruptes ou ondulées, fracassées et arides, ou s'inclinant moelleuses et lustrées, est suspendue sur le golfe. Les montagnes sont des Alpes souveraines, et la mer est à leurs pieds. Tout le corps gigantesque tient la mer, comme d'une main, à droite et à gauche.

Ravi dans tout son être, Nevil eut soif de Renée en reprenant profondément haleine. Et voici que le rideau de sa cabine de toile s'entr'ouvrit ; et le saluant d'un demi-sourire, elle regarda. L'Adriatique était sombre, les Alpes avaient le ciel à elles seules. Cirques et creux, mamelons teints de rose, terrasses blanches, crêtes resplendissantes, dômes et pics, toutes les hauteurs altières s'illuminaient, depuis le Frioul jusqu'au fond du Tyrol ; n'appartenant plus à la terre pour les sens extasiés des spectateurs. La couleur était fixe sur les masses rangées au premier plan : elle vacillait dans le lointain, fugitive et incertaine comme si elle se posait sur des ailes battantes ; mais là aussi la couleur divine saisissait et modelait des formes solides ; et de là s'élançait vers d'autres tout au fond de l'espace où s'élevait le reflet invraisemblable et palpitant de nouvelles hauteurs, qui se dressaient ou allongeaient leurs courbes blanches et indécises dans le ciel comme des ailes traversant l'immensité.

Il ne semblait point aux amoureux que ce fût le matin ; mais comme si la nuit s'était entr'ouverte pour révéler le royaume qui est au cœur de la nuit. Tandis que la large surface des eaux calmes ondulait dans l'ombre sous cette sphère supérieure transfigurée, il était possible de penser que le spectacle pourrait s'évanouir, comme une vision arrachée par l'éclair aux ténèbres. Alpe sur Alpe en feu, et autour d'eux une aube incolore ! Exultant tous deux, ils rejetèrent l'émerveillement qui les accablait ; et, regardant, ils eurent dans les veines la délicieuse sensation du plein vol.

SAUL.

XVIII

"Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—
so wilt thou!

So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost
crown—

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down
One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,
Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with
death!

As thy Love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand
the most weak.

'Tis the weakness in strength, that I cry for! my flesh,
that I seek

In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like
to me,

Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever: a Hand like this
hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee: See the
Christ stand!"

XIX

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware:
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly
there,

As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed
with her crews;

And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and
shot

Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge: but I fainted
not,

XVIII

“Voudrais-je souffrir pour celui que j’aime? Toi aussi, tu le voudrais,—tu le feras! Et ainsi tu ceindras la couronne la plus haute, ineffable, ultime—et ton amour, remplissant l’infini, ne laissera, du zénith au nadir, aucun intervalle où puisse subsister la créature mortelle! Ce n’est point assez d’un souffle, d’un mouvement d’yeux, d’un geste de la main, pour que le salut éternel accorde son différend avec la mort! Comme ton Amour se révèle tout-puissant, que ton pouvoir d’être Aimé, qui existe avec et pour lui, se montre tout-puissant aussi! Celui qui a fait le plus, souffrira le plus; le plus fort sera le plus faible. C’est vers la faiblesse, au sein de la force, que s’élève le cri de mon être! C’est ma chair, que je cherche dans la Divinité! Je la cherche et je la trouve. Oh Saül, ce sera une Figure comme ma figure qui te recevra; un Homme semblable à moi, que tu aimeras et dont tu seras aimé, dans l’éternité: une Main pareille à cette main t’ouvrira les portes de la nouvelle vie! Vois se lever le Christ!”

XIX

Je ne sais trop comment je retrouvai mon chemin dans la nuit. Des témoins, des cohortes se pressaient autour de moi, à gauche et à droite, des anges, des dominations, les êtres innommés, invisibles, ceux qui vivent, ceux qui savent: je les écartai, je me frayai un chemin de vive force, aussi péniblement qu’un messager assiégé par la populace affamée de nouvelles—nouvelles de vie ou de mort. La terre entière était éveillée, l’enfer déchaîné avec ses légions; et les étoiles de la nuit palpaient d’émotion, lançant en jets de flamme l’ardente souffrance du savoir prisonnier: mais je ne défaillis

For the hand still impelled me at once and supported,
 'suppressed
All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.
Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—
Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth;
In the gathered intensity brought to the grey of the hills;
In the shuddering forests' held breath; in the sudden wind-
 thrills;
In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling
 still
Though averted with wonder and dread; in the birds stiff
 and chill
That rose heavily, as I approached them, made stupid with awe:
E'en the serpent that slid away silent,—he felt the new law.
The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the
 flowers;
The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the
 vine-bowers:
And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and low,
With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—"E'en so, it is so!"

ROBERT BROWNING, *Saul*, Works, ed. Augustine
 Birrell (Smith, Elder & Co. 1906), Vol. I. p. 280.

THE RHÔNE LEAVING THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath,
and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone
flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its
ethereal self is everywhere, the iridescent rush and translucent
strength of it blue to the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water, not
water, neither,—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the
force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the
gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they
are always coming or gone. But here was one mighty wave
that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as

point, car la Main toujours me poussait et me soutenait à la fois, réprimait tout le tumulte, et l'apaisait d'une injonction tranquille et sainte, jusqu'à ce que l'ivresse se contînt, et que la terre glissât au repos. Bientôt, à l'aurore, tout cet émoi s'était évanoui de la terre,—et pourtant, je le vis encore expirer dans la tendre naissance du jour; dans l'intensité accrue que prenait le gris des collines; dans le souffle suspendu des forêts frissonnantes; dans les soudains frémissements du vent; dans les bêtes sauvages surprises qui s'éloignaient, le regard curieux encore, quoique détourné par l'étonnement et la crainte; dans les oiseaux raides et glacés qui se levaient lourdement, comme je les approchais, rendus stupides par l'effroi: même le serpent qui s'enfuyait, glissant en silence—il sentait la loi nouvelle. C'est elle aussi que disait le regard fixe des fleurs, blanches figures humides tournées vers le ciel; c'est elle qui tressaillait au cœur du cèdre et agitait les berceaux des vignes; et les petits ruisseaux lui portant témoignage murmuraient, tout bas et sans cesse, de leurs voix obstinées et timides: "Ainsi, oui, c'est ainsi!"

L. CAZAMIAN.

Tous les autres fleuves, quand on en regarde la surface et les eaux moyennes, suggèrent l'idée déplaisante d'un fond. Mais le Rhône coule comme un joyau liquide. Sa surface n'est nulle part, son moi éthéré est partout; partout la même fuite iridescente, la même force translucide, bleue jusqu'aux rives, radieuse jusqu'aux abîmes...Masse profonde de quinze pieds qui s'élance, plutôt qu'elle ne s'écoule; non pas même d'eau, de glace dissoute, qui porte en soi la force du névé, les souples volutes des nuages, la joie du ciel, la continuité du temps....Les vagues transparentes de la mer sont belles; mais elles se forment et disparaissent aussitôt. Voici une vague unique et puissante, toujours elle-même, une dans les caprices de ses tourbillons, constante comme les spires

the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it for ever from her snow.

...Great torrents always seem angry and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain, in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing.

RUSKIN, *Præterita*, II.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

But from their nature will the Tannen grow
Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,
Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks
Of eddying storms; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, grey granite into life it came,
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may grow the same.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms; mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence—not bestowed
In vain should such example be; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a day.

d'une conque. Pas d'écume qui vole et se perd, pas d'effort, qui se ramasse avant l'élan, pas de remous passif, pas de recul impuissant : mais sans cesse, dans l'éclat du jour, dans les murmures de la nuit, la ruée irrépressible, l'éclair vivace, la voix que rien n'étouffe, et, à l'appel du soleil, la réponse lumineuse, éthérée, du bleu marine, aquamarine, ultramarine, bleu de violette, bleu de gentiane, bleu de plume de paon, bleu de paradis, vitrail coulé aux rayons du soleil—et, sans cesse, la nixe des Alpes en tisse les filaments légers, de la neige des sommets.... Les grands torrents bondissent avec des soubresauts de colère, les grands fleuves coulent avec une majesté morose ; mais le Rhône n'a ni colère ni dédain. Le fleuve de montagne semble goûter la joie pure du réveil au sortir du lac et prendre sa course, pour le plaisir de la course....

C. CESTRE.

De leur nature, les sapins poussent le plus hauts sur les rocs les plus hauts et les moins abrités, enracinés dans la pierre stérile, où la terre manque, à leur base, pour les affermir contre les ouragans alpestres, aux tourbillons furieux. Pourtant leurs troncs s'élancent et se rient de la tempête hurlante. Hauts et vastes, ils deviennent dignes des monts qui les ont vu naître parmi les masses de granit froid et gris, et prendre leur taille gigantesque.—Comme l'arbre, peut croître l'esprit.

On peut supporter l'existence : les racines profondes de la vie et de la constance peuvent s'enfoncer solidement dans les cœurs nus et désolés. Sans une plainte, le chameau peine sous les plus lourds fardeaux ; le loup meurt en silence. Que ces exemples ne nous soient pas donnés en vain ! Si ces êtres grossiers et sauvages souffrent sans faiblir, nous qui sommes d'une argile plus noble, nous saurons la tremper contre la souffrance. Ce n'est que pour un jour !

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed,
Even by the sufferer—and, in each event,
Ends:—Some, with hope replenished and rebuoyed,
Return to whence they came—with like intent,
And weave their web again; some, bowed and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant;
Some seek devotion—toil—war—good or crime,
According as their souls were formed to sink or climb.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a Scorpion's sting,
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness imbued;
And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back to the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the Ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
But feel the shock renewed, nor can efface
The blight and blackening which it leaves behind,
Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The Spectres whom no exorcism can bind,—
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew—
The mourned—the loved—the lost—too many! yet how
few!

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*,
Canto IV. St. XX-XXIV.

La souffrance triomphe de celui qui souffre, ou bien c'est lui : dans les deux cas, la souffrance prend fin. Les uns, soutenus par l'espoir et animés d'un nouveau courage, reviennent à leur point de départ, tendent au même but et tissent à nouveau la trame de leur vie. D'autres, courbés, cassés, blanchissent, et grimaient comme des spectres, se flétrissant avant le temps, et périssent avec le roseau qui leur servait d'appui. D'autres recherchent la prière, le labeur, la guerre, le bien ou le mal, selon que leur âme est faite pour l'abîme ou pour la nue.

Mais, par intervalles, des douleurs apaisées il remonte un souvenir, semblable à une piqûre de scorpion, à peine perceptible, mais imprégné d'une amertume nouvelle. Légère peut-être est la cause qui fait de nouveau peser sur le cœur le poids qu'il voudrait rejeter : c'est un bruit, une note de musique, un soir d'été, ou bien le printemps, une fleur, le vent, l'Océan, qui rouvrent la blessure, touchant la chaîne électrique dont l'obscur étreinte nous enserre.

Pourquoi, comment ? Nous ne savons. Nous ne pouvons remonter jusqu'à la nue d'où a jailli l'éclair de l'esprit ; mais nous sentons le choc renouvelé, dont la brûlure ineffaçable nous marque de son noir sillon. Ainsi, des choses familières, à notre insu, quand nous y pensons le moins, surgissent des Spectres qu'aucun exorcisme ne peut refouler : les indifférents, les infidèles, les morts peut-être, ceux que nous avons pleurés, aimés, perdus—trop nombreux, hélas ! alors qu'ils sont si peu.

C. CESTRE.

A TOUCH OF CONSCIENCE.

I remember a touch of conscience at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt, at this time of day, that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but, before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present!—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor.

CHARLES LAMB, *A Dissertation upon Roast Pig,*
in *Essays of Elia*.

Je me rappelle un remords de conscience que j'eus du temps que j'allais à l'école. Ma bonne vieille tante, qui jamais ne se séparait de moi à la fin d'une journée de congé sans fourrer dans ma poche friandises ou douceurs, m'avait renvoyé un soir avec un plum-cake fumant, sortant du four. Sur mon chemin (il fallait passer London Bridge), un vieux mendiant à tête grise me salua. (Je n'ai pas le moindre doute, aujourd'hui, qu'il ne fût une contrefaçon de mendiant.) Je n'avais pas de sous avec quoi le consoler et dans la vanité de l'abnégation et dans la fatuité même de la charité, en véritable écolier, je lui fis présent du gâteau tout entier. Je continuai ma route un moment, léger et fier, comme on l'est en ces occasions, sous la douce caresse de ma conscience satisfaite ; mais, avant que j'eusse atteint l'extrémité du pont, il se fit en moi un retour à de meilleurs sentiments, et je fondis en larmes, pensant combien j'avais été ingrat envers ma bonne tante, d'aller donner son bon présent à un étranger que je n'avais jamais vu auparavant, et qui pouvait être un mauvais sujet pour ce que j'en savais ; et puis je songeai au plaisir que ma tante aurait à penser que je mangerais (moi personnellement, et non un autre) son délicieux gâteau. Et que lui dirais-je la prochaine fois que je la verrais ?—Combien j'avais été méchant de me dessaisir de son gentil présent !—et l'odeur de ce gâteau parfumé revenait à ma mémoire, et le plaisir et la curiosité que j'avais éprouvés à le lui voir faire, et sa joie quand elle l'avait envoyé au four du boulanger, et combien elle serait désappointée que, finalement, je n'en eusse point eu dans la bouche le moindre morceau. Et je blâmai mon impertinent esprit de charité et mon hypocrisie déplacée de bonté ; et surtout je souhaitai de ne jamais revoir la face de ce traître, ce vaurien, ce vieux routier grison d'imposteur.

J. DEROCQUIGNY.

THE QUAKERS AND THE LANDLADY.

I was travelling in a stage-coach with three male Quakers, buttoned up in the staitest nonconformity of their sect. We stopped to bait at Andover, where a meal, partly tea apparatus, partly supper, was set before us. My friends confined themselves to the tea-table. I in my way took supper. When the landlady brought in the bill, the eldest of my companions discovered that she had charged for both meals. This was resisted. Mine hostess was very clamorous and positive. Some mild arguments were used on the part of the Quakers, for which the heated mind of the good lady seemed by no means a fit recipient. The guard came in with his usual peremptory notice. The Quakers pulled out their money, and formally tendered it—so much for tea—I, in humble imitation, tendering mine—for the supper which I had taken. She would not relax in her demand. So they all three quietly put up their silver, as did myself, and marched out of the room, the eldest and gravest going first, with myself closing up the rear, who thought I could not do better than follow the example of such grave and warrantable personages. We got in. The steps went up. The coach drove off. The murmurs of mine hostess, not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced, became after a time inaudible—and now my conscience, which the whimsical scene had for a while suspended, beginning to give some twitches, I waited, in the hope that some justification would be offered by these serious persons for the seeming injustice of their conduct. To my great surprise, not a syllable was dropped on the subject. They sat as mute as at a meeting. At length the eldest of them broke silence, by inquiring of his next neighbour, “Hast thee heard how indigos go at the India House?” and the question operated as a soporific on my moral feeling as far as Exeter.

CHARLES LAMB, *Imperfect Sympathies*, in
Essays of Elia.

Je voyageais en diligence avec trois quakers, boutonnés dans la plus étroite non-conformité de leur secte. Nous nous arrêtâmes pour casser une croûte à Andover, où un repas, moitié thé, moitié souper, fut placé devant nous. Mes amis s'en tinrent au thé. Moi, de mon côté, je soupai. Quand l'hôtesse apporta la note, le plus âgé de mes compagnons s'aperçut qu'elle avait compté les deux repas. On réclama. Notre hôtesse jeta des clameurs et s'entêta. Quelques placides représentations furent faites par les quakers, que l'esprit échauffé de la bonne dame ne sembla nullement disposé à admettre. Le conducteur entra avec son ordinaire aver-tissement péremptoire. Les quakers tirèrent leur argent et l'offrirent formellement—tant pour un thé—moi, humble imitateur, offrant le mien pour le souper que j'avais fait. Elle ne voulut rien rabattre de ses exigences. Alors tous trois ils remirent leur monnaie dans leur poche, ce que je fis aussi, et ils rompirent, le plus âgé et le plus grave menant la tête, et moi fermant la marche, qui crus ne pouvoir mieux faire que de suivre l'exemple de ces graves et justifiables personnages. Nous montâmes. Le marchepied se replia. La voiture partit. Les murmures de notre hôtesse, non indistincts ni équivoques, au bout d'un instant ne nous parvinrent plus : et alors ma conscience, que cette scène bizarre avait un moment suspendue, commençant à m'élancer un peu, j'attendis, dans l'espoir que ces sérieux personnages allaient présenter quelque justification pour l'apparente injustice de leur conduite. À ma grande surprise ils n'en soufflèrent mot. Ils se tenaient cois, ainsi qu'à une de leurs assemblées. À la fin, le plus âgé rompit le silence en demandant à son voisin immédiat : "Sais tu ce que font les indigos à l'India House ?" et cette question agit sur mon sens moral comme un soporifique jusqu'à Exeter.

J. DEROCQUIGNY.

CHARLES LAMB ON THE SCOTTISH MIND.

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. They cannot like me—and in truth, I never knew one of that nation who attempted to do it. There is something more plain and ingenuous in their mode of proceeding. We know one another at first sight. There is an order of imperfect intellects (under which mine must be content to rank) which in its constitution is essentially anti-Caledonian. The owners of the sort of faculties I allude to, have minds rather suggestive than comprehensive. They have no pretences to much clearness or precision in their ideas, or in their manner of expressing them. Their intellectual wardrobe (to confess fairly) has few whole pieces in it. They are content with fragments and scattered pieces of Truth. She presents no full front to them—a feature or side-face at the most. Hints and glimpses, germs and crude essays at a system, is the utmost they pretend to. They beat up a little game per-adventure—and leave it to knottier heads, more robust constitutions, to run it down. The light that lights them is not steady and polar, but mutable and shifting: waxing, and again waning. Their conversation is accordingly. They will throw out a random word in or out of season, and be content to let it pass for what it is worth. They cannot speak always as if they were upon their oath—but must be understood, speaking or writing, with some abatement. They seldom wait to mature a proposition, but e'en bring it to market in the green ear. They delight to impart their defective discoveries as they arise, without waiting for their full development. They are no systematizers, and would but err more by attempting it. Their minds, as I said before, are suggestive merely.

J'ai essayé toute ma vie de sympathiser avec les Écossais, et je suis obligé de renoncer à ma tentative en désespoir de cause. Ils ne sauraient sympathiser avec moi, et, à vrai dire, je n'en ai jamais vu un seul de cette nation qui s'y soit jamais prêté. Il y a quelque chose de plus rond, de plus ingénu, dans leur manière de procéder. Nous nous reconnaissons à première vue. Il y a une catégorie d'intelligences imparfaites (dans laquelle je dois me contenter de prendre rang) qui sont constituées sur un modèle essentiellement anti-calédonien. Ceux qui possèdent les facultés du genre auquel je fais allusion ont l'esprit suggestif plutôt que compréhensif. Ils ne prétendent en aucune façon à l'abondance de clarté, ni à la précision, soit dans leurs idées, soit dans la manière de les exprimer. Leur garde-robe intellectuelle (avouons-le sans détours) contient bien peu de vêtements tout entiers. Ils se contentent de fragments du Vrai, de pièces éparses. Il ne se présente pas à leurs yeux de front ; c'en est tout au plus quelques traits, un profil. Des suggestions, des aperçus, des germes ou de frustes essais de système, voilà le maximum de leurs prétentions. Il leur arrivera par aventure de lever quelque menu gibier—they laisseront à des têtes plus résistantes, à des constitutions plus robustes, le soin de le forcer. La lumière qui les éclaire n'a rien de constant, de polaire, elle est variable et mouvante ; elle croît et décroît tour à tour. Leur conversation est à l'avenant. Ils vous jeteront un mot au hasard, à propos ou hors de propos, et il leur suffira qu'il passe pour ce qu'il vaut. Ils ne peuvent pas toujours s'exprimer comme s'ils parlaient sous la foi du serment. Il faut toujours les entendre, soit qu'ils parlent, soit qu'ils écrivent, avec des atténuations. Ils prennent rarement le temps de mûrir leurs propositions, mais en apportent au marché les épis encore verts. Ils prennent plaisir à communiquer leurs découvertes imparfaites telles qu'elles ont surgi, sans en attendre le complet développement. Ce ne sont pas des faiseurs de systèmes ; ils ne feraient qu'errer davantage en s'y essayant. Leur esprit, je l'ai dit plus haut, est de l'ordre suggestif, rien de plus.

The brain of a true Caledonian (if I am not mistaken) is constituted upon quite a different plan. His Minerva is born in panoply. You are never admitted to see his ideas in their growth—if, indeed, they do grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. You never catch his mind in an undress. He never hints or suggests any thing, but unloads his stock of ideas in perfect order and completeness. He brings his total wealth into company and gravely unpacks it. His riches are always about him. He never stoops to catch a glittering something in your presence, to share it with you, before he quite knows whether it be true touch or not. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at its meridian—you never see the first dawn, the early streaks. He has no falterings of self-suspicion. Surmises, guesses, misgivings, half-intuitions, semi-consciousnesses, partial illuminations, dim instincts, embryo conceptions, have no place in his brain, or vocabulary

CHARLES LAMB, *Imperfect Sympathies*, in
Essays of Elia.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

A company of old comrades shall be merry and laughing together, and the entrance of a single youngster will stop the conversation; and if men of middle age feel this restraint with our juniors, the young ones surely have a right to be silent before their elders. The boys are always mum under the eyes of the usher. There is scarcely any parent, however friendly or tender with his children, but must feel sometimes that they have thoughts which are not his or hers; and wishes and secrets quite beyond the parental control; and, as people are vain, long after they are fathers, ay, or grand-fathers, and not seldom fancy that mere personal desire of domination is overweening anxiety and love for their family, no doubt that common outcry against thankless children might often be shown to prove, not that the son is disobedient, but the father too exacting.

W. M. THACKERAY, *The Newcomes*, Ch. XXI.

Le cerveau du vrai Calédonien est, si je ne m'abuse, construit sur un plan totalement différent. Sa Minerve naît armée de toutes pièces. Il ne vous autorise jamais à voir la croissance de ses idées, à condition toutefois qu'elles croissent et qu'elles ne soient pas assemblées sur le principe d'un mouvement d'horlogerie. Vous ne surprendrez jamais son esprit en déshabillé. Il n'est jamais rien qu'il laisse entendre où qu'il suggère : il décharge son assortiment d'idées dans un ordre parfait et au grand complet. Il porte sa richesse totale en société et gravement la déballe. Il a toujours sur lui toute sa fortune. Il ne se baisse jamais pour ramasser en votre présence un rien de brillant et le partager avec vous, avant de bien éprouver si c'est, ou non, de bon aloi. Il ne trouve pas, il apporte. Vous n'êtes jamais témoin du moment où il commence à saisir. Son intelligence est toujours au méridien ; vous n'en voyez jamais l'aube, les premiers traits lumineux. Il ignore les tâtonnements du doute intérieur. Hypothèses, conjectures, pressentiments, intuitions vagues, demi-conscience, illuminations partielles, sourds instincts, conceptions embryonnaires, tout cela n'a de place ni dans son cerveau, ni dans son vocabulaire.

J. DOUADY.

De vieux camarades assemblés seront là à se réjouir et à rire tous ensemble : il suffira qu'entre un jeune homme pour que la conversation s'arrête. Si les hommes d'âge mûr éprouvent cette contrainte à l'égard de leurs cadets, les jeunes ont certes le droit de garder le silence devant leurs aînés. Les élèves sont toujours bouche close sous le regard de leur surveillant. Il est rare qu'un père, qu'une mère, quelle que soit sa bienveillance ou sa douceur pour ses enfants, ne sente parfois qu'ils ont des pensées qui lui sont étrangères, des désirs, des secrets échappant complètement à l'autorité des parents. Et comme l'on demeure vain, longtemps après être devenu père, que dis-je, grand-père, comme souvent l'on prend tout simplement son désir personnel de domination pour un excès de sollicitude ou de tendresse familiale, on pourrait sans nul doute montrer que, dans bien des cas, les récriminations habituelles contre l'ingratitude des enfants prouvent non point que le fils est désobéissant, mais que le père est trop exigeant.

J. DOUADY.

THE MAGIC OF THE FOREST.

On a day in late April Mr Senhouse was on his way to Graseby in the Eastern Midlands, on a visit to his friend the Liberal member for that division of the county, and was not far from his journey's end. He had in fact entered the precincts of Churn Forest, a noble belt of woodland incorporated long ago (in the fine and free manner of our forefathers) into the estates of about three great men. A Mauleverer had been one, and the predecessor in title of Charnock, M.P., another. One side of the road was the Gorston property, the other Bill Hill; treeful forest all of it, showing deep and quiet recesses of beech and bracken, interspersed by glades of oak saplings, between whose tapering columns the light lay elfin, and revealed to those who had the eyes to see withal more inhabitants of the wild spaces than common men may discern. Ye charm'd resorts of woodfolk! He who traverses a forest with an eye for timber, or a moorland musing on building sites, will tell you that Pan is dead and the Nymphs no more. That was not Mr Senhouse's opinion, who had the *Witch of Atlas* by heart.

“And Universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,
And though none saw him—through the adamant
Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,
And through these living spirits, like a want,
He past out of his everlasting lair,
Where the quick heart of the old world doth pant...”

He had got so far when he pulled up his lean horse with a slow tightening of the reins, and peered into the shafted glade with narrowed eyes. The forest held him, poet and painter. He saw, and lusted to convey.

“I could do it,” he said between his teeth. “I could do something of it. It's sheer magic—but it could be done. Corot would have done it—did do it. And I?”

Un jour de fin d'avril, M. Senhouse se rendait à Graseby, dans l'Est des Midlands, chez son ami le député libéral de cette circonscription ; il n'était pas loin du terme de son voyage : de fait, il avait pénétré dans l'enceinte de la Forêt de Churn, magnifique bande de pays boisé, annexée il y a longtemps—avec cette belle désinvolture de nos aïeux—aux terres de quelque trois grands personnages. Un Mauleverer avait été l'un d'eux, et le propriétaire qui avait précédé Charnock, le membre du Parlement, un autre ; un côté de la route était le domaine de Gorston, l'autre était Bill Hill—forêt dense que tout cela, et qui laissait voir de profondes et paisibles retraites de hêtres et de fougères, avec çà et là de longues clairières de jeunes chênes, entre les colonnes fuselées desquels la lumière reposait, féerique, révélant à ceux qui avaient des yeux capables de voir plus d'habitants des lieux agrestes que le commun des hommes n'en saurait discerner. O séjours enchantés des Sylvains ! Celui qui traverse une forêt, l'œil en quête de bois marchand, ou une lande, rêvant de terrains à bâtir, vous dira que Pan est mort et que les Nymphes ne sont plus. Mais telle n'était point l'opinion de M. Senhouse, qui savait par cœur *la Sorcière de l'Atlas* :

“Et Pan, le Dieu Universel, dit-on, était là ;
Et bien que nul ne le vît—traversant l'obstacle adamantin
Des montagnes profondes, traversant les espaces vierges de l'air,
Traversant les âmes de tous ces êtres, comme un vague désir,
Il passa, sorti de son gîte éternel
Où palpite, toujours vivant, le cœur du vieux monde...”

Il en était là quand il arrêta son maigre cheval en tirant lentement sur les rênes, et scruta de ses yeux mi-clos la colonnade de la clairière. La forêt le possédait tout entier—lui, le poète et le peintre. Il voyait, et brûlait du désir de rendre tout cela.

“Je pourrais le faire,” dit-il entre ses dents, “je pourrais le faire en partie...C'est de la magie pure, mais cela pourrait se faire...Corot l'aurait fait—il l'a fait ! Et moi donc?...”

Then he began again,

"The herdsmen and the mountain maidens came,
And the rude Kings of pastoral Garamant—"

"Pastoral Garamant'—oh, thou diviner!

"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty——!"

"And what are these oak shafts but garmented in light? That's where the trouble's to be—they are ensphered in light; and I come up with my bistres and yellows! A fool with a paint-box; but here goes."

His brushes were dabbling in colour as he grumbled and stared. He worked with water and a block, drew in nothing, but slobbered on his tints with quick precision, and muttered as he slobbered.

The slender, pale stems ran back in rows into blue space; their tops, tufted with buds, tinged bright red, were printed upon the fleecy sky—amidships lay a still pool, nearly black where water showed, edged about with dead bracken and young flags, and almost covered with flat lily leaves, with here and there a bud half-opened—for the spring of that year had been out of reason mild.

Mr Senhouse worked diligently while his lean horse cropped the herbage; and as he worked he grumbled:

"I must key up my trees, I must key up my sky. '*Dolce color d'oriental saphiro*'—oh, heavens, what a blue! And the clouds, the clouds! Painting's no good for this kind of thing; you must have poetry... 'Garmented in light,' eh?"

Then he laughed outright at a memory—

"...And lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed..."

"Oh, an immortal game!" And then he said suddenly, "Hulloa!" and then no more; but held his breath and looked, a brush in his mouth, another suspended in the air.

MAURICE HEWLETT, *Open Country*, Ch. III.

Puis il reprit :

“Vinrent les pasteurs et les filles de la montagne,
Et les frustes rois de la pastorale Garama...”

La pastorale Garama ! ‘...ô poète divinateur !

“Une dame charmante, vêtue de la lumière
De sa propre beauté...”

“Et que sont ces colonnes de chênes sinon revêtues de lumière ? Voilà bien où sera la difficulté—elles sont toutes englobées dans de la lumière ! et je m’amène ici avec mes bistres et mes jaunes ! Un nigaud, armé d’une boîte de couleurs !...Mais allons-y !”

Les pinceaux barbotaient dans la couleur, tandis qu’il grommelait en fixant des yeux son paysage. Il travaillait à l’aquarelle, sur un petit bloc de papier, sans faire de contours, mais plaquant ses taches de couleurs avec une précision rapide, et marmottant cependant. Les minces troncs pâles fuyaient en lignes dans le lointain bleu ; les cimes, touffes de bourgeons d’un rouge brillant, s’imprimaient sur le ciel moutonneux ; par le travers, s’étendait un étang immobile, presque noir aux endroits où l’eau apparaissait, bordé de fougères mortes et de jeunes glaïeuls, et presque recouvert par de plates feuilles de nénuphars, avec, çà et là, un bourgeon entr’ouvert. Car le printemps de cette année avait été d’une douceur toute déraisonnable...

M. Senhouse travaillait assidûment, pendant que son maigre cheval broutait l’herbage, et tout en travaillant, il grommelait :

“Il faut que je rehausse mes arbres—il faut que je rehausse mon ciel—*dolce color d’oriental saphiro*... Oh ! Dieu, quel bleu ! Et ces nuages, ces nuages !... La peinture ne vaut rien pour cette sorte de chose ; il vous faut la poésie... ‘revêtue de lumière,’ n’est-ce pas ?” Puis, il partit d’un franc éclat de rire en se rappelant :

“Et des masses informes, mi-vivantes, mi-mortes,

Aux têtes de chien, aux pattes d’oiseau, aux yeux au bout des seins...”

“Ah, l’immortel jeu de poète !” Et puis, tout à coup, il dit : “Tiens, tiens !” et plus rien... Mais il retint son haleine et leva les yeux, un pinceau à la bouche, l’autre suspendu en l’air...

A. KOSZUL.

COUSIN MARY.

The perfect unrestraint of her attitudes, and the exquisite symmetry of her form, would have rendered her an invaluable study for a painter. Her daily doings would have formed a series of pictures. I have seen her scudding through a shallow rivulet, with her petticoats caught up just a little above the ankle, like a young Diana, and a bounding, skimming, enjoying motion, as if native to the element, which might have become a Naiad. I have seen her on the topmost round of a ladder, with one foot on the roof of a house, flinging down the grapes that no one else had nerve enough to reach, laughing, and garlanded, and crowned with vine-leaves, like a Bacchante. But the prettiest combination of circumstances under which I ever saw her, was driving a donkey-cart up a hill, one sunny windy day in September. It was a gay party of young women, some walking, some in open carriages of different descriptions, bent to see a celebrated prospect from a hill called the Ridges. The ascent was by a steep, narrow lane, cut deeply between sand-banks, crowned with high, feathery hedges. The road and its picturesque banks lay bathed in the golden sunshine, whilst the autumnal sky, intensely blue, appeared at the top as through an arch. The hill was so steep that we had all dismounted, and left our different vehicles in charge of the servants below; but Mary, to whom, as incomparably the best charioteer, the conduct of a certain nondescript machine, a sort of donkey curricule, had fallen, determined to drive a delicate little girl, who was afraid of the walk, to the top of the eminence.

She jumped out for the purpose, and we followed, watching and admiring her as she won her way up the hill: now tugging at the donkeys in front, with her bright-face towards them and us, and springing along backwards—now pushing the chaise from behind—now running

La parfaite désinvolture de ses attitudes et l'exquise symétrie de ses formes auraient fait d'elle un sujet d'étude inestimable pour un peintre. Ses faits et gestes journaliers auraient formé une série de tableaux. Je lui ai vu traverser prestement un ruisseau peu profond, ses jupes retroussées juste un peu au-dessus de la cheville, pareille à une jeune Diane, et d'une allure bondissante, effleurante et heureuse, comme si l'eau fût son élément naturel, qui aurait pu convenir à une Naiade. Je l'ai vue sur le plus haut barreau d'une échelle, un pied sur le toit d'une maison, jetant de là les grappes de raisin que personne autre n'avait le courage d'atteindre, riante et enguirlandée, et couronnée de feuilles de vigne comme une Bacchante. Mais la plus gracieuse combinaison de circonstances où je l'aie jamais vue, c'est conduisant une charrette à ânes à la montée d'une côte, par un jour de soleil et de vent en septembre. C'était dans une joyeuse excursion de jeunes femmes, les unes à pied, les autres en voitures découvertes de forme variée, qui s'en allaient voir un panorama célèbre que l'on découvre du haut d'une colline appelée les "Ridges." La montée suivait un petit chemin roide et étroit, profondément encaissé entre des talus de sable que couronnaient de grandes haies amincies et recourbées par le haut. La route et ses bords pittoresques baignaient dans la lumière du soleil, tandis que le ciel d'automne, d'un bleu intense, apparaissait au sommet comme à travers une arche. La côte était si escarpée que nous étions toutes descendues, laissant en bas nos différents véhicules à la garde des domestiques. Mais Marie à qui, comme étant incomparablement le meilleur automédon, était échue la conduite de certaine machine indéfinissable, sorte de carriole à deux ânes, résolut de mener dedans, jusqu'au sommet de l'éminence, une petite fille délicate qui avait peur de faire la course à pied.

Elle sauta à bas de la voiture à cette intention, et nous suivîmes, l'observant et l'admirant à mesure qu'elle gravissait la colline : tantôt elle tirait les ânes par devant, sa face radieuse tournée vers eux et vers nous, et avançait en bondissant à reculons ; tantôt elle poussait la carriole par

by the side of her steeds, patting and caressing them—now soothing the half-frightened child—now laughing, nodding, and shaking her little whip at us—darting about like some winged creature—till at last she stopped at the top of the ascent, and stood for a moment on the summit, her straw bonnet blown back, and held on only by the strings; her brown hair playing on the wind in long natural ringlets; her complexion becoming every moment more splendid from exertion, redder and whiter; her eyes and her smile brightening and dimpling; her figure in its simple white gown strongly relieved by the deep blue sky, and her whole form seeming to dilate before our eyes. There she stood under the arch formed by two meeting elms, a Hebe, a Psyche, a perfect goddess of youth and joy. The Ridges are very fine things altogether, especially the part to which we were bound, a turfy breezy spot, sinking down abruptly like a rock into a wild foreground of heath and forest, with a magnificent command of distant objects;—but we saw nothing that day like the figure on the top of the hill.

Miss MITFORD, *Our Village*, "Cousin Mary."

ODE TO EVENING.

1. If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,
2. O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
Sits in yonder western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;
3. Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing,
Or when the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

derrière; tantôt courait à côté de ses coursiers, en les tapotant et les caressant; tantôt rassurait l'enfant à demi effrayé; tantôt nous riait, nous faisait des signes de tête, et nous menaçait de son petit fouet. Elle se balançait de tous les côtés à la fois comme une créature ailée. Enfin elle s'arrêta au haut de la côte et resta un moment immobile au sommet, son chapeau de paille rejeté en arrière par le vent et retenu seulement par les brides, ses cheveux bruns livrant aux jeux de la brise leurs longues boucles naturelles, son teint rendu d'instant en instant plus splendide par l'exercice, plus rouge et plus blanc, ses yeux plus brillants, son sourire plus creusé de fossettes, sa forme, en la robe blanche toute simple qu'elle portait, se détachant avec un vigoureux relief sur le bleu profond du ciel, et toute sa personne semblant se dilater devant nos yeux. Là, debout sous l'arche formée par la rencontre de deux ormes, c'était une Hébé, une Psyché, une parfaite déesse de la jeunesse et de la joie. Les Ridges sont, certes, une fort belle chose, surtout la partie que nous allions voir, plateau de gazon en plein vent qui dévalait aussi abruptement qu'un roc dans un sauvage premier-plan de bruyère et de forêt, avec une vue magnifique sur les lointains,—mais nous ne vîmes rien ce jour-là qui valût la forme aperçue au sommet de la colline.

ÉMILE LEGOUIS.

1. S'il est un air de chalumeau, s'il est un chant pastoral, qui puisse espérer, chaste Soir, de charmer ton oreille modeste, comme le font tes sources solennelles, tes sources et tes mourantes brises,

2. Ô nymphe réservée, en cette heure où le soleil à la brillante chevelure siège là-bas sous sa tente d'occident dont les pans de nuages, entrelacés de broderies éthérées, retombent sur son lit de vagues;

3. En cette heure où l'air se tait, sauf quand la chauve-souris aux yeux faibles, au cri bref et strident, voltige sur ses ailes membraneuses; sauf quand l'escarbot sonne sa petite trompe lugubre,

4. As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,
5. Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!
6. For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,
7. And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.
8. Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.
9. But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,
10. And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.
11. While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

4. Toutes les fois qu'il s'élève du milieu du sentier crépusculaire, emporté contre le pèlerin dans son bourdonnement étourdi;—en cette heure apprends-moi, Vierge recueillie, à exhaler des accords voilés,

5. Dont la cadence glissant furtive à travers ta vallée assombrie s'harmonise sans discords avec sa paix silencieuse, cependant que je médite à pas lents et salue ton cher retour inspirateur !

6. Car lorsque ton étoile du berger se lève et montre son petit cercle pâle, au signal de sa lampe les heures odorantes, et les sylphes qui dormirent dans les fleurs tout le jour,

7. Et les nymphes nombreuses qui, le front guirlandé de glaïeuls, versent la rosée rafraîchissante, et, plus aimés encore, les doux Plaisirs pensifs, préparent ton char ombrueux.

8. Alors mène-moi, calme prêtresse, vers un lac dont la nappe égaie la lande solitaire, ou vers un monument sanctifié par le temps, ou vers les grises jachères d'un plateau qui réfléchissent la dernière lueur fraîche des eaux.

9. Mais quand les vents tempêteux et glacés, ou la pluie fouettante interdisent à mes pieds la course désirée, mienne soit la cabane qui du flanc de la montagne contemple des landes, et des flots enflés,

10. Et des hameaux bruns, et des clochers distincts à peine; et qui entend leur cloche simple, et voit sur toute chose tes doigts humides tirer graduellement le voile de la brune.

11. Tant que le printemps répandra ses ondées, comme souvent il le fait, et baignera tes tresses embaumées, ô Soir très doux ! Tant que l'été aimera à se jouer sous ta lumière attardée ;

12. While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes ;
13. So long, sure found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name !

COLLINS, *Ode to Evening*.

NOTES.

Un tel poème ne se traduit pas. L'intérêt qu'il y a à le rendre en français est d'être ainsi forcé à l'examiner de tout près.

Une seule difficulté de sens ; c'est à la strophe 8. A quoi rapporter le "its" du dernier vers ? Ce ne peut être à l'étoile de la strophe 6 ("the folding star"), car la lumière de cette étoile devient plus vive à mesure que la nuit se fait plus profonde, et le mot "last" serait inexplicable. C'est donc au "sheety lake" qu'il faut le rapporter. Le poète imaginerait ce lac tour à tour au milieu d'une lande, au bord d'un monument ruiné, ou entouré de collines dont le sommet, formant plateau, serait couvert de jachères grises. Dans tous ces cas, la nappe d'eau du lac conserverait les derniers rayons du jour et cette lumière fraîche serait vaguement réfléchie par ses bords.

La strophe était toute différente dans le texte de 1746 :

"Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

La lumière qui tombait sur les ruines était alors celle du soir lui-même ("thy"). Le texte de 1748 serait beaucoup plus simple et clair si l'on y pouvait réintroduire le "thy" de 1746. Mais le peut-on ?

La difficulté constante de l'ode ne tient d'ailleurs pas au sens, mais à l'extraordinaire raffinement de l'expression. C'est une poésie savante, chargée de souvenirs. "If aught of oaten stop" de la 1^{re} strophe rappelle à la fois l'"avena" de Virgile et le "all organs of sweet stop" de Milton. La chauve-souris est décrite d'après Spenser, "leather-winged bat." Milton surtout inspire Collins qui lui prend l'image de l'escarbot "winding his small but sullen horn," st. 3, le "folding star" et le

12. Tant que l'automne jauni emplira de feuilles ton giron; ou que l'hiver, hurlant par les airs remués, effraiera ton timide cortège et brutalement déchirera ta robe;

13. Aussi longtemps celles qu'on est sûr de trouver sous le silvestre abri, la Fantaisie, l'Amitié, la Science, la Santé aux lèvres roses, te connaîtront ton influence douce entre toutes et chanteront ton nom qui est le plus aimé.

ÉMILE LEGOUIS.

"*circlet*" de la strophe 6, les "*upland fallows gray*" de la st. 8, les "*hamlets brown*" de la st. 10, etc.

Mais tous ces emprunts sont assimilés et fondus. L'exemple de Collins suffirait seul à réhabiliter la "poetic diction" incriminée par Wordsworth. Collins se fait une guirlande exquise d'expressions cueillies chez ses devanciers. Quoi de plus naturel que de collectionner les épithètes rares si le choix est dirigé par l'amour et l'émotion de leur beauté! Il fait une quintessence d'une essence. On retrouve chez lui l'*Allegro* et le *Penseroso* à l'état d'élixir, moins riches et plus raffinés, subtilisés en une invocation musicale.

Notez la profonde dévotion du poète à la Nature. Il se pénètre du sentiment du crépuscule. Il demande à ce sentiment son vers (voir la fin de la st. 4 et la st. 5). Pas de rimes, car il ne faut pas de sons trop forts; il faut éviter le relief, le vers aux contours trop arrêtés, pour célébrer l'heure où tout s'éteint peu à peu et se fond en une seule harmonie grise. Pas le vers blanc ordinaire non plus, trop porté à l'allure oratoire, trop véhément. Ce seront de courtes stances sans rime, souvent mêlées ensemble, sans arrêt, rythmées pourtant par le retour régulier des deux vers courts où la voix semble s'atténuer en un chuchotement, craindre le trop de bruit et d'effet.

À noter encore dans cette ode le charme de l'allégorie qui est souvent si dure, si voulue, même ridicule à cette époque:

"*Inoculation, hail, thou heavenly maid!*"

Ici c'est une vague figure pénombreuse, celle de l'heure crépusculaire qui semble vraiment entrevue par le poète, qui prend vie et presque forme, la forme qui convient, une forme indéfinie, et aussi un caractère, discret, timide, mystérieux. C'est là une évocation véritable, non simulée, c'est l'évocation d'une figure aimée,—celle du crépuscule du nord, du crépuscule d'Angleterre, si cher au cœur anglais.

E. L.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Suddenly the notes of the deep labouring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening around me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom, and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

I rose and prepared to leave the Abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs.

WASHINGTON IRVING, *Sketch Book*.

Soudain les notes graves de l'orgue retentissent à mon oreille, lancées avec une intensité accrue et encore redoublée, et roulant, pour ainsi dire, d'énormes vagues sonores. Comme leur volume et leur solennité s'accordent bien avec le puissant édifice ! Avec quelle pompe elles se pressent à travers ses vastes voûtes, remplissant de leur souffle, de leur grandiose harmonie, ces cavernes de mort et prêtent une voix au sépulcre silencieux ! Tantôt elles s'élèvent en une acclamation de triomphe, faisant monter de plus en plus haut leurs accords, entassant les sons sur les sons. Tantôt elles s'arrêtent et les douces voix du chœur éclatent en beaux transports mélodiques, surgissant pour gazouiller le long du toit et semblant se jouer autour de ces hautes voûtes, comme de pures brises célestes. Puis l'orgue grondant fait entendre son émouvant tonnerre et transforme l'air comprimé en musique qu'il déverse sur notre âme. Quelles cadences prolongées ! Quels accords imposants et majestueux ! L'orgue prend toujours plus de volume et de puissance—il emplit l'ample bâtiment et semble ébranler jusqu'aux murs—l'oreille en est assourdie—les sens en restent accablés. Et voilà qu'il termine en pleine allégresse—s'élevant de la terre au ciel—l'âme elle-même semble flotter, ravie, vers l'empyrée sur ce flot grossissant d'harmonie !

Je restai quelque temps absorbé dans cette sorte de rêverie qu'un air de musique tend parfois à produire ; les ombres vespérales se faisaient graduellement plus épaisses à l'entour ; les monuments funéraires commençaient à répandre des ténèbres de plus en plus profondes, et l'horloge lointaine annonça de nouveau le lent déclin du jour.

Je me levai et me disposai à quitter l'Abbaye. En descendant les marches qui mènent au centre de l'édifice, mes yeux rencontrèrent la chaise d'Édouard le Confesseur et je montai le petit escalier qui y conduit, pour embrasser de là, d'un seul regard, ce morne ensemble de tombes éparses.

WALTER THOMAS.

THE OISE IN FLOOD.

The river was swollen with the long rains. From Vaden-court all the way to Origny, it ran with ever-quicken^g speed, taking fresh heart at each mile, and racing as though it already smelt the sea. The water was yellow and turbulent, swung with an angry eddy among half submerged willows, and made an angry clatter along stony shores. The course kept turning and turning in a narrow and well-timbered valley. Now, the river would approach the side, and run griding along the chalky base of the hill, and show us a few open colza-fields among the trees. Now, it would skirt the garden-walls of houses, where we might catch a glimpse through a doorway, and see a priest pacing in the chequered sunlight. Again, the foliage closed so thickly in front, that there seemed to be no issue; only a thicket of willows, overtopped by elms and poplars, under which the river ran flush and fleet, and where a kingfisher flew past like a piece of the blue sky. On these different manifestations the sun poured its clear and catholic looks. The shadows lay as solid on the swift surface of the stream as on the stable meadows. The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves, and brought the hills into communion with our eyes. And all the while the river never stopped running or took breath; and the reeds along the whole valley stood shivering from top to toe.

There should be some myth (but if there is, I know it not) founded on the shivering of the reeds. There are not many things in nature more striking to man's eye. It is such an eloquent pantomime of terror; and to see such a number of terrified creatures taking sanctuary in every nook along

La rivière était grossie par les pluies prolongées. De Vadenecourt et jusqu'à Origny elle courait avec une vitesse accélérée, reprenant courage à chaque mille et se précipitant, comme si déjà elle sentait la mer. L'eau était jaune et turbulente, elle se jetait avec un remous irrité entre des saules à demi-submergés et produisait un clapotis irrité le long de rives pierreuses. Son cours tournait et retournait dans une vallée étroite et bien boisée. Tantôt la rivière côtoyait rapidement la paroi et longeaient en grondant la base crayeuse de la colline, nous montrant parmi les arbres quelques champs de colza à découvert. Tantôt elle suivait des murs de jardins attenants à des maisons, où nous pouvions jeter un coup d'œil par une porte ouverte et voir quelque prêtre se promenant sous des ombrages coupés de rayons lumineux. Puis le feuillage se faisait si dense devant nous que la route semblait sans issue; il n'y avait qu'un taillis de saules dominés par des ormes et des peupliers, sous lesquels la rivière courait vite à pleins bords, et où le martin-pêcheur passait au vol, tel un morceau de ciel azuré. Sur ces aspects divers du paysage le soleil déversait ses rais clairs et universels. Les ombres reposaient aussi fermes sur la surface du cours d'eau au mouvement précipité que sur les prés immobiles. La lumière d'or étincelait entre les danses des feuilles de peuplier et servait de trait d'union entre nos yeux et les collines. Et jamais, cependant, la rivière n'interrompait sa course ou ne reprenait haleine, et les roseaux frissonnaient de la tête aux pieds tout le long de la vallée.

Il devrait y avoir quelque mythe (mais s'il en est un, je l'ignore) fondé sur ce frissonnement des roseaux. Peu de phénomènes naturels frappent davantage l'œil de l'homme. C'est une pantomime si éloquente de la terreur, et voir tant d'êtres terrifiés se réfugier dans tous les recoins de la rive

the shore is enough to affect a silly human with alarm. Perhaps they are only a-cold, and no wonder, standing waist-deep in the stream. Or perhaps they have never got accustomed to the speed and fury of the river's flux, or the miracle of its continuous body. Pan once played upon their forefathers ; and so, by the hands of his river, he still plays upon these later generations down all the valley of the Oise ; and plays the same air, both sweet and shrill, to tell us of the beauty and the terror of the world.

R. L. STEVENSON, *An Inland Voyage*.

suffirait à propager l'alarme chez de sots mortels. Peut-être est-ce seulement qu'ils ont froid et quoi d'étonnant à cela, puisqu'ils se tiennent dans l'eau jusqu'à mi-corps? Ou peut-être n'ont-ils jamais pu se faire à l'allure rapide et emportée du courant ou au miracle de sa continuité. De leurs ancêtres au temps jadis le dieu Pan tira des sons, et de même, sous les mains de sa rivière, il en tire encore de ces nouvelles générations tout le long de la vallée de l'Oise, et c'est encore le même air, à la fois doux et perçant, qu'il joue, redisant la beauté et la terreur de notre monde terrestre.

WALTER THOMAS.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Addison, Joseph, XXXIII, CXC VII
 Annand, Rachel, *see* [Taylor]
 Arnold, Matthew, XXVI, CXC VI
 Belloc, H., CLXV
 Bentham, Jeremy, CLXI
 Besant, W., LXXXI, CXXV
 Birrell, A., CLVI, CLXII
 Black, Wm., LII and p. 43
 Borrow, G. H., CLI
 Boswell, J., LXXI
 Brontë, E., XIII
 [Brown], G. Douglas, XCVIII
 Brown, P. Hume, CXC
 Burke, E., CXVIII, CXIX
 Butcher, S. H., CC
 Butler, Samuel, LXI
 Carlyle, T., XIX (i), XIX (ii), LXXIV,
 CLXX, CLXXVI
 Carr, H. Wildon, CLXIII
 Conrad, J., LI
 Cowley, Abraham, CLXXXIII
 Cowper, Wm., CLX
 Dickens, C., XVI, XVII, XVIII, XXVIII,
 XLII, XLIII, XLIV, XLV, LVIII,
 LXIV, LXV, LXX, LXXVII, LXXIX,
 LXXX, XCII, XCIX, CXLI, CXLII,
 CXLIV
 Disraeli, Benjamin, LIX
 Douglas, George, *see* [Brown]
 Doyle, A. Conan, CXII
 Eliot, George, LXVII, LXXII, LXXVI,
 LXXVIII, CII, CXXIV, CXXXII,
 CXXXIV, CXXXVI, CXLV, CXLVI,
 CXLIX
 Emerson, R. W., CLXXX, CLXXXI
 FitzGerald, Edward, I
 Forbes, Archibald, LXXIII
 Gaskell, Mrs., LXXX
 Gibbon, E., CXV
 Gissing, George, CXCI
 Goldsmith, O., CXXXV
 Grant, Lt.-Col. M. H. ['Linesman'],
 CXIII
 Green, J. R., CVI, CVII, CXXI, CXXVI,
 CXXXI
 Haldane, Viscount, CXCH
 Hamerton, P. G., CLVIII, CLIX,
 CLXXXVIII, CLXXXIX
 Hardy, Thomas, XXXIV, XXXV, LIV
 Hawthorne, Julian, IV
 Hazlitt, W., CLII, CLXXIX, CLXXXVII
 Holmes, O. W., XX, XXI, CLXXXIV,
 CLXXXV
 Hueffer, F. M., LI
 Hume, David, CLXXII
 Hunt, Leigh, CLXXXIII
 Irving, Washington, V
 Jerrold, Douglas, CXXXIX
 Johnson, Dr S., CLXXVII, CXCVIII
 Kingsley, C., XXXVI, LXXXVI,
 LXXXVII, XCV
 Kipling, R., XLVIII

- Lamb, Charles, CIII, CLXXXVI
 Lang, Andrew, CXXVII
 Lecky, W. E. H., CLXVIII, CLXIX, CLXXV
 Lewes, G. H., CXC
 ['Lifesman'], *see* Grant, Lt.-Col. M. H.
 Lockhart, J. G., CXXX
 Longfellow, H. W., VI, VII
 Maçaulay, T. B., XXX, CV, CIX, CXIV, CXVI, CXX, CXXIII, CXXVIII, CXXIX, CXXXIII, CLII, CLVII, CLXIV, and p. 36
 M^cCarthy, Justin, L, CLXXXII
 Masefield, John, LV, CXLVIII
 Meredith, G., XXXVIII, XXXIX, C, CIV, and p. 57
 Mill, John Stuart, CLXXI
 Miller, Hugh, VIII, IX
 Moncrieff, Lord, CXVII
 Morris, Wm., XII
 Motley, J. L., LXIII
 Napier, Sir Wm., CX, CXI
 Newman, J. H., CLXXIV
 Parker, Gilbert, LIII
 Pater, Walter, XLI, XLVI, XLVII, CLXVI, CLXVII
 Peacock, T. L., CI
 Prescott, W. H., XXIX, CVIII
 De Quincey, T., CLV
 Radcliffe, Mrs, XXXI
 Robertson, F. W., XCI
 Ruskin, J., LVI, LVII, LX, LXII, CL, CLIV, CXCII, CXCIV, and p. 64
 Rutherford, Mark, II, III, CLXXVIII
 Scott, Sir W., XLIX, LXVIII, LXXXIV, LXXXV, XC, XCIII, XCIV
 Shaw, G. Bernard, CXLII, CXLVII
 Shelley, P. B., XL
 Sheridan, R. B., CXXXVII
 Steele, Richard, CXCIX
 Stevenson, R. L., XIV, XV, XXII, XXIII, LXXXII, LXXXIII, LXXXVIII, LXXXIX
 [Taylor], Mrs Rachel Annand, XXIV, XXV
 Thackeray, W. M., XXXVII, LXIX, XCVI, XCVII, CXXII, CXXXVIII, CXL
 Warburton, Eliot, LXVI
 Ward, Mrs Humphry, X, XI
 Wells, H. G., XXXII
 Wordsworth, Dorothy, XXVII

INDEX OF FIRST WORDS

- A child exists not..., CLXXXVI
 A detachment of troops..., XCI
 A minute afterwards..., XCVI
 A notion self-begotten in me..., CLXXVIII
 A well-educated gentleman..., CLIV
 About midnight..., XIII
 After proceeding a mile..., VI
 Ah, yes, I will say again..., CLXX
 All hands worked on..., CXLIX
 Along the crowded path..., LXXX
 Always, always the white foam..., LIII
 "Always" is a long word, Tavy..., CXLIII
 Among the fables of Monsieur De La Motte..., CLXXII
 And now I see the outside..., XVII
 And the horn was passed..., XCV
 And then upon all sides..., XXIII
 And yet, wonderful as it was..., CLXXXIX
 Anselm had grown to manhood..., CXXI
 As the day advances..., III
 At length, somewhere about 1 a.m. ..., CXIII
 Beautiful city! so venerable..., XXVI
 Ben Wyvis rose to the west..., IX
 "Bill" was a sturdy fellow..., CXXXII
 But, I think, the noblest sea..., LVI
 But now Lisbeth heard..., LXXVI
 But other benefactors..., CC
 But the daring spirit..., CVII
 But to return to our comparison..., CXCVII
 Classicism, then, means for Stendhal..., CLXVI
 Couched gracefully..., LXVI
 Denis de Beaulieu walked fast..., LXXXIX
 Dinah held no book..., LXXII
 Early on that day..., XLVII
 Educated opinion exists..., CXCVI
 Ere Morton could recover..., XC
 Esmond had left a child..., LXIX
 Even a millionaire..., CLXII
 Externally and internally..., LXIII
 Fagin sat..., LXXIX
 Far in the pale North-East..., XXIV
 Fenwick, who was on duty..., XLVIII
 Fog everywhere..., XLV
 For a long time, Oliver..., LXXVII
 Frederick entered Berlin..., CXVI
 Give me the clear blue sky..., CLXXXVII
 Golden lie the meadows..., p. 57
 Had the Plantagenets..., CV
 He was born with violent passions ..., CXXIX
 He who in an enlightened society ..., CLIII
 Here again is a reason..., CLXXIV
 His person was large..., LXXI

- I always think of Montaigne..., CLXXXII
 I daresay it would be nine..., LXXXIII
 I don't know anything sweeter..., CLXXXIV
 I do not wish to treat friendships daintily..., CLXXX
 I do then with my friends..., CLXXXI
 I doubt if a ghost..., XCIX
 I hurried onward..., LXI
 I left the old man..., VII
 I should like to know..., CXXXIX
 I was afraid of ships..., XX
 I was as light of heart..., VIII
 I wonder whether you would like..., CXXXIV
 If this young man..., LXVII
 If you will believe me..., CLXXVI
 In a long ramble..., v
 In 1831 she was..., LXXV
 In Germany, in France..., CIX
 In my youth..., CXCI
 In one point the Earl and Countess ..., CXXXVIII
 In order to appreciate what Rousseau meant..., CLXV
 In the Cathedral of Lucca..., LXII
 In the midst of his mother's harangue..., CXXXVIII
 In this manner..., XIX (ii)
 In years gone by..., CLXXXVIII
 India and its inhabitants..., XXX
 It happened at Athens..., CXCIX
 It has been justly remarked..., CLXXV
 It has been observed..., CLXXVII
 It is creditable to Charles's temper ..., CXXXIII
 It is difficult for those of our time..., CVIII
 It was a strange figure..., LXV
 It was an old custom..., p. 43
 It was barely four o'clock..., LXXXIII
 It was by natural affinity..., CXC
 It was September 1429..., LXXXVIII
 It was to defend Italy..., CVI
 It would seem that he made..., XXXII
 Johnson's treatment of Milton..., CLX
 Lackland with a great retinue..., LXXIV
 Leonardo da Vinci paints flowers..., XLI
 Listen to them..., CLXXXV
 Look from that window..., XCIII
 Looking back into the blank..., XVI
 Maggie began to think..., LXXXVIII
 Material for the artist..., CLXVII
 Measure!—nay, you cannot measure ..., p. 64
 More than once..., CXXX
 Mr Tanner, you are the most impudent person..., CXLVII
 Mrs Chick hurried into the passage ..., CXLIV
 Mrs Pagnell soon perceived..., CIV
 My father, happily..., CXXV
 My Lady liked the small gentry..., CXXII
 No foreigner who knows..., CLIX
 No other human productions..., CLXXI
 No sudden burst..., CXI
 Nor was Boileau's contempt..., CLVII
 Now the chance that works..., C
 Of political wisdom..., CXXXI
 On a barren corner..., XXXVIII
 On a clear blue morning..., IV
 On this account, our English gardens..., XXXIII
 Once upon a time..., XXVIII
 One bright summer's afternoon..., LXXXVI
 One gun on the right..., CXII
 One night grey bars appeared..., II

- Perhaps there is no more impressive-scene..., LX
 Pitt loved England..., CXXVI
 Pope's Muse never wandered..., CLII
 Presently the rector..., XI
 Queer-looking boats crawled..., LI
 Romola had seated herself..., CXLVI
 See the bright moon..., XLII
 She was gay..., CXXVII
 She was with me a minute before..., CXLVIII
 Silence as of death..., XIX (i)
 Slowly the light grew..., LV
 Such a gallant line..., CX
 Take proper care of your monuments..., CXCIV
 Tell me, Sophy..., CXXXV
 The abbot in his alb arrayed..., CI
 The ancient and famous metropolis..., XXII
 The ancient city of Mexico..., XXIX
 The bay of Santa Martha..., XXXVI
 The best approach is by..., XXV
 The child was closely followed..., LXIV
 The day of the little Ambervalia..., XLVI
 The death of King Charles..., CXX
 The figure of Rebecca..., LXVIII
 The firing of the great guns..., XXI
 The freshness of the air..., XCVIII
 The great silent ship..., LIV
 The landscape painter..., CXCII
 The last cause of this disobedient spirit..., CXVIII
 The life I was leading..., LXXXII
 The little ship..., XCIV
 The lonely lane..., XXXV
 The major then asked..., XCVII
 The monotonous sound of the waterfall..., LII
 The moon has sunk..., LIX
 The moral element of Christianity..., CLXIX
 The more I thought..., XCII
 The morning light began..., p. 36
 The night-wind has a dismal trick..., XLIII
 The old Frankfort city..., CX
 The passengers were landing..., LVIII
 The raised way led..., XII
 The rectory of Murewell..., x
 The room was a pleasant one..., XVIII
 The *Saucy Lass* churned her way..., L
 The sun was setting..., XLIX
 The true and appropriate expression..., CLV
 The true causes of the mighty influence..., CLXVIII
 The two stumbled away..., LXXXVII
 The whole advanced with a shout..., LXXXV
 There are some plants..., CXXIV
 There are two sorts of avarice..., CLXXXIII
 There is a passage..., CXVII
 There is a popular idea..., CLVIII
 There is a story in Boswell..., CLVI
 There is one hour..., XIV
 These northern people..., CXIX
 They do not rise everywhere..., LVII
 They had passed..., CII
 This flat, flourishing, easy country..., XXXVII
 To dwellers in a wood..., XXXIV
 To this late hour..., CIII
 "Tom," said Maggie timidly..., CXXXVI
 Towards the close of day..., XXXI
 Up started the whole forest..., XXXIX
 Very ready we are to say of a book..., CL
 We are poor people, Ma'am..., CXLII

- We have always thought it strange ... CXIV
 We read a good deal here..., XL
 We sat down on a stone..., XXVII
 Well, so one of my nephews..., CXXXVII
 Well, well, my boy..., CXLV
 What I mean by living to one's self..., CLXXIX
 What is it I can do for you?... CXL
 What struck me most..., CLI
 When first I engaged..., CXCVIII
 When I awoke in the morning..., LXXXI
 When I begin to learn a new language..., CLXIII
 When my relative and predecessor ..., CXCHII
 When that hour came to me..., XV
 When the favourite attendant..., LXXXIV
 When the truths in a man's book..., CLXI
 When they were introduced..., CXV
 When we went downstairs..., LXX
 Wherein especially does the poetry ...? CLXIV
 While writing this article..., CLXXXIII
 With all his faults..., CXXXIII
 "Yoho"! cried the voice..., CXLII
 You couldn't see very far..., XLIV
 You know my way of life..., I